



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





Harvard College Library

FROM

*James T. Byrne*  
*of New York*







THE  
IRISH MONTHLY.

*A Magazine of General Literature.*

EDITED BY THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.

---

SEVENTEENTH YEARLY VOLUME,  
1889.

---

DUBLIN:  
M. H. GILL & SON, O'CONNELL STREET.  
LONDON: BURNS AND OATES; SIMPKIN, MARSHALL AND CO.

P. 334-3

✓



*Gift of  
James B. Stone  
of  
New York*

# CONTENTS.

## STORIES.

	PAGE
<b>Barefoot Sally.</b> By Frances Mary Maitland .. ..	10
<b>Paddy Shea's Fireside.</b> By John Francis O'Donnell .. ..	37
<b>Jean Wilson. A Memory.</b> By Frances Mary Maitland .. ..	95
<b>A Little Pilgrim.</b> By the Same .. ..	200
<b>Molly's Fortunes.</b> By M. E. Francis	
<b>CHAPTER I.</b> Wanted an Heir .. ..	59
II. Sent on Approval .. ..	66
III. Castle O'Neill .. ..	71
IV. Social and Political .. ..	115
V. New Experiences .. ..	120
VI. Life at the Castle .. ..	171
VII. Mrs. Mackenzie's Diplomacy .. ..	178
VIII. Settlements .. ..	227
IX. Changes .. ..	235
X. Woman Disposes .. ..	283
XI. Man Proposes .. ..	290
XII. Château de la Pépinière .. ..	339
XIII. "Bogey" .. ..	346
XIV. A "Variety Entertainment" .. ..	400
XV. A Peep at "The Lady's Jewel" .. ..	406
XVI. A Glimpse of a Man's Heart .. ..	411
XVII. Revelations .. ..	451
XVIII. Bad News .. ..	458
XIX. Gaston forgets himself .. ..	507
XX. Raoul recollects himself .. ..	512
XXI. Sunshine and Shadow .. ..	563
XXII. Raoul's Story .. ..	569
XXIII. A Discovery .. ..	576
XXIV. A Betrayal .. ..	619
XXV. Goodbye .. ..	627
<b>Little Mary.</b> By Jessie Tulloch .. ..	255
<b>Hello.</b> By the Same .. ..	441
<b>Norry.</b> By the Same .. ..	476
<b>Dark Mary and the Good People.</b> By M. M'G. .. ..	141

## SKETCHES OF PLACES AND PERSONS.

	PAGE
The Death and Letters of Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee. By the Editor	1
The Rapt Culdee. By S. A. .. .. .	21
A Walk in the Hartz Mountains, By Alfred Webb .. ..	78
Our Poets :—	
No. 21—Ellen O'Leary. By Sir Charles Gavan Duffy .. ..	83
No. 23—John Todhunter. By the Editor .. ..	145
No. 23—William Butler Yeats. By Rosa Mulholland .. ..	365
No. 24—John Howard Payne. By the Editor .. ..	520
The late Father O'Carroll, S.J. By M. R. .. ..	209
St. Brigid's Birthplace By M. M'G. .. ..	372
St. Patrick and the Monastery of Lerins. By Marion Mulhall .. ..	395
Mary Redmond, the Young Irish Sculptor. By Rosa Mulholland .. ..	416
Sketches in Irish Biography :—	
No. 16—Rev. Charles Patrick Meehan. By the Editor .. ..	427
No. 17—Kathleen O'Meara. By the Same .. ..	527
No. 18—Sir John O'Shanassy. By D. .. ..	586
Cardinal Ximenes. By the Rev. C. W. Russell, D.D. .. ..	469
Boulogne the Despised. By Mrs. Frank Pentrill .. ..	543
A Western Heroine. By the Author of "Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy" .. ..	242
A Corner of Sussex. By James Bowker .. ..	641
Items about Irish Persons .. ..	657

## ESSAYS AND REVIEWS.

The Fruits of the Holy Ghost. By the Rev W. A. Sutton, S.J. .. ..	103
Sunshine. By Grace Noel .. ..	107
Landscape Painting and Amateurs. By Montagu L. Griffin. 129, 187, 261, 300, 592	
The Sonnets of an Irish Nun. By M. R. .. ..	151
The Story of an Orange Leaf. By A. W. .. ..	318
Bishop Alexander's Poems. By Dene Bernards .. ..	323
On Villanelles and other Metrical Villainies. By the Present Writer .. ..	325
Some Notes on the Building of a Play. By John Littlejohn .. ..	356
Sonnets on the Sonnet :—	
Batch the Fourth .. ..	380
Batch the Fifth .. ..	616
Batch the Sixth .. ..	651
A Summer Day, By M. C. K. .. ..	423
A Missing Chapter (Mistresses and Servants). By Susan Gavan Duffy .. ..	464
Irish Painters in this year. By Rosa Mulholland .. ..	481
Anonymous Unveiled :—	
I. Introductory .. ..	501
II. Signatures in <i>The Nation</i> .. ..	502
III. <i>The Nation</i> and <i>The Celt</i> .. ..	609
IV. <i>The Irishman</i> , <i>The Shamrock</i> , &c. .. ..	612
V. Miscellaneous Irish Literary Signatures .. ..	614
A Holy Pilgrimage. By Rosa Mulholland .. ..	582
Greengages. By James Britten, F. L. S. .. ..	635
Miss Ryan's "Songs of Remembrance." By D. Moncrieff O'Connor .. ..	558

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

	PAGE
Mrs. Piatt's New Poems.—Mrs. C. Martin's St. Jerome.—Lady M. Donville's Lamartine.—Thomas Moore's National Airs.—Miss Mulholland's English Critics.—Cardinal Manning's Miscellanies.—Annals of the Sisters of Mercy.—Miss Howitt's St. Anastasia.—Catholic Family Annual.—Burns and Oates' New Publications .. .. .	51
W. B. Yeats' "Wanderings of Oisín."—Eucharistic Gems.—True Spouse of Christ.—Mary of Nazareth.—New Fairy Tales.—Brian Boru.—Dr. Lee's King Edward VI.—Leaves from St. John Chrysostom.—Ullathorne's Characteristics.—English Catholics of 1715.—Irish Schools.—The Grey Lady of Hardcastle .. .. .	109
Dr. Cahill's Letters, Lectures, and Speeches.—St. Alphonsus' Prayerbook.—F. Genelli's Life of St. Ignatius.—Le Lelan's Way of Interior Peace.—Rogacci's Christian Reformed.—American Catholic Quarterly.—Book Chat .. .. .	168
Lessons from Our Lady's Life.—A Study of Cardinal Newman's Grammar of Assent.—The Wandering Knight.—Thoughts of Many Hearts.—The Book of the Professed.—Catéchisme du Patron.—The "Saturday Review" on Yeats' Poems.—Barry O'Brien's Life of Drummond.—Quadragesima.—Fordham Monthly.—Stonyhurst Magazine.—Our Alma Mater .. .. .	222
Dr. McEvilly on the Gospel of St. John.—Tales by Mrs. Dorsey.—New Edition of the Ritual.—Father Gallwey's Thoughts on Apostolic Succession.—"Our Lady's Last Christmas."—Herder's New Publications.—Little Nell.—Thoughts of Many Minds.—Lessons from Our Lady's Life.—Eaton's Leaflets.—A Cycle of Verse.—The Strange Adventures of Little Snowdrop, and Other Stories, &c. .. .. .	278
Dr. McDevitt's Introduction to Scripture.—The Usher Memoirs.—The Red-haired Man's Wife.—Eily O'Hartigan.—Aubrey de Vere's Essays, Literary and Ethical.—Authorised Edition of Sir Charles Russell's Speech before the Parnell Commission.—Old English Catholic Missions.—American Ecclesiastical Review.—The Castle and the Manor.—Railway Stations' Handbook.—Esoteric Buddhism.—Mr. C. L. Murray's Benediction Music.—A Spiritual Man.—Life of John Mitchel.—Father Rowland.—The Felon Literature of Ireland, &c. .. .. .	333
Eugene Davis's Poems.—Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy.—Merry Hearts and True.—Benziger's New Publications.—The Fordham Monthly.—Georgetown College Gazette.—Rev. M. Russell's First Friday Hymn.—Mr. Washbourne's Publications.—Sweet Thoughts about Jesus and Mary.—Mary of Nazareth, Part II., &c. .. .. .	382
Archdeacon O'Rourke's History of Sligo.—The Ave Maria.—An Epic of Dawn.—Funeral Discourses on E. M. K. Devas.—Life of St. Bonaventure.—Catholic Truth Society.—The P.P. Index.—Morgan's Champion.—St. Adamnan's Columba, &c. .. .. .	445
Margaret Ryan's Songs of Remembrance.—E. H. Hickey's Verse-Tales and Lyrics.—Fr. Devine's Convent Life.—The Shan Van Vocht.—C. T. Society's New Publications.—St. Mary Magdalen.—Douglas Hyde's Folk-Lore, in Irish.—Garden of Divine Love, etc.—Kingdom of God.—Lays and Lyrics of the Pan-Celtic Society .. .. .	495

	PAGE
Whom God Hath Joined.—Old Catholic Maryland.—Brian Daly.—Life of Father Damien, &c. . . . .	550
Olympias.—The Veiled Picture.—The Perfection of Man by Charity.—History of the Seven Holy Founders.—The Little Flowers of St. Francis.—Calendar of the Society of Jesus.—First Communion Manual . . . . .	606
Catholic Poets of California.—Legend Laymone.—Before Our Lord Came.—Apostolic Succession.—As Good as Gold.—Idols.—Hunolt's Sermons.—Pottgeiser's Sermons.—In the Morning of Life.—Art of Profiting by our Faults.—Father Gerard's Science and the Scientists.—Father Clarke's Meditations, &c. . . . .	661

## POEMS AND MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS.

Afterwards. By Frances Smith . . . . .	9
A Baby Sonnet. By A. P. N. . . . .	21
In Memory of Annie. By J. M'G. . . . .	36
An Intruder. By Frances Wynne . . . . .	51
Sir Samuel Ferguson's "Loyal Orangeman" . . . . .	57
"Leo Pastor." By the Author of "Songs in the Night." . . . .	77
New Year's Eve. By Jessie Tulloch . . . . .	82
The Friendless King. By Alice Esmonde . . . . .	93
Daisies. By Dora Sigerson . . . . .	102
Sealed Orders. By Frances Wynne . . . . .	107
A Friend of the Bridegroom. By Alice Esmonde . . . . .	128
My Mountain Home. By John Littlejohn . . . . .	138
The Magdalen. By E. G. . . . .	145
Mixed Metaphors. By Hilaire Belloc . . . . .	154
Some Mistakes Corrected . . . . .	154
The Memorial Tablet. By Margaret W. Brow . . . . .	185
St. Chrysostom's Return from Exile. By Aubrey de Vere . . . . .	200
The Storm-thrush in December. By N. N. R. . . . .	207
In White Garments. By Katharine Tyuan . . . . .	217
Changes. By Alice Esmonde . . . . .	221
Longpré-les-Corps-Saints: Picardy. By James Bowker . . . . .	226
Little Lord Fauntleroy . . . . .	241
Rus in Urbe. By Frances Wynne . . . . .	254
A Spy Wednesday Sonnet. By W. L. . . . .	260
My Own Galties. By Ellen O'Leary . . . . .	276
To W. B. Yeats. By Robert Reilly . . . . .	277
Laus Reginæ. By I. D. . . . .	297
The Founding of Achoury. By Patrick J. Coleman . . . . .	315
Regrets. By Alice Esmonde . . . . .	322
In London's Maze. By Daniel Crilly, M.P. . . . .	354
Constant. By Alice Esmonde . . . . .	364
In Memory of George Francis Waters, S.J. By G. T. . . . .	371
Phantasmata. By James Bowker . . . . .	379
Homer. By I. D. . . . .	400
Divided. By Dene Bernards . . . . .	416
Vinctus. By G. T. . . . .	422

My Rose. By P. A. S.	..	..	..	..	..	426
The Old Violon. By Dora Sigerson	..	..	..	..	..	438
The Chosen. By Edwin J. Ellis	..	..	..	..	..	464
Ballade of Sleep. By J. A.	..	..	..	..	..	468
In Patmos. By I. D...	..	..	..	..	..	475
The Sailor's Children. By Anna Johnston	..	..	..	..	..	487
To the Town Clock of Lurgan	..	..	..	..	..	494
Before a Picture. By I. D.	..	..	..	..	..	519
Beside the Sea. By E. S.	..	..	..	..	..	519
Foreboding. By Jessie Tulloch	..	..	..	..	..	526
Father Damien. By M. W.	..	..	..	..	..	536
The Leper Priest of Luneburg. By P. A. S.	..	..	..	..	..	537
On Hearing à Kempis Read. By R. C.	..	..	..	..	..	549
Two Winds. By E. S.	..	..	..	..	..	581
To the Muse. By Eugene Davis	..	..	..	..	..	586
In Wintry Weather. By Teresa Boylan	..	..	..	..	..	591
"Declined with Thanks." By M. E. Francis	..	..	..	..	..	608
The White Christ. By Mary Furlong	..	..	..	..	..	605
The Boy and the World. By I. D.	..	..	..	..	..	634
A Real Child's Thought. By G. B.	..	..	..	..	..	634
Mary Queen of Scots, etc. By Aubrey de Vere	..	..	..	..	..	640
The Hostage. Translated from Schiller by Mrs. Bateson	..	..	..	..	..	648
The First Christmas Eve. By Emily H. Hickey	..	..	..	..	..	657
Winged Words	..	..	..	..	..	157, 480
Pigeonhole Paragraphs	..	..	..	..	..	488
Questions, Answers, and Remarks	..	..	..	..	..	551



### NOTICE.

The many kind friends who take a personal interest in the prosperity of this Magazine can serve it best by forwarding at once their subscription of Seven Shillings for the year 1890, to the Rev. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J., St. Francis Xavier's, Upper Gardiner-street, Dublin, who will be glad of the opportunity of thanking them individually.

THE  
IRISH MONTHLY.

---

JANUARY, 1889.

---

THE DEATH AND LETTERS OF D'ARCY MCGEE.

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE is a certain fitness in opening our seventeenth yearly volume with a further contribution to that department of Irish literature in which the kindness of some distinguished friends has enabled this Magazine to do really important work. Periodicals of much greater dignity might be proud of the privilege of being the first to give to the world O'Connell's youthful diary and a vast number of letters addressed to him by Cobbett, Jeremy Bentham, Brougham, and other distinguished men; or, again, of publishing, for the first time, many interesting letters of Thomas Davis and other brilliant and patriotic Irishmen.

One of the most variously endowed members of the Young Ireland Party was Thomas D'Arcy McGee. His friend, the Rev. C. P. Meehan, has been good enough to place in our hands the last letters which he wrote just before his death. We have already printed some of his correspondence in our "Second Batch of Young Ireland Letters," which we are surprised to find appeared so far back as September, 1883. Biographers are wont to offer an account of the Life and Letters of their heroes: the heading of the present paper on McGee confines us to his *Death* and Letters. But it may be well to prefix a few dates and facts from his life.

The first date, that of his birth, was April 13th, 1825. His mother was the daughter of a Dublin bookseller named Morgan; his father was in the coast-guard service, and, at the time of his birth, was stationed at Carlingford—the birth-place of another Irishman of letters, John Cashel Hoey. We suspect that to the place of his birth McGee owes the surname prefixed to his patronymic: for Carlingford was then the home of the D'Arcys, and the adjacent town of Newry has not yet ceased to mourn the too early death of a valued member of this old Carlingford family, a man of great ability and great public spirit, Thomas D'Arcy Hoey, brother of the publicist mentioned in the preceding sentence. Probably, however, the latter was not drawn into the sphere of *The Nation* through any connection with the older *Nation* writer who had the same birthplace: for, when D'Arcy McGee was eight years old, his parents removed from Carlingford\* to Wexford. He was always, after he had once learned his letters, an insatiable reader; and his insatiable reading was his chief education.

His seventeenth year found him in the United States; and on the Fourth of July, 1842, he made his début as an orator at a gathering of his countrymen. Before he was nineteen he was practically editor of the *Boston Pilot*. The fame of his Repeal speeches travelled back across the Atlantic, and O'Connell referred to them as "the inspired utterances of a young exiled Irish boy in America." He accepted an offer from the conductors of the *Freeman's Journal*; but he was not long in Dublin before he transferred his allegiance to Gavan Duffy, and the more congenial *Nation*. When the '48 rising took place, he was in Scotland. Crossing over to Ireland, he was concealed for some time by Dr. Edward Maginn,\* the eloquent young Bishop of Derry, and escaped to America in the disguise of a priest. The letters which we have published, about page 490 of our eleventh volume, refer to his

\* May the modest privacy of a footnote shelter this local conundrum, which no doubt was only meant for private circulation?

"Upon my *first* I carried my *second*

Across my *third*, no bridge being near;

My *whole* a fishing town is reckoned,

Famous for oysters and good beer."

Carlingford oysters are famous enough; but the good beer is, we apprehend, merely an invention of the poet hard pressed for a rhyme.

\* Misprinted "Magran" in Webb's Irish Biography. McGee afterwards published a "Life of Bishop Maginn."

journalistic work as founder of the *New York Nation*. Finally he settled in Canada and earned there the only name that Mr. Alfred Webb gives him—not journalist, or poet, or historian, though he was all three—but simply “Thomas D’Arcy McGee, statesman.” The letters which are now to be printed for the first time, lead on to his death.

“The Flight of the Earls” is not only a fine subject, but a fine name for a book. I wonder that Father Meehan did not give this as a first quotable name to the great work which bears the title, “The Fate and Fortunes of Hugh O’Neill, Earl of Tyrone, and of Rory O’Donnell, Earl of Tyrconnell; their Flight from Ireland, their Vicissitudes abroad, and their Death in exile.” The dedication to Lord O’Hagan (then “the Right Honourable Thomas O’Hagan, one of the Judges of Her Majesty’s Court of Common Pleas in Ireland”), is dated December, 1867. The book reached D’Arcy McGee in February, and was welcomed by the following letter:—

“MONTREAL, Feb. 27th, ’68.

MY DEAR MEEHAN—Your book has reached me at last, and after nearly three days’ steady reading, I have gone through it from cover to cover. I cannot tell you the fascination I found in its pages; it is a tragedy, but a most noble and heroic one. Although I was sorry to part with Cahir O’Doherty, who turns out to be a poor tool, still one is compensated by the heroic firmness of the main figures—and above all, of Tyrone himself. Considering the obsequiousness of that age, which even Bacon and Raleigh bent to, I was afraid that the altered fortunes of the great Hugh might have broken his spirit, and tempted him to some declaration unworthy of his great place in history; but, thank God, there is nothing of the kind—and these closing scenes are really among the fairest and worthiest of his whole life. The picture of the old man, warmed by wine, boasting of dying yet in Ireland, and going to his rest with the sword of Balla-na-buidh by his bedside, is most affecting.

I send you the first draft of some verses your book drew from me as I read it: they are supposed to speak the sentiments of a clansman of Tyrone a year or two after their flight—when there still was daily hope and nightly prayer for their return. You may do as you please with the verses.

“James Duffy has done his part nobly, not only as to the typography, but those admirable portraits. How I wish you may be so cheered on as to take up Owen Roe! What an admirable sequel it would make to this volume, which, save and except Prendergast’s, I hold to be far and away the most valuable contribution to our historical literature for many a long day. If you never put pen to paper again, you may rest your renown on this book: it will send your name down to posterity with the heroes whose closing scenes it so piously records.

“Now for my boon: when you have another edition, credit in a footnote the quotation on page x, Preface—“McGee—Lines on the death of R. D. Williams.” I have the vanity to desire to furnish you with at least one footnote.

“I hope you got the *Tablet* matter I sent two or three mails ago.

"I am very sorry for O'Sullivan, but I told him years ago he was going too far in the Fenian direction. I hope it will not lead to the suppression of the *Nation*.

"I recast the verses so as to express the state of Ulster feeling 'after the flight.'

"Yours very truly,

"T. D. McGEE.

"Rev. C. P. Meehan, M.R.I.A., Dublin."

The lines quoted in Father Meehan's preface, and which McGee wishes very properly to be linked with his own name as their author, are these, referring no doubt to the Young Ireland Party :

"They were a band of brethren, richly graced  
With all that most exalts the sons of men—  
Youth, courage, honour, genius, wit well placed—  
When shall we see their parallels again?  
The very flower and fruitage of their age,  
Destined for Duty's cross or Glory's page."

Of this same band of Young Irelanders the account given in a recent important publication, "*Two Centuries of Irish History*," edited by James Bryce, M.P., concludes with the following remark :—"In other countries many of their number proved that they had talents, which a wise administration would have known how to conciliate or to use for the service of the State at home." This observation applies with special force to T. D. McGee.

The *Tablet* spoken of in his letter was the *New York Tablet*; and the articles, no doubt, were reviews of Father Meehan's book, which had reached New York somewhat earlier. We should have given the following letter first, according to its date:—

MONTREAL, Feb. 8th, 1868.

"MY DEAR MEEHAN—So the great book is out, though I have not yet seen it. It has reached New York (as I learn from the enclosed capital article, by my dear and gifted friend, Mrs. Sadlier), and I have written for a Dublin copy—if it is to be had. You will also perceive that an American edition is already announced. In a paper on the tombs of the Irish at Rome, some months ago, I gave you a blast preliminary; I hope you got the *Tablet* containing it.

"If it ever comes in your way to return Mrs. Sadlier in kind for this article, I am sure you will not fail to do so; you can also, when opportunity serves, do me a friendly turn in society, as the Reverend Messrs. ——— and ——— have been of late trying their best to slander my private life in order to injure my public usefulness. You will meet this slander in society and put your foot on it wherever it turns out. Though I was not, until last year, a teetotaler, I never could have done the things I have done, or surmounted the obstacles I did overcome in this country, if I had been the wretched thing these unscrupulous gentlemen stigmatize me as being. Of course with my temperament I must have enemies, but I feel that I should outlive the malice, if not the men.

"So soon as the 'Flight' arrives here I shall review it in one of our papers, and send you what appears. In Ireland I trust you will be at length appreciated as you ought to be.

"For the past four months I have been confined to my room with varicose ulceration of the leg, but I am rapidly getting well, and hope within a few weeks to recover my locomotion.

"With best remembrances to any mutual friends who are left,

"Believe me, my dear Meehan,

"Yours always,

"T. D. MCGEE.

"Rev. C. P. Meehan, Dublin.

"My wife and the girls are all well—the former desires her special remembrance to you.

"Although I left my napoleons at St. Isidore's, I never got the photographs as promised, except the very poor one I took with me of Wadding and Colgan in the Library."

Two months later he writes a letter which he marks *private*, but it is all to his credit, and that is now twenty years ago:—

"OTTAWA, April 6th, 1868.

"MY DEAR FATHER MEEHAN—Your very kind note reached me day before yesterday, and our mail goes out to-day. You will see in the *Catholic World* Mitchell's article, and as soon as the New York edition reaches me I will write a newspaper notice and publish it either here or at Montreal, which you shall have by Mayday (I hope). Next week we have a few days' recess from Parliamentary labor, and I will try my hand at a ballad as you suggest.

"The 'Iona to Erin' in the *Catholic World* is mine. If Sullivan reprints, '*blend*' should be 'blent' in one of the middle stanzas. I hope this fall to issue a volume of ballads at New York. What say you to this title: 'Celtic Ballads and Funeral Songs'? You know I am an old *keen*, and half my lays are lamentations. It could not well be otherwise in this age with an Irish bard, if I am worthy to be called a Bard of Erin.

"You will be glad to know that for now nearly twelve months I have been a firm teetotaler, and with God's blessing I intend to remain so for life. I also attend to other and more sacred duties—monthly—this strictly for your own comfort. I want data for an article on M'Carthy for the *Catholic World*, and if I thought there was any similar office to Ferguson's to be had for him I would try if the professions made to me by imperial statesmen of both parties had anything in them. Can you put me on the track of serving, or trying to serve, that gifted old friend of both of us?

"I send you a copy of a letter I wrote by this mail to Lord Mayo. It may serve Ireland to make it public. If you prefer to give it to *The Nation*, do so; or to any daily Dublin paper, with some such paragraph, by way of preface, as the enclosed slip, marked (A). I think I have earned the right to speak with authority on the Canadian view of Irish misrule, and I have endeavoured to do so plainly and to the purpose.

"Is it not sad—this insane neglect of our native literature, by this disintegrated generation? James Duffy alone is doing more for us and our descendants, single-handed, than all your magnates. May God bless him, and lighten the load of life to him, is my sincere prayer!

"If the publication of my letter to Lord Mayo can be so timed as to hit the resumption of the Irish question in Parliament, all the better.

"Believe me, my dear friend,

"Yours always truly,

"T. D. McGEE.

"Rev. Fr. Meehan, Dublin.

"My eldest girl (living), now 17, and a good student, has this week announced to me her intention to join the order in which she has been educated—our native (Teaching) Order of *N. D. de Congregation*. If it turns out a true vocation, God forbid that I should demur, nor even if our only other child, a sister, should share her happiness.

The letter we have just printed, ending with an expression of his readiness to consecrate both his daughters to God's special service in the religious state, was the last that D'Arcy McGee ever wrote. He was a vigorous, energetic, ambitious man of forty, looking forward to practically another forty years of life, with very many plans for the future; but in reality the remnant of his life was to be counted not by years but by hours. Twenty years before, the Irish Confederation organised a meeting in the Music Hall of Belfast, which was somewhat disturbed by the bull-dogs of Hercules-street. But fine speeches at any rate appeared in the next number of *The Nation*, and among them T. D. McGee's, from which a small boy of that remote date picked up only this phrase:—"To-morrow is the old man's hope, but the young man's promise." The phrase rankled in his memory, and long afterwards, exploring the volumes of *The Nation* which William Elliot Hudson gave to the Royal Irish Academy, the ci-devant small boy examined with interest the report of the Belfast meeting, and was pleased to find that his remembrance of McGee's words was quite accurate. And so the old moral of the uncertainty of human life and the instability of human things was, on a certain twenty-first of June, feast of St. Aloysius, at Clongowes, in the County Kildare, enforced, in the College chapel, in some such terms as these:—

"Many years ago an eloquent young Irishman said in a public speech: 'To-morrow is the old man's hope, but the young man's promise.' A fine, striking phrase it seemed to me at the time, and it alone out of many columns of eloquent phrases has lived in my memory ever since. A striking sentiment, but it has the disadvantage of being false. It is false that to-morrow is the young man's promise, for no one has promised to-morrow to the youngest amongst you. The only One who could make and keep such a

promise has, on the contrary, expressly warned us to be always ready, for that we know not the day nor the hour, and death will come like a thief in the night at the hour that he is least expected. Nay, the very man who uttered the sentence I have quoted was himself an appalling proof of the uncertainty of life. It was Thomas D'Arcy McGee, who, after the failure of the Young Ireland Movement in 1848, emigrated to America, and raised himself, before his fortieth year, to the highest position in the government of Canada, when suddenly, in the middle of what seemed certain to be a long and distinguished political career, he was strnck down dead in an instant by the hand of an assassin."

The last letter we have given was written on the 6th of April. Palm Sunday, in 1868, fell on April 5. D'Arcy McGee received Holy Communion on that morning, and he had taken care to fulfil his "Easter Duty" before leaving home for his parliamentary duties. In Holy Week, three years before, President Lincoln had been assassinated in a Washington theatre. Mr. McGee had come from his home in Montreal, of which he was one of the representatives in the Parliament of the Dominion of Canada at Ottawa, the seat of the federal legislature, in the foundation of which he had had the most prominent part. After that last letter was written, he "went down to the House" (probably Ottawa copies the idioms of Westminster) and took part in the discussions, he little dreamed for the last time. They broke up at two hours after midnight. Mr. McGee walked down the street with one of the door-keepers, from whom he parted a few yards from the door of the house at which he boarded. While opening the door, he was shot through the neck from behind and died almost instantly. The murderer was caught and hanged. He was the mere tool of secret societies which McGee had bitterly denounced ever since he had written in a public letter to Thomas Francis Meagher, not very long after his American career began, even before coming from the United States to Canada: "It is the highest duty of a Catholic man to go over cheerfully, heartily, and at once, to the side of Christendom, to the Catholic side—and to resist with all his might the conspirators who, under the stolen name of liberty, make war upon all Christian institutions."

In the letter written a few hours before his death, he called himself an old *keener*, and said that half of his lays were lamen-



tations. His very last poem was an elegy on the death of his friend Laurence Devany. More than once the line occurs :—

“ Nought can avail him now but prayer.”

The Month's Mind of this good Irishman had but passed when the Dirge became appropriate for the keener himself :—

“ Mighty our Holy Church's will  
To shield her parting souls from ill,  
Jealous of Death, she guards them still.  
*Miserere, Domine !*

“ The dearest friend will turn away  
And leave the day to keep the clay—  
Ever and ever *She* will stay.  
*Miserere Domine !*

“ When for us sinners at our need  
That Mother's voice is raised to plead,  
The frontier hosts of heaven take heed.  
*Miserere Domine !*

“ Mother of Love ! Mother of Fear  
And holy Hope and Wisdom dear !  
Behold we bring thy suppliant here.  
*Miserere Domine !*

“ His flaming heart is still for aye  
That held fast by thy clemency—  
Oh ! look on him with loving eye.  
*Miserere Domine !*

“ His faith was as the tested gold,  
His hope assured, not overbold,  
His charities past count, untold.  
*Miserere Domine !*

“ Well may they grieve who laid him there.  
Where shall they find his equal ? Where ?  
Nought can avail him now but prayer.  
*Miserere Domine !*

“ Friend of my soul, farewell to thee,  
Thy truth, thy trust, thy chivalry !  
As thine, so may my last end be.  
*Miserere Domine !*”

These triplets were published in the *New York Tablet* of March 28, just a week before the sudden, but, as we are happily assured, the not unprovided death, in his forty-third year, of Thomas D'Arcy McGee. O Lord, have mercy !

# AFTERWARDS.

“Let us hope that, wherever we go after the last event, we lose sight of the world and those we knew therein. Otherwise there must be more hearts broken in Heaven above than in earth beneath.”—*Rider Haggard.*

O friend beloved, who, passed beyond the portal,  
Wanderest no more in this world's weary ways,  
Hast thou forgotten, 'midst those shades immortal,  
The links that bound us in thine earthly days?

To me it is too sad to think that never  
Thy soul replies to my soul's cry for thee,  
Thou who, through time and space and distance, ever  
Couldst feel my wish and mutely answer me.

And if our spirits by unbounded longing  
Triumphant o'er the flesh in life could meet,—  
The captive free, the bird let loose, 'tis wronging  
To say death severs this communion sweet.

I know that then thine eyes were dim as mine are,  
My heart's dark wilderness thou couldst not see,  
But oh! I know if mine were clear as thine are,  
Love could not wane for human fault in thee.

Perhaps thou grieveest there for my transgression;  
My sin may give the song a minor tone,  
But love immortal in untired procession  
Still from thy soul comes forth to seek my own.

If there is joy in Heaven o'er one repenting,  
Sometimes I know that thou art glad for me,  
And when the still voice speaks, some ill preventing,  
I fain would think the message brought by thee.

Once didst thou tell me that each light word spoken  
Would follow man, and every action, born  
Fruit of a word or deed, a chain unbroken  
Would gather round him on the judgment morn.

And I have watched lest thought of thine, though given  
 In righteous anger, or indignant pain,  
 Should mar the light which shines for thee in Heaven,  
 By waking up to life in me again.

Then carest thou less for me? In dwelling ever  
 By Love's eternal source can Love grow less?  
 No! and thou seest all my weak endeavour,  
 While strength, like dew, falls from thy tenderness.

Therefore, though far beyond Time's fluttering curtain,  
 Remembering yet the hope, the fear, the doubt,  
 Our many wanderings in ways uncertain,  
 Thou canst not keep thy hand from reaching out.

Thou hast not lost by death, but art grown stronger,  
 All God's good gifts more perfect grow in thee,  
 And even the Atonement saveth us no longer  
 If God the Father frown on memory.

O friend who loved so well while yet earth's fetter  
 Held thee a prisoner in a house of clay,  
 Thou seest—knowest—lovest me far better,  
 Since God's white angel rolled the stone away.

FRANCES M. SMITH.

### BAREFUT SALLY.

"BAREFUT SALLY" was of Irish origin, as so many of our Lowland Catholics are. She had been born a strong and healthy child, and had grown up a handsome well-formed lass, "gude at buik-larnin," "licht on the fluir" [a good reel dancer], "we a lilt like a laverock" [lark—a good singer], taking the high notes in which our people delight.

Her mother had long been dead, and her father and Jock McGhie "leaved for the lass," his neighbours said.

Auld Jock was as good a Catholic as a man born and bred twenty miles from priest or chapel well could be. He never failed to put in an appearance at the big Feasts of the year, paid his dues

generously, and took his reverence a fat goose or hen, or sweet-milk cheese, for Christmas cheer, and a basket of "gathered eggs" at Easter-tide.

Jock had the true Catholic's respect for womankind; he would have no "gallivantin wi' the lads," he warned his daughter many a time.

On Sunday mornings the old man shaved, put on his chapel clothes of dark home-spun, and, breakfast over, took his well-worn prayer book from a drawer and spelt his devotions sternly out to Sally, who, dressed too in Sunday clothes, sat on her creepie [stool] by the fire, listening devoutly, her hands crossed on her lap.

"The Faith's a gran' thing," the old man would say when done wiping his glasses carefully. "Aye, it's a gran' thing," Sally would reply.

On one subject only Jock and his daughter had ever "coost oot" [quarrelled], and that was wild Wull Hamilton, the "Souter lad" [shoemaker], a good-looking fellow, the village scamp, given to the bottle, and, if rumour spoke truth, to poaching too.

Wull was a shoemaker by trade, working by the job in fits and starts, but the best "hand" the village had.

Sally had a "snod fut o' her ain" [neat foot] with the fine ankle that looked neat and trim in the Scotch blue knitted hose and well blacked clogs our folks wore then.

"I'll make ye a pair o' shoon ye'll no' see easy beat," Wull promised her one dark December afternoon, when the lovers had met a moment by stealth, "an' they'll be for yer hansel [new year's present], Sally, lass."

"Mak them for Christmas, lad," the girl replied. "I'll be gaun wi' faither to the town for Mass."

"Weel, weel," said Wull, "for Christms gin ye wull" [if you wish it.]

So an old clog was "gi'en for a *patron*," as Sally said, and Wull stitching at odd times at the dainty little shoon, dreamed of the day that—drink given up—Sally's foot should dance about his house and home. "A licht fut aye brings luck," our people say.

"It's a' aff wi' you and Wull?" auld Jock on Sunday mornings would sternly ask.

"It'll be a week sin' I seed his face," Sally would reply flushing deep-red at the prevarication.

It was only on Sundays the lovers could meet, and that for brief greeting, underneath the Scaur, the rocky height from which the village took its name.

Poor silly lass, there was more of pride in having like the other village lasses her lad than any love for wild Wull Hamilton.

Many were the pockets of peppermints and sweets, of odds and ends of ribbons, and once a "tortoise comb," that found their way through the little window in the gable-end to Sally's room.

The girl looked forward to her "leddies" (ladies) shoon, which—old Scotch fashion—she would carry in her hand until she reached the outskirts of the town, when she would put them with her stockings on.

Christmas Eve came, the early "fastin' denner," with its cup of milkless tea, was done. The house was red-up [put in order], the tea-things set for auld Jean Wulson, who would mind the house and bye.

*No shoon!* The girl disappointed loitered at her work, finding still some odd or end to do. Her father, impatient, wandered out and in, calling her to press [make haste] and hap the fire [cover the smouldering peats or turf with ashes.]

He was standing waiting at the gate when one of the village lads came running up the lane, parcel in hand.

"What's that ye've got?" the old man asked, holding out his hand.

"It's for Sally hersel," the lad replied, trying to put the parcel out of sight.

"Gi'e't here," cried Jock, "What's Sally's mine, ye loon."

"Na na," said the lad with saucy smile. "Wull said I mun gie the lass her shoon hersel."

"G'e'it here, ye scoun'rel," cried Jock again, wresting the parcel roughly from the lad, "be aff!"

He slowly untied the string with shaky hand; then, "Sally!" he cried, and at his voice, frightened, the girl came running to the gate.

Shaking, he pointed to the shoes and to the doggreel verse enclosed that bore Wull's name.

"I ne'er thocht to ca' yer mither's wean a leear," he hoarsely said. The old man's face was red, great veins stood out on face and neck.

The girl glanced at the shoon, then growing scarlet, hid her face.

With a grip that made her cry with pain, Jock led her to the house.

The unhapt fire was burning on the hearth.

"Fetch a' the shoon ye ha'e about the hoos," he sternly said.

Trembling, the girl obeyed, bringing them in her upturned dress.

Slowly, one by one, the old man threw them in the fire.

"I canna gang barefuttet to Mass," Sally flamed out at last, catching his hand.

"Ye'll gang barefut or bide awa," he said.

"Well, I'll bide awa!" the girl replied, sobbing now with rage.

"Ye'll do as ye're tellt [told], my lass," the old man said, crushing down with his foot the smouldering clogs and shoon.

"I'll bide awa," the girl repeated sullenly. "I'll no be shamed [put to shame] amang the chaipel folk. Ye're an ill man to touch my shoon."

Jock looked a moment at the angry face.

"The Lord forgi'e ye, lass," he said, and, lifting his plaid and blackthorn staff, went on his way, his old head bent.

Sally, choked with the stench of burning leather, began to cry aloud, rocking herself backwards and forwards on her stool. Through the open door she could see her father pass slowly down the lane, and skirting the houses, take the path that led by the Scaur across the moor.

"He thinks I'll be after him," she said, "but I'll no steer a fut. It was real ill-done to touch my bonnie shoon."

The early forenicht brought old Jean, a decent widow-wife. "Gude save us, lass," she asked, loosening the big sunbonnet that was her summer and winter wear, "what are ye doin' here?"

"What ails ye, Sally, lass?" she asked again, seeing the swollen eyes. "Lord save us! siccan a smell!" seizing the tongs.

"Let be," cried Sally, springing up. "I'll see to the fire mysel," and, speaking, her sobs burst out again.

"What ails ye, lass?" Jean asked again, laying her kind old hand on the sobbing girl's shoulder, "ye're no ill?"

"Na, na," said Sally, wiping her eyes, trying to smile. "I'm no gaun, that's a', Jean."

"I'll no be wanted, then?" the widow asked, and Sally read disappointment in the tone.

Auld Jean was poor, and two days' work at Jock McGhie's was a "fortune to her," as she said.

"Deed ye are, Jean!" the girl replied, "see to the kye, an' we'll ha'e oor drap o' tea."

The woman relieved, took up the milking cans, turning at the door: "Jock's gane?" she asked.

"Aye," said Sally, "my faither's awa'."

She busied herself making up the fire, picking out the bits of clogs and shoon, and carrying them away. "He shudna' ha'e fashed [touched] my shoon," she said, with a sob again. Then she set out a good meal for Jean, a rasher with a new laid egg, a slice of cheese, and brewed the strong black cup of tea she knew the old woman loved.

"Ye're no feared to bide yer lane?" Jean asked, her supper done.

"Na, I'm no feared," the girl replied. She was sick with long crying, and wearying to be alone.

Jean heaped the fire up, brought in a creel of peat, bade Sally be sure and stee [bar] the door, and said good-night.

Sally drew the rough old bolt and turned the key, and went back to her creepie by the fire. Her cup of tea had done her good, her head was clear, her anger past.

Sally was naturally an honest, modest lass; these Sunday meetings that summer with Wull beneath the Scaur had been the one deception of her life. "Aye, she had been an ill lass," she said to herself, "ill to her faither too, an' a' for Wull, an' Wull no' fit to black her faither's shoon." The comparison struck her as ludicrous, she laughed, and then began to cry again. What would her Uncle—what would Father Daly think? Her father had often told her how at four months old her mother and he had carried her, time about, to Christmas Mass; wee wean, grown lass, she had never missed it since. Weel, she wudna want [miss] it now! Courage came with the resolution. The moon was full; if she left at two, she would get to the town in time for Mass, and for her duty too. She got out her book and said her prayers; then turned the next morning's Gospel up, and read to herself aloud. "*And she brought forth her first-born Son, and wrapped Him in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger because there was no room for them in the inn.*" Born in a stable, wrapped in poor swaddling clothes, like any ither wean! and she ashamed to gang to the Mass barefut.

Sally McGhie could not have shaped her thoughts to words; but sitting there, humbly contrite, she recognised, for the first time in her life, the joy of penance. Aye, she would go barefoot! The Blessed Virgin hersel' maybe had no shoon!

Thinking, Sally fell asleep, her head against the wall. The clock at last awoke her striking one. The fire was out. She struck a light, tidied up the house, set out Jean's breakfast, putting a bright new shilling in her plate for a Christmas gift; then washed her face and hands, pinned on her shawl, put book and beads in a clean white kerchief in her breast, unbarred the door, locking it carefully again, and putting the key where Jean could find it on the window sill.

The moon was bright. Sally walked quickly past the thatched cottages where all was still. A candle burned in one where a poor lad lay dead, and, passing, she crossed herself.

As Jock had done, Sally took the short-cut by the Scaur that would save her a good Scotch mile, or maybe more. The fresh, clear frosty air cooled her head, her conscience was at peace, she was almost happy when she reached the moor. Aye, she would promise her father to have no more to do with Wull, and keep her word this time, an honest lass.

Across the moor she left the broad beaten track that led to the great Peat moss a little further on, and striking to the left, took the narrow path that led zig-zagging to the road below. An open ditch here fenced the road, and Sally saw that a man was lying half in and half across the ditch. "Poor drunken body," she said, turning aside; then, "mebbe he's ill, poor chap," retracing her steps. She gave a cry, throwing herself on her knees—it was her father, cold and stiff, the rugged face already set in death.

Sally called him frantically at first, rubbing the frozen hands, pressing the rigid face against her own; she wrapped her warm petticoat about his feet and legs, trying to raise him in her arms, and lifting his head at last upon her lap, she would not leave him even to run for help.

A little after seven in the dim winter morning light the carrier's cart came by.

"He's no deed?" the girl appealed "dazed-like," as the carrier described it afterwards.

"I's feared it, lass," the man replied, laying Jock's head reverently down. "Ye wudna be feared to min' the beast?" pointing



to horse and cart. Sally shook her head, and taking the zig-zag path he ran to the village for aid.

Wrapped in his plaid, poor Jock was soon laid in the cart. Sally lifted in sat silent by his side, crying long done.

Word had been sent to Jean, who had lighted the fire and made down Jock's useless bed.

"He's no deed?" the girl appealed again, as the men carried her father slowly in.

"Aye, lass, he's gane," the old woman crying said. Jock had been aye a guid freen' to her an' hers.

"Faither!" Sally cried, "Faither!" raising her arms above her head, then caught by Jean, dropped senseless on the floor.

Before night poor Sally was raving. Brain fever had set in, and for many a week Jean, helped by a neighbour-woman, nursed the lass.

Easter had passed before Sally left her bed, a "puir done craytur," skin and bone, the pretty hair all gone.

Her uncle, a thriving grocer in the little town, came over once or twice to give an eye and arrange with auld Jean about her scanty wage. Father Daly too had come, but the girl had been unconscious.

It was only by degrees that with her recovery people recognized that *something* was wrong, that the clear intelligence was gone, that Sally was "wanting," was "no a' there," as our people say, "not daft but silly-like."

With gathering strength she took to her work again, more to save Jean's old back than from any real interest in what she did.

She got restless as the Feast of the Assumption drew near. "Jean," she said, "it's time we were gawin' to my uncle an' auntie's at the town."

"Aye, aye," said Jean, pleased to hear her express a wish, "we'll gang."

The old woman spoke to the butcher, who promised them a "lift." "The lassie's no' fit to gang a' the gait [way] on fut," she said, "an' it'll be sair [hard] on the puir crater t' pass the moor."

"Whaur are yer shoon?" the old woman asked when she had dressed Sally in her stiff black dress, and the bonnet heavy with crape, worn for the first time.

"My shoon? Ye'll gang barefut or bide awa'," Sally slowly said, as if recalling a lesson learned, lifting scared eyes to auld Jean's face.

"Aye, aye," said the woman, patting her shoulder soothingly, "ye'll gang as ye wull, my bonnie lass," but she wondered what the lassie "would be at," and where she had hidden away her clogs.

When they reached the zig-zag Sally touched the driver's arm. "Ye'll bide a wee" [stop a little while], she said, and kneeling by the ditch she said her beads.

"It's fair heathenish," the man impatient cried, turning to Jean. "'Deed," said Jean, "gin I thoct a bittie prayer wud help the deed, I'd e'en turn papist me'sel! Let the puir cratur be."

"I'm gown t' the chaipel," Sally said that night after brief rest, "ye're comin', Jean?"

"Gude sake," cried Jean, startled, "wha wud ha'e thoct to see Jean Wulson bidden [asked to go] to a Papist Kirk? Weel, weel, lass, to pleasure ye I'll gang," and the old woman took her bonnet and shawl.

"Pit on yer shoon, lass," cried her aunt, seeing the girl's bare feet.

Again Jean saw the same dazed look on Sally's face.

"Ye'll gang barefut or bide awa'," she said, lifting her hand to her head as if confused; then seeing her aunt's astonishment, "Jean kens *he laid it on me*," she said.

(Who born and bred in Scotland does not know the pathetic words? "The Lord laid it on me," the patient sufferer says. "He laid it on me," man or woman will say fulfilling some dead "freen's" bequest.)

"Weel, gang yer ways, lass," her aunt replied, touching her forehead, nodding at Jean.

Arrived at the chapel Sally took her place with the other penitents at Father Daly's box. Jean took her seat beside her on the bench, sitting upright as if in mute protest. Some of the women knowing her by sight nudged each other, looking their surprise.

Father Daly had been to the Scaur when Sally was ill, but the poor girl had not known him. Since her recovery rumours had reached him that her mind had been affected by her illness—that she was "silly-like"—but Father Daly well knew what rumours in a country-side are worth. There was nothing in Sally's manner when she took her turn to make him think that anything was wrong.

Simply and humbly she told of her meetings with Wull, the deception towards her father, the burnt shoon, her angry words; her fear for the first time put in words that her "ill ways" had maybe caused her father's death (but Jock had had heart complaint for years, as Father Daly knew).

The priest was very gentle with the girl, patiently listening, understanding it seemed to Sally, even before she spoke. It was with a very fervent "God bless you, my puir bairn," she left the confessional.

Home again, she and Jean took up the old quiet life, but Sally's was happier, the old woman thought. That to a certain extent Sally was "wanting" there could be no doubt, but it would have been hard to define the "want" in words. Jean kept the house and made their purchases, and between them, with help for the rougher digging now and then, they managed between them the plot of ground and kye. Michael McGhie came over every month at first, but soon had perfect confidence in Jean. Perhaps, Scottish-peasant-like, she was a little "near" (parsimonious), but without her Sally would have given all she had away. Were new milk wanted for an ailing wean, a hen for broth, a pot of black currant "preserves" for "currant tea," it was to Sally that the neighbours came.

Once Wull Hamilton came up the loan. "I'm thinkin' it's maybe the de'il himsel'," Sally shrieking cried, clinging to Jean, and Wull, affronted, troubled them no more.

Overhearing some remarks, the girl asked Jean one day, "Am I silly, Jean?" and Jean, struggling between rough honesty and pity for the lass, replied: "'Deed ye wud wun'er [wonder] what ill folk wud fin' to say," with which diplomatic remark the girl was satisfied. She seldom spoke, never went out alone, and clung like a little child to Jean.

Father Daly came when he could across the hills, and soon was a great favourite of Jean's. "Come awa' ben [to the parlour], my bonnie lad," she used to say, meaning no disrespect, and offering him of their best.

"Thae papists were sair misca'ed" [misrepresented], she used to say.

Indeed it was mostly Jean who made Father Daly's sermon on Rabbie Burns' parritch pot" so famous in our country-side.

I believe it was really a three-legged pratie [potato] pot, said to

have belonged to Mrs. Burns, that was put up for auction at a sale, and bought by a Burns-mad Baillie of the Town.

Father Daly had the quickness of his race. The very next Sunday night, one of Our Lady's Feasts, not a few Protestants, including Jean, among his flock, he seized his opportunity.

"Faith an' ye shud ha'e heerd him," auld Jean said, recounting to her cronies, shaking her head. "He gaed his proofs, chaipther and verse, frae Jeemie's [King James] Scripturs an' then ain the Doo-aye, they ca' it, auld Jock had yin. Ye'll tak Luke, he says (our people seldom use the Saint), chaipther 1st, vairse 28th, and read, says he: 'And the angel said, Hail, thou that art highly-favoured, the Lord is with thee, *blessed art thou among women.*' And ye'll gang on to vairse 38th, says he, 'The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: therefore the Holy thing that shall be born of thee shall be called *the Son of God.*' Noo gang to vairse 43rd, says he, 'And whence is this to me, that *the Mother of my Lord* should come to me?' Noo turn to vairse 48th, an' read for yersels, he says, 'For behold from henceforth *all generations shall call me blessed.*' That's yer ain buik, says he (an' tak' my word, interpolated Jean, she was no ordinar woman yon!) 'You'll gie three pun an' mair, says he, for a dissolute singer's (aye, that's what he ca'ed Rabbie Burns, an' faith he was a wanton chiel!) a dissolute singer's mither's parritch pot, an' you've naught but ill words for them that ca' Blessed the Mither o' their Lord. Yer condemned by your ain buik, says he.'"

Jean had a good memory for a sermon, as her own minister knew to his cost.

If the neighbours professed to be scandalised at Jean's visits to the chapel, they readily recognised that Sally, puir lassie, could na gang her lone, and were always eager to hear Jean's experiences. That Father Daly was a gran' preacher Jean maintained sturdily, "an' never twice came ower the same thing," she added, a shaft at which Mr. McLeod reddened and hemmed.

Jean's shrewd, weather-beaten face was soon familiar to the chapel folk, seated by Sally's side. "What ails the lassie at her shoon?" some one would ask from time to time, but Jean would only shake her head. If the old woman guessed that Sally had fallen out with her father about her shoon, she kept her own counsel. Jean had a tender sensitiveness about the innocent lass

one would scarcely have expected from her rugged exterior and outspoken ways.

For nearly twelve years the women managed their little farm, coming and going at stated times to Michael in the town; then Sally's health began to fail, and with the winter came a nasty cough. Jean doctored her with milk warm from the cow, with beat-up eggs, with a mixture of honey and vinegar, in which she had great faith; with a sovereign remedy made of brown sugar and turnip juice, making her take the sickly dose last thing at night. Michael sent port wine.

"It was a' the lassie gaun barefut," the town aunt said, but in these days our country lassies worked barefoot, putting on their clogs for kirk or market, and their "pin-shoes" in the forenichts when their work was done. The wives and daughters of our herds, our finest race, go barefoot still. It was more likely that the long exposure on the moor, stripped of warm clothing, by her father's side, had sewn the seeds of the illness of which poor Sally died.

When she grew too weak to leave her bed, Michael brought a chaise and took her with old Jean to the town.

Father Daly came to see her every day. The priest never allowed that Sally was "wanting," as her neighbours said. In all his scattered flock no one was so faithful to her duties as she. "I wish the rest of ye were as little 'wanting!'" he sometimes said, taking his pinch of snuff in his dry way—no one before him dared speak of "Barefut Sall."

Aye, Sally was "wanting," wanting in worldly wisdom, worldly ways—perhaps her character is best summed-up in Auld Jean's simple words: an "innocent God-fearing crater," the old woman called the girl with reverent love.

Michael sought Father Daly in haste one day. It was time the lass had the last Sacraments, he said; there had been a change.

*"Per istam sanctam unctionem et suam piissimam misericordiam indulgeat tibi Dominus quidquid per gressum deliquisti."* As the priest touched the poor worn feet with the sacred oil, Sally gave a sigh, caught a long sobbing breath, and was at rest.

And Jean? "Be guid to Jean," the lass had said, and nobly Michael and his wife fulfilled the girl's request. Jean died in their house at eighty-nine, in the same faith as Barefoot Sally.

FRANCES MARY MAITLAND.

## A BABY SONNET.

A BABBLE of happy murmurs, like a brook's :  
A joy that blossoms from the heart of sorrow :  
A little hand that leads us, rushing thorough,  
To Nature, from the ashen track of books :  
Remembrance, smiting with the tend'rest looks :  
A voice of Faith in faithless wildernesses :  
A love, in hermit-cell, that only blesses,  
Unknowing the world's silence or rebukes.  
God's smile, that haloes innocence : a breath  
Divine, to one who climbs the pit of death :  
The sword of flame of the Angel o' the Sun,  
Rifting the night : dew in the lily's cup,  
Blending of earth and heaven.

Do these make up  
The Sonnet? Then my year-old babe is one.

G. N. P.

---

---

THE RAPT CULDEE.

“Such wondrous sight as once was given  
In vision to the Rapt Culdee.”—THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

AENGUS, like many another of the early Irish saints, sprang from a noble and even regal stock. His family, Chiefs of Dalaradians of Ulster, traced their descent in unbroken line through Coelback, Monarch of Ireland in the middle of the fourth century, up to Ir, the third son of Milesius. It seems probable, however, that Aengus, the most illustrious scion of the proud Ultonian race, was born, not in the northern province, but in some part of Lagenia. At any rate it is certain that his birth took place about A.D. 750, and that at an early age he repaired to the monastic schools of Clonenagh, in Offaly, where he applied himself with extraordinary energy to the study of the arts and sciences which formed the curriculum in the seats of learning for which the island of saints and scholars was at that time celebrated.

When the long academic course came to an end, he was well versed in Greek and Latin, a distinguished Gaelic scholar, profoundly learned in the Sacred Scriptures, and a poet thoroughly skilled in the "art of the Irish," that is to say, in the use, according to the laws of a varied and elaborate versification, of the copious, sonorous, and exquisitely melodious language of the Gael.

Nor was his progress less conspicuous in a still nobler field; for, having joined the religious community at Clonenagh, he advanced by giant strides in the narrow way of the saints. His brethren, noting the ardour of his zeal and the fidelity of his observance, the sincere depth of his humility and the transcendent character of his devotion, bestowed on him a name full of sweetness and significance, calling him *Angus Kélé-Dé*, meaning Angus the servant or lover of God.

To have acquired thus early so high a reputation for sanctity and learning at Clonenagh was indeed remarkable, seeing that the monastery was famous for its religious discipline as well as for the number of its learned teachers, at the head of whom was at that time the erudite and holy Abbot Malathgenius. From the monastery to the well-frequented schools, and from the schools to the circumjacent territories, the fame of Aengus spread with rapidity. He was thought to excel all others in Ireland; he was regarded with singular veneration; people came to consult him on different points, and in weighty matters; and soon he had a numerous following of friends, admirers and disciples.

Fame, albeit of so high and holy a description, was not only distasteful to the professor of learning, whose serious and absorbing pursuits required leisure and seclusion, but was uncongenial to the spirit of humility which the pious monk strenuously cultivated. He therefore asked and obtained permission to withdraw, to some extent, even from community life, and to fix his abode in a retired place where, safe from distraction, he might continue his studies, and devote himself more than ever to meditation and prayer.

The retreat he made choice of was a solitary spot in the midst of woods on the north bank of the Nore, six or seven miles from the monastery, and not far from the present town of Mountrath. There he erected a little wooden oratory, and constructed a rustic hut for his habitation. Surrounded by the primeval forest stretching down to the brink of the "cold clear Nore," he spent long intervals of time poring over ancient folios, storing his memory to

an extent well nigh incredible with entire books of the Sacred Scriptures, abstruse writings of the Greek and Latin Fathers, and records of the lives of saints who had flourished in every age and in every clime. Three hundred times a day he adored God on his bended knees; and the entire Psalter he sang between one sunrise and another: fifty psalms in the little oratory, fifty in the open air, under a wide spreading tree, and fifty while standing in cold water. Disappointment awaited him, however. He soon found that the difficulties of a journey through the pathless woods were made very light of by his admirers and disciples, and that the river was only a highway for visitors, who floated their coracles down the current or paddled them up the stream until the hermit's fastness no longer remained inviolate.

Under these circumstances it seems to have struck the Culdee that better success might attend an attempt to hide in a crowd, and that a safer hermitage might be discovered in the open inhabited country. Something like an inspiration urged him at the same time to forego, at least for an interval, his ardent pursuit of knowledge, and to throw himself into a life of practical humility, hard obedience, and severe manual toil. He had heard of a large monastery with a numerous community situated a good way off, in a fine open tract extending between the terminating spur of a chain of mountains and the eastern seaboard of Leinster, and he made up his mind to go to that place, and, without revealing his name and condition, present himself before the abbot, craving admission to serve at the monastery in a menial capacity. In such a position, thought he, the world would leave him unmolested, and he should have ample opportunities for perfecting himself in all the lowly and essential virtues dear to God. He would mortify his love for the higher studies, hide in ashes the flame of poetic aspiration, and relinquish the exercise of his bardic accomplishments. One thing only was he now ambitious of, and this was that he might become an abject in the house of his God.

We cannot doubt that Aengus had taken good counsel and obtained the blessing of his lawful Superior when he entered on an undertaking so unusual, and set out on his journey as the poorest of Christ's poor: alone, without money in his purse, or scrip for his journey, or two coats, or even a name. Steering his course in a north-easterly direction, he proceeded pilgrim-wise, receiving a meal and a night's shelter now at a chieftain's rath, and again



within some religious enclosure. One only incident of the journey has been related, and that was a memorable one. Coming to a place called Coolbanaher (near the present town of Portarlington), the traveller turned off the road and entered a church to pray there. When he had finished his devotions, he noticed in the cemetery a newly-made grave, and beheld a wondrous vision—legions of bright spirits, angels of heaven, descending and ascending and hovering over the spot, while their heavenly songs filled the air with an ecstasy of joy. Desiring to know who it could be that the ministers of God thus honoured at his place of sepulture, Aengus went to the priest of the church and asked who was buried in that grave. The priest answered that it was a poor old man who formerly lived in the neighbourhood. "What good did he do?" asked the Culdee. "I saw no particular good by him," said the priest, "but that his practice was to recount and invoke the saints of the world, as far as he could remember them, at his going to bed and getting up, in accordance with the custom of the old devotees." "Ah! my God," said Aengus, "he who would make a poetical composition in praise of the saints should doubtless have a high reward, when so much has been vouchsafed to the efforts of this old devotee!"

Suddenly it flashed through his mind that he should do this thing as a work pleasing to God, edifying to his brethren, and beneficial to his own soul; and he saw at a glance how a metrical hymn might be composed in honour of all the saints, which he should himself recite every day as long as he lived, and bequeath as a rich legacy to the land of his birth.

Here then was an idea as vivid as an inspiration and as holy, whirling him once more into the high latitudes of poetry. The impulse to attempt this undertaking had an urgency not to be gainsaid; he felt conscious of possessing the power to accomplish it; and he was lifted as by the hair of the head into a region where neither fear nor misgiving, neither distrust nor diffidence, leave a blight or cast a shadow. Yes, he would raise his voice and sing a glorious song in honour of the hosts of heaven!

But how it was to be done, or when, he knew not; for it did not occur to him that he should turn aside forthwith from the path on which an earlier inspiration had set his feet. The Lord, who had bestowed on him the gift of song, would doubtless provide for the doing of His own work! And so, with the prelude of the new

chant re-echoing in his soul, and the joy of the new possession elating his heart; with the thought of the old devotee in his mind, and the rustle of the angels' wings in his ears, the Culdee came out again on the track that served as a highway, and continued his journey towards the goal he had in view. At length, having crossed St. Brigid's pastures (the Curragh of Kildare), and passed through the woods enclosing that tract on the north, he turned the mountain range at the upper extremity and came out on the open country gently sloping to the eastern sea.

There he beheld the monastery of Tamlacht or Tallaght, whither he was bound, standing in all the holy simplicity of the antique time when high thinking and low living were the order of the day. A cluster of wattle huts, with a timber church in the midst, stood within the circuit of a low fence; outside a considerable area was occupied by farm buildings and groups of rustic huts which the scholars had built for themselves; and further off the mill, the kiln, the fishing weir, and other appurtenances of an extensive rural establishment could be observed; while along the river banks and the higher ground ascending towards the adjacent hills, the cultivated fields and well-stocked pastures testified to the industry and good management of the religious colonists. The only thing wanting was that air of antiquity which some of the larger monasteries could boast of; but this Tallaght had not had time to acquire, for its origin dated only a few years back, when in 769 St. Melruan founded the church on a site and endowment "offered to God, to Michael the Archangel, and to Melruan," by Donnoch, the pious and illustrious king of Leinster. Already, however, the monastery enjoyed a high reputation throughout Erin for piety and scholarship, the saintly abbot ranking among the most learned men of the day, and his community following close in the wake of their father and founder.

Weary and travel-stained, Aengus presented himself before Melruan as a poor humble stranger; and with all the earnestness which another might show when supplicating for a special favour, besought the abbot to take him into his service as a menial and appoint him to do the rough work of the monastic farm. Surprised, perhaps, that this stranger should ask so little, the abbot, nevertheless, discovered nothing in the applicant's speech or manner suggestive of a higher capacity. He granted the prayer of the willing drudge, sent him to take charge of the mill and the kiln,

and desired him to turn his hand to any kind of labour that might offer in the fields and works. And so, as it is related, he set to his task with right good will, reaping the corn, carrying the sheaves on his back to the barn, thrashing them with a flail, loading himself with the sacks of grain, and trudging like a beast of burden to the mill. With his face begrimed with sweat and dust, his hair all tangled, and his clothes covered with chaff and straws, the Culdee looked very unlike a man of letters and "a master of verses." He hardly looked like a man at all, but he did look like what he wanted to be—an abject, and the last of human kind.

One might reasonably wonder whether he had time to say his prayers. And, indeed, if praying depended altogether on church-going, there would have been but a short account of his spiritual exercises. Out early and late in the barn and the fields, his opportunities for meditation cannot have been frequent, and as an old panegyrist observes, "It was not a condition meet for devotion to be in the kiln constantly drying." But this man of contemplation, this lover of deep study, this poetic soul, had not in vain spent his youth in a school of religion and learning. His well-stored memory now served him in good stead. He had subject matter for meditation in abundance, and he knew more prayers off book than many a manual contains. Moreover, like all the holy men of Erin, and for that matter a vast number of the common of the faithful too, he knew by heart the spiritual songs composed and sung by the early saints, and preserved as a glorious heir-loom by succeeding generations. Most of these poems were indulged or privileged, and the chanting of them was regarded as a truly instructive, devotional, and meritorious exercise. The sublimity of the thoughts and the rhythmic elegance of the diction made the recital of the verses at once easy and delightful. Several of the hymns in constant use were of the kind called by the Irish a *Lorica*, or breastplate, in other words, a defensive armour fashioned to keep the heart pure and to make the darts of Satan glance away. The christian people thus buckled on their spiritual armour, and, chanting the sacred psalmody, felt ready to confront the dangers of the day and the darkness of the night. These sacred compositions, frequently of considerable length, were not merely read or spoken; they were intoned or musically recited, the Irish, like the Greeks, holding poetry and music to be inseparable. Moreover, they were sung out in full voice, not only in the church,

the monastery, and the home, but in the fields and by the shore, and on the mountains, wherever in fact the prayerful heart might sigh or sing towards heaven.

First in favour, as in date, written in the most ancient dialect of the Irish, was St. Patrick's poem, "In Tarah to-day, at this awful hour, I call on the Holy Trinity:" a hymn believed to be the best protection in all dangers of soul and body, a safeguard against sudden death to the person who was in the habit of devoutly reciting it, and an armour to his soul after death—a hymn which ought to be sung for ever!

Next, perhaps, came St. Sechnall's piece in praise of Patrick, "Audite omnes amantes Deum," probably the first latin hymn composed in Ireland. An angel, it is said, promised heaven to everyone who should recite the last three stanzas at lying down and at rising up, and this it was the practice of the Irish saints to do.

The *Altus* of St. Columba, "Alone am I upon the mountain, O God of Heaven! prosper my way," composed and sung in an hour of danger, was another favourite prayer, and was used with great faith by travellers as a protection when setting out on a journey. Angels are present while it is sung, says an old commentator, the devil shall not know the path of him who sings it every day, and moreover there shall be no strife in the house where it is frequently sung. Some had the pious habit of reciting the *Altus*, a poem of seventy lines, no less than seven times daily.

St. Coleman's Hymn, "May the Son of Mary shield us," composed at the Saint's School in Cork while a pestilence was raging—the abbot giving the first and last stanzas, and his pupils supplying the intermediate verses—was intended as a shield of protection against the perils of the hour, and continued to be fervently recited by the pious under all circumstances, but especially in visitations of epidemic disease.

Many other poems of the kind were popularly known and generally recited; and so, when the Culdee, drying and grinding, and digging and delving, sang out his Gaelic and Latin hymns in measured cadence, he attracted no observation; he simply did as others did; while thereby he fed his spirit with the highest and holiest thoughts, solaced his poetic soul, and fulfilled to the letter the divine precept of praying always.

And as the drudgery of his daily occupations proved no obstacle

to the intimate union of his heart with God, so in like manner the penitential course of his bodily servitude seems only to have set his soul free for surer flight into the heaven of poetry and song. Although at first sight it might appear that his surroundings were anything but inspiring, it must be allowed, on further consideration, that the situation was not without its balance of compensation. Wherever he turned, a scene of beauty met his gaze, something suggestive met his fancy. Close by were the picturesque groups of the monastic buildings, and the students' shanties, sheltered by ancestral trees. Now and then a chorus of youthful voices burst upon the silence; the abbot's bell rang out from time to time; at the canonical hours the psalm-tones of the Divine Office, resounding from the choir, brought heaven and earth together in holiest harmony. Far and wide spread corn fields and pastures watered by a stream which, having left its wild ways in its native glens, glided past in peaceful flow. South and west extended a screen of gentle hills, rising from a wooded base, and backed by a mountain range. Viewed from the upper tract of the terman lands, these loftier eminences displayed their sides and summits royally vested in dusky purple, gold, and green, with veils of blue-grey mist and down-falling bands of silvery streams. From the same vantage ground the prospect north and east presented a still more magnificent spectacle—for a wooded plain with wide clearings extended on one side to the open sea, with its islands and headlands and changeful surface, and stretched away in another direction towards the fertile territories of Oriel and Meath.

Again, the country round the monastery was full of associations interesting to a poet and antiquary. On the hill just above the monastery ground were strewn the sepulchral monuments of Parthelon's race, many thousands of whom fell victims to a pestilence that devastated the territories round the bay in pre-Christian times: the original name of the district of Tallaght, *Tamlacht Muntire Parthalen*, signifying that it was the plague grave of Parthelon's colony. Not far off, in a southern direction, at Bohernabreena, were the ruins of a great court or mansion of hospitality, kept by a chieftain called Da-Derga, about the time of the Incarnation of our Lord. Conary-more, the just and valorous Monarch of Ireland, while enjoying the hospitality of the master of the court, was slain by a band of pirates, who attacked and demolished the habitation. The story of the destruction of the Court of Da-Derga

formed the subject of one of the celebrated historic tales preserved in the ancient books of Erinn. Incidents less tragic, though equally striking, had invested the adjacent glens with a poetic interest, and the Thrushes' Valley (Glenasmole), through which the stream came dancing down from its fountain head on the slopes of Kippure, was the very home of legend and romance.

Like all the old Irish saints, Aengus was fond of animals. The harmless denizens of the fields and woods were liked for their innocent demeanour and interesting ways, and even the beasts of wilder nature received kindness for the sake of their Creator. History is not silent with regard to the friendship that existed between the Culdee and the birds. No doubt, both at the mill and in the corn fields the holy man had many opportunities of doing his feathered favourites a good turn, and they, as in duty bound, would have a song and a welcome for him whenever he came within view of their airy dwellings. How delightful it must have been in "the vocal woods" when thrushes and blackbirds, and a chorus of minor minstrels, poured in "full-throated ease" their tide of song, while "Aengus of the festal lays" chanted in resounding tones his praises of the hosts of heaven! Once, so runs the legend, when the disguised poet met with a severe accident while cutting branches in a thicket, the birds became excited in an extraordinary manner, and by their screams and cries seemed to lament the calamity that had befallen their comrade and benefactor.

But whatever be inferred or surmised, one thing is certain, namely, that during his servitude at Tallaght, and amidst such surroundings as these, the saint composed his famous metrical Festology of the Saints.

The poem is divided into three principal parts, with subdivisions, consisting altogether of 590 quatrains. The Invocation is written in what modern Gaelic scholars call English chain verse; that is, an arrangement of metre by which the first words of every succeeding quatrain are identical with the last words of the preceding one. The following literal translation gives the dry bones, as it were, of the Invocation, while leaving out all the colour and harmony of the verses, which ask grace and sanctification from Christ on the poet's work:—

Sanctify, O Christ! my words:—  
O Lord of the seven heavens!  
Grant me the gift of wisdom,  
O Sovereign of the bright sun!

O bright sun who dost illuminate  
 The heavens with all their holiness !  
 O King who governest the angels !  
 O Lord of all the people !

O Lord of the people,  
 O King all-righteous and good !  
 May I receive the full benefit  
 Of praising Thy royal hosts.

Thy royal hosts I praise  
 Because Thou art my Sovereign ;  
 I have disposed my mind,  
 To be constantly beseeching Thee.

I beseech a favour from Thee,  
 That I be purified from my sins,  
 Through the peaceful bright-shining flock,  
 The royal host whom I celebrate.

The Invocation is followed by a poem, giving in beautiful and forcible language an account of the sufferings of the early Christian martyrs, and telling how the names of the persecutors are forgotten, while the names of their victims are remembered with honour, veneration, and affection ; how Pilate's wife is forgotten, and the Blessed Virgin is remembered and honoured from the uttermost bounds of the earth to its centre. Even in our own country (continues the poet) the enduring supremacy of the Church of Christ is made manifest ; for Tara had become abandoned and deserted under the vain-glory of its Kings, while Armagh remains the populous seat of dignity, piety, and learning ; Cruachan, the royal residence of the Kings of Connaught, is deserted, while Clonmacnoise resounds with the dashing of chariots and the tramp of multitudes to honour the shrine of St. Kieran ; the royal palace of Aillinn, in Leinster, has passed away, while the Church of St. Brigid, at Kildare, remains in dazzling splendour ; Emania, the royal palace of the Ulstermen, has disappeared, while the holy Kevin's Church, at Glendalough, remains in full glory ; the monarch, Leaghair's, pride and pomp were extinguished, while St. Patrick's name continued to shine with growing lustre. Thus the poet goes on to contrast the fleeting and forgotten names and glories of the men and great establishments of the Pagan and secular world, with the stability, freshness, and splendour of the Christian Churches, and the ever-green names of the illustrious, though often humble founders.

Then follows the chief poem, the Festology, beginning with the Feast of the Circumcision of our Lord, for, says the poet—

At the head of the congregated saints  
Let the King take the front place.

This Festology is not confined to the Saints of Erinn. The author tells us that he has travelled far and near to collect the names and history of the subjects of his laudation and invocation ; that for the foreign saints he has consulted St. Ambrose, St. Jerome, and Eusebius ; and that from “countless hosts of the illuminated books of Erinn” he has collected the festivals of the Irish Saints. The main body of the composition is divided into twelve monthly parts, and the various saints are mentioned on their respective days with allusions to their lives, their characteristics, and the localities they were connected with. Thus, when St. Adamnan, of Iona, is named in September, allusion is made to his band of brilliant associates ; and his countryman does not forget to say that it was he whom “the glorious Jesus besought to free permanently the Irish women.” On June 3rd occurs the festival of a “Soldier of Christ, in the land of Erinn,” a “noble name over the billowy ocean :” Kevin, the chaste, noble warrior, whose dwelling was in the “glen of the two broad lakes.” May 3rd brings “The chief Finding of the Tree of the Cross of Christ, with many virtues,” the death of the noble Chief Conleath, and the great Festival of the Virgin Mary\* The Calends of February are “magnified by a galazy of martyrs of great valour ; and Brigid, the spotless, of loudest fame, chaste head of the Nuns of Erinn.”

Having mentioned and invoked the saints at their respective festival days, the poet recapitulates the preceding subject, and invokes the blessed ones in classes or bands under certain heads or leaders : the elders or ancients under Noah, the prophets under Isaiah, the patriarchs under Abraham, the apostles and disciples under Peter, the wise or learned men under Paul, and the virgins of the world under the Blessed Virgin Mary. And then follow the holy bishops of Rome and Jerusalem, Antioch and Alexandria, under their great chiefs ; the bands of monks and learned men under Anthony and the gifted Benedict, and a division of the

\*The Conception, honoured on the 8th of December, in other martyrologies, was commemorated on the 3rd of May by the Irish.



saints of the world under Martin. Lastly are invoked once again the noble saints of Erin under St. Patrick, the saints of Scotland under St. Columba, and the great division of the saintly virgins of Ireland under the holy St. Brigid of Kildare.

Lastly, the sacred bard in eloquent strain beseeches the mercy of the Saviour for himself and all mankind, through the merits and sufferings of the saints whom he has named and enumerated: through the merits of their dismembered bodies; their bodies pierced with lances, their wounds, their bitter tears; through all the sacrifices offered of the Saviour's own Body and Blood, as it is in heaven, upon the holy-altars; through the blood that flowed from the Saviour's own side; through His humanity; and through His divinity in unity with the Holy Spirit and the heavenly Father. Enumerating, still in the full swing of his melodious verse, the conspicuous examples of God's mercy as shown forth in the Scripture history, the poet returns once more to the beloved saints of Erin, whom he regards with such extraordinary veneration, and beseeches Jesus again, through the Heavenly household, to be saved as He saved St. Patrick from the poisoned drink at Tara, and St. Kevin of Glendalough from the perils of the mountain.\*

Such in outline is the sublime song the Culdee composed in his heart, committed to memory, and chanted in the hearing of the woods, the birds and the heavens, as he trugged through the furrows and cut wattles in the woods of Tallaght. No doubt, as already said, he intended it for something more than the fervent expression of his own piety and faith. He intended and hoped that the people of Erin would in his own day, and in succeeding ages, glorify God in His saints in these very words. This is evident from certain stanzas of the poem in which he recommends it to the pious study of the faithful and points out the spiritual benefits to be gained by reciting it. But when and in what manner it should be made known to the world he could not imagine. This cause, with all else, he commended to *the faithful Creator*.

Years passed on in this manner, until at length the scene changed suddenly. The identity of the man at the mill with the

\* The above is an abstract of the analysis of the Festology in O'Curry's "Manuscript Materials of Ancient Irish History," with some particulars from the Rev. Matthew Kelly's "Martyrology of Tallaght."

famous Aengus of Clonenagh was discovered in a strange way. On a certain day, the Culdee being at work in the barn, one of the children of the school rushed in frightened and breathless, and hid himself in a dark corner. Aengus spoke gently to him and asked what was the cause of his trouble. The boy answered that having failed to learn his lesson he was afraid to appear before his teacher, who would be certain to punish him severely. He was then soothed and encouraged, and bidden to come forth from his hiding place. Doing as he was desired, he crept forward, laid his head against the saint's breast and fell asleep. After some time he awoke, and was then told to repeat his lesson. Immediately, without hesitation or mistake, he did so; and having received an injunction to say nothing of what had just occurred, was directed to go and present himself before his master. The latter was surprised to find a usually dull boy acquit himself so well on that occasion and the following days; could not understand how such a remarkable change had been effected, and mentioned the matter to the abbot. St. Melruan sent for the boy, and suspecting that something strange had happened, obliged the reluctant scholar to relate exactly all that had taken place in the barn. A light flashed on the abbot's mind, and he exclaimed: This can be no other than the missing Aengus of Clonenagh! Hastening to the barn he joyfully embraced the Culdee, reproached him affectionately for having deceived him so long, and bidding him join himself forthwith to the religious community, welcomed him as a heaven-sent friend and brother. Aengus, overwhelmed with confusion, threw himself at the abbot's feet and implored forgiveness for whatever cause of complaint he might have given.

From that hour until death parted them, these two gifted and saintly men continued to be fellow-labourers and bosom friends. The Culdee was appointed to lecture on the higher sciences in the upper schools, and to teach theology to the young religious, and moreover, in spite of his humility, was obliged to receive priestly ordination. For some time past Abbot Melruan had been engaged in compiling a prose martyrology, and he now hastened to secure the co-operation of his new friend in the prosecution of the work. The task was a difficult one, but the pious antiquaries achieved it, and the result of their joint labour is generally known as the *Martyrology of Tallaght*. According to the best authorities, it is the oldest Irish martyrology in existence, and the most copious of

the kind written in any country at that period. Its full title is *Martyrologium Aengusii filii Hoblenii et Moelruanii*.

After some years had been spent in this way the abbot died, and received a tribute of esteem and affection from his friend, who, in the Festology, made a commemoration of Melruan, the "Bright Sun of Ireland." Tallaght having lost its principal attraction when its founder was called away, Aengus returned to his old home at Clonenagh, where he ruled for many years as abbot, while exercising at the same time episcopal functions. Literary aspirations, however, were by no means relinquished. The Festology was finished at his own monastery, and thence made known to the world, A.D. 804, with all the form and eclat proper to the publication of a singularly beautiful and valuable work. The occasion was an interesting one. In the course of the year just cited Aedh, Monarch of Ireland, undertook an expedition against the men of Leinster, marched his forces through Offally, and encamped at no great distance from Clonenagh. Fothad, Chief Poet of Ireland, sur-named the Canonist from his knowledge of the Church canons, accompanied the king on this expedition, and Aengus took the opportunity thus afforded to submit his Festology to the judgment of the Chief Poet, the highest literary authority in the kingdom. The result was a cordial and just recognition of the extraordinary merits of the poem, a solemn approval of its publication, and an official recommendation to the nation at large to peruse and study its pages. In courteous return for a copy of the Festology presented to him by the author, Fothad gave Aengus a poem which he had himself lately written with a very important object in view. This interchange of literary amenities was the beginning of an enduring friendship between the Culdee and the Chief Poet of Ireland.

Many other works of great value, whether in plain prose or in elegant meter, are included in the list of the Culdee's writings. Among these are a collection of pedigrees of the Irish saints; the *Saltair-na-Raun*, or Psalter of Verses, consisting of 150 poems on the history of the Old Testament, written in the finest style of the Gaelic language of the eighth century; and a variety of Litanies in which, among a vast number of saints invoked, are several Italian, Gallic, British, and African saints who lived and died in Ireland. A very curious tract, giving an account of the mothers of some of the most remarkable Irish saints, is also attributed to the same authorship.

Authorities are not of accord as to the date of the saint's death. In all probability he departed out of this world towards the close of the first quarter of the ninth century. Clonenagh, undoubtedly, was the place of his decease, and he died the death of the saints on Friday, the 11th March. Another poet, his namesake, countryman, and contemporary, Aengus, Abbot of Clonfert-Molua, surnamed the Wise, wrote the Culdee's panegyric in a poem which tenderly laments the departure of a Master of Verses, the Sun of the Western World, the Poet of the Hosts of Heaven !\*

The works of St. Aengus are, at the present day, held in as high esteem by the historians, the philologists, and the Celtic scholars of the great European centres of learning, as they were in Ireland a thousand years ago. It is a wonder to all that they have not long since been collected from old books difficult of access, and issued with a translation. They are, says the editor and learned annotator of the Martyrology of Tallaght, the best, and often the only authorities, on the brightest period of the history of Ireland; and a still more competent authority, Eugene O'Curry, doubts whether any country in Europe possesses a national document of so important a character as the Festology of St. Aengus. How much longer, we may ask, are these treasures to remain practically overlaid and hidden amidst the mass of Ireland's unutilised resources?

S. A.

\* In a lecture delivered at Oxford, Professor Matthew Arnold, referring to this poem, said that though it was composed by no eminent bard, yet a Greek epitaph could not show a finer perception of what constitutes propriety and felicity of style in compositions of this nature.

## IN MEMORY OF ANNIE.

(OCTOBER 6TH, 1888.)

THE sycamore leaves were yellow and sere,  
 Like tapers lit for the dying year;  
 The hills and the woods were dismal and drear.

Faces were blanched in a lonely room;  
 Candles burned: for the strange Bridegroom  
 Had entered softly and whispered "Come!"

\* \*

I remember those sycamore leaves so green  
 On the breast of a schoolgirl just thirteen—  
 On the sweet, fair forehead of Spring, their Queen!

Spring grew to Summer. The roses of June  
 Were bright in gardens; alas! too soon  
 They hurried away, like a waning moon.

'Twas a sweet, short summer—so short!—and then  
 Fate came and wrote with an iron pen,  
 "You will see June roses no more again!"

And the dull, dark days, and the weary years,  
 Dragged slowly on with their hopes and fears,  
 And slaked their thirst with a young girl's tears.

Sorrowful years, how dismal ye were!  
 Nothing ye brought to her lap but care—  
 Had ye no roses of June to spare?

Nay, forgive!—Ye were often kind;  
 Often ye came with your soft west wind,  
 And your golden sun on her sometimes shined.

And ye brought her some friends who were tried and true  
 When your golden sun to the south withdrew,  
 When your zephyrs died, and the east wind blew—

Not all dark. But alas! what then?  
 The sentence writ by an iron pen!—  
 The roses of June never bloomed again.

\* \*

*Home ! Home from the city cold  
To the friendly earth of a churchyard old,  
To the warm embrace of ancestral mould !*

\* \* \*

*Father in Heaven, Thy will be done !  
In sorrow of soul is Thy kingdom won ;  
Her cross was the cross of Thy suffering Son !*

*Oh, take her, Lord, to Thy bounteous breast,  
And let her soul with Thy saints find rest !  
Farewell, dear Annie ! 'Tis best—'tis best.*

J. MoG.

---

## PADDY SHEA'S FIRESIDE.

A CHRISTMAS EVE GOSSIP.

BY JOHN FRANCIS O'DONNELL.\*

THE Christmas candle had been lighted ; a large log of bog-oak was spurting out blue and green flames on the hearth, preparatory to blazing up in earnest ; the sprays of holly and ivy on the dresser and over the few poor pictures which adorned the walls of Paddy Shea's cabin, were twinkling drowsily in the unsteady firelight. The moon, yet early in the east, looked in through the narrow window and played hide-and-go-seek amongst Paddy Shea's crockery, and the little array of pots and pans which served the uses of his household.

Paddy himself, a man of sixty winters, leaned over the fire, his elbows planted on his knees, and his chin sullenly buried in his hard, whip-corded hands. More than an hour had gone by since

\* Though we have two serial tales and several short stories in our larder, eager to be served up as items in the Christmas bill of fare, we prefer "the touch of a vanished hand" as another expedient for securing sympathy for the John Francis O'Donnell Memorial, of which our readers heard something last November (IRISH MONTHLY, vol. XVI., page 690). This is a random sample of countless tales and sketches produced by "Caviare" in the mere routine of literary drudgery. His talent did not get anything like fair play in such things.

Nelly, the only child who remained to be a staff to his old age, had set out across the fields to join in the devotions held, every Christmas eve, in the old-fashioned, eight-cornered, white-washed chapel in the glen of Dunleevy. Her unusual absence made him uneasy and irritable, but there was nothing at hand on which to vent his impatience, except Brand, a shaggy little terrier which lay curled at his feet, dreaming for all that the physiologists can tell us, of harvest rats or happy hunting fields. Brand was safe, for Brand was a sacred possession which hand or foot of friend or stranger dare not provoke with impunity. Was not Brand Jem O'Shea's companion in the field, the youthful dog that sat on his master's sacks of corn as they stood exposed for sale in the market in the Irishtown? Had not Brand, when Jem had more than once fallen into "a good man's case,"—a mild equivalent for being intoxicated—steered his protector home over lonely roads, on moonless and starless nights, when human guidance might have been baffled by cross-ways and pitchy darkness? And was not Jem O'Shea, the racy, lithe-limbed, open-eyed "boy," at whom two-thirds of the girls of Dunleevy were once cocking their high-cauled caps, and making faces in the distraction of their hearts, hiding his head, this blessed Christmas night, in some American swamp, or perhaps pouring out his life-blood on the battlefield for the safety of the imperilled Union?

Paddy Shea sighed, and the dog, as if in sympathy, thrust up his head, full of veteran scars, uttered a low growl, and rising on his hind legs, licked the old man's hands, and wagged his short, lean tail with a vivacity out of keeping with the circumstances and the occasion.

"Brand, me bouchal," moaned Paddy, "sure a betther dog nor yourself niver stuck his nose in a stook, but I'm afraid you're forgettin' the boy that reared you from a pup. He didn't care for all the world, I believe, afther you and Mary Shanahan, barrin' myself and his sishter Nelly. Isn't it flyin' in the face of God, Brand"—and here Paddy tenderly took the dog's head between his furrowed palms—"that Jim should be across the say to-night, all about a shot that he niver fired, and a man that no wan kilt?"

Before the terrier could yelp an affirmative, the latch was raised, and Nelly Shea, her cheeks glowing from the keen frosty air, under the blue hood fastened with a good deal of rustic coquetry below her rosy, dimpled chin, stood on the floor. Her

face glowed with unusual animation, and her large, dark eyes danced with the brilliancy of unusual excitement.

"What kept you, agra, all this time?" asked her father, speaking somewhat pettishly, whilst he fastened his hands with a tighter grip on Brand who seemed impatient to get loose and greet his mistress.

"A hundred things, father," answered Nelly, as she removed her blue cloth cloak and revealed a charming figure dressed in a slate-coloured stuff gown, from the hem of which a neatly-fashioned pair of buckled shoes became timidly visible in the firelight. "Father M'Carthy, sure, had somethin' to say afther the Rosary, and 'twouldn't be right to come away whin the priest is spakin'."

"An' is that all that kept you, Nelly?" Paddy asked, incredulously.

"Wisha, as you're ditarmined to have the ins and outs of it, whin I was coming back, I stepped into Mary Shanahan's jist to wish her a happy Christmas and taste a bit of her barny brack,\* and there was a young man there, that 'ad been to Amerikay, and seen Jim—the Lord have 'im in his keepin'—less nor a year ago, and I asked thim two—Mary and himself—to come acrass in an hour or so, that you might have a colloquet wid 'im."

"And how was Jim, and what was the poor boy doin', whin he last seen him, Nelly, asthore?"

"Troth, he says he was as sthrong as a horse, and as bould as a turnpike," answered Nelly, as she snuffed the Christmas Candle (wonderful to be told) between finger and thumb. "He'll be here by-an'-bime, an' you'll have the hearing of your ears for it. Wisha what a quare man you are to be sittin' there by the light o' the blessed candle, an' forgettin' to stick a rushlight in the sod! I'd be ashamed o' me life if wan o' the neighbours put in their head, and seen what you was doin'."

To render Nelly intelligible, it may be necessary to state that the Irish peasantry never perform any servile work by the light of the Christmas candle, and that they invariably keep a dip or a rushlight burning beside it. We may add that no woman is ever allowed to light the votive candle—a task always discharged by the oldest male present, who is piously supposed on such occasions

\* Seed cake.

† Gossip.



to represent St. John the Baptist. The arrangement is jealously observed in Munster to the present day.

Nelly Shea set about providing a supper of very primitive description for her father and herself. She began by drawing a vermillion-coloured pig's head from a clean sack; then two enormous cabbages, and, finally, three salted herrings—known among the peasantry as "sogers." The meat she hung by the ear to a nail in the chimney, where it could get the full benefit of the smoke. Then the vegetables were stowed away in an old basket; and the potato-pot being removed from the fire, and a brown napkin thrust over its contents, in order to "soak" them, the herrings were placed side by side on a gridiron over the glowing embers. During these preparations Nelly never ceased to hum an old song, of which the following stanza may not be unfamiliar to some of our readers:—

"Good morrow, fox; good morrow, sir;  
Pray what's that you're aitin' ?  
A fine fat goose that I stole from you,  
And pray will you come and taste her ?  
Taddy idle, i, taddy idle, i, taddy idle i dee didee."

"Beganny's, Nelly," remarked Paddy, giving the hissing fish a turn, and bringing their browned sides to the light, "wan 'ud think you were afther meetin' a sweetheart, there's such a dale of the skylark in your throat this evenin'."

"And how do you know that I haven't, father?" said the girl, kneeling before the hearth, and holding a plate in each hand in front of the blaze. "Didn't I see a young man's face lookin' up at me out of the meadow well last May mornin'?"

"Pishogues\*—was it runnin' afther pishogues you were the mornin' you forgot to spancil the cow, and the innocent crathur put her feet in the milk, Nelly? It's laughin' you are—is it? If there was wan thought of poor Jim runnin' in your head this blessed night, I think the laugh ud be at the wrong side o' your mouth, Nelly. Poor Jim!" he continued, giving the herrings another twist; "there wasn't a dacent boy or a betther son in the breadth o' tin baronies; more betoken 'tis his father that says it."

Nelly, making no reply, rose from her knees, drew the little table to the fire, gave the hot plates a whisk of her clean check

apron, and poured out the steaming potatoes on the cloth. The meal was eaten in silence; but the girl could not keep her eyes off her father as he picked his fish without the aid of knife or fork; and in those eyes there danced a light half mischievous, half affectionate, for which the French have invented a name for which our straight-laced English offers no equivalent.

"There is a Christmas-box from Mary Shanahan, father," said Nelly, after she had removed all traces of supper; and, as she spoke, she placed a bottle of whiskey and a small paper containing loaf sugar at the old man's elbow. "Will I make you a dandy of punch?"

"Do; an' the Lord reward her for it," said Paddy.

"You must dhrink out of a tay-cup," observed the girl, pouring boiling water into that useful vessel, and adding some sugar and spirits. "Jim's jackdaw jumped th'other day on me last glass tumbler and bruk it—bad scrannin to him."

"Is it cursin' Jim's bird you're at? Nelly, agra, you've a heart about the size of a pinkeen to think of doin' it. There's some one at the doore. Give me another taste o' sugar before you open it," said Shea with a selfishness not all peculiar to him.

"God save all here! an' a merry Christmas an' a happy New Year to ye!" said the sweet voice of Mary Shanahan, as she lifted the latch, and entered, accompanied by a young man of somewhat free and martial aspect. "Misther Shea, this is Billy Cassidy you may heerd Nelly spake of, and he's just come back from the wars in Amerikay, where he seed Jim, and here he is to answer any kushtions you'd be afther axin' him."

"Billy Cassidy! Billy Cassidy!" reflected Paddy, as he passed his hand over his forehead, endeavouring to recall the name. "Arrah, to be sure," he exclaimed, cordially grasping the young fellow's hand, and drawing him closer to the light; "the widow Cassidy's son that imigrated in '49. Sit down, Mary; sit down, Billy, and tell me all about your wandherin's, and whin you seed Jim."

"Troth, if it's not Mike Hogan, Nancy Brady, and that thundherin' rogue, Phil Fahy, that's comin' in on us," said Nelly, whom the sound of approaching footsteps still detained at the door. "Oh, wisha! wisha! Fahy, you divil, did you iver go anywhere without the snout of a quart bottle peepin' out o' your pocket?"

"None o' yer canathrixes\* if you please, miss," replied Fahy, in a

\* *Insinuations.*

mock dignified tone. "That's as jainuine a dhrop o' holy wather as iver frightened the sowl out of an evil sperret. Just stand a shake of it."

Nelly didn't wait, however, to try the effect of the operation. She placed seats for her guests, put more tea-cups on the table, and set the kettle on the hanger—a sort of movable crane to be found in the kitchen chimney nooks of most Irish farmhouses—in order to brew more punch.

"I may tell you at once," began Cassidy, when the visitors had settled down in their places, and the big candle had undergone a fresh snuffing, "that I saw your son, Jim, about four months ago, at St. Louis. He was a great man there, afther the war, and had a goold watch in his pocket as big as the clock in the Protestant church beyant."

"An' what was he doin'?" asked Paddy.

"Faith! he was coinin' in the lumber trade; making money like ould bricks, and houldin' his head as high as a road conthtractor. 'I wish,' says he, 'I could only go home, an' see the ould man an' Nelly;' and, if me mimicry doesn't desave me, he also said, 'I'm dyin',' says he, 'of a rattlin' faver for sweet Mary Shanahan.'"

"Oh! you story!" tittered Mary, reddening to the roots of her brown hair, and pretending to be pettishly annoyed: especially when Fahy added to her confusion by singing out of the chorus of laughter—

"'Deed, Mary Shanahan, that's only the first part of the story; but 'tis yourself that'll one day put a nate Amin to it.'"

"You're very impident, Misther Fahy," she said.

"Och! Mary dear," replied the unabashed Fahy; "you've no notion of what rale impidence is till Jim Shea flattens his nose against yours, me darlint!"

"Well," resumed Cassidy, for whom Shea showed visible signs of impatience, "I asked Jim what on airth stood between him and home; but niver an answer could I dhraw out of him. He'd get rosy, like a colleen, or white, like a daisy; but he evaded me thin, and I might as well be whistlin' for a fairy, or throwin' fern seed to the wind, as makin' that boy undherstand that in all fairness he might have taken his tongue out o' the inside of his cheek, and tould an ould friend of his father's the why and the wherefore of what was the matter with him."

"Poor gossoon," said Paddy, the tears standing a moment in

his eyes, and then rolling down the channels of his cheeks; "his mother's pride was in him, from the tip of his right ear to the top of his left. As he niver tould you the story of his goin' away, Billy, I'll tell it to you; and you'll say when I'm done that there niver was a hardher case, nor a sorrowfuller persecution, since *sæcula sæculorum*."

L/C Although everyone present, excepting Cassidy, was well acinted with the causes which compelled Jem Shea to fly Ireland, guests gathered closer around old Paddy whilst he cleared his at, and began :

"It was early in the autumn of 18—— and a finer saison it 'ud hard for the ouldest among ye to rimimber. The leeks that was two feet long, and the whate was taller than a dhragoon of the haggart. The disaise among the petatees had nearly id away, thanks be to God; and everyone was storin' and 'up seed, an' hopin' that the good times was comin' back t to ould Ireland.

Well, as I was sayin', I tould Jim wan night to take the dog, so acrass to Mr. Unthank, that lived on the hill beyant, an' ; the gentleman how much a day he'd charge me for the loan ; thrashin' machine. Thim machines was scarcely known days, at all at all; but I heard Misther Gordon, who was he Scotch steward in the Park above, say how they bate ~~was~~ nghtin' for turnin' out the grain sound an' clane, without puttin' as much as a crase in the reed." \*

"Well, more betoken, Jim and the dog goes over, as I tould them, and they sees Misther Unthank—there's not a betther sowl from this to himself, an' he's now livin' in Dublin—and warned him of what I wanted. There war slathers at work at his house, and wan of them—Tady O'Leary—was a great favourite with the masther, because he could turn jokes round his fingers, and make people laugh in that way that you'd think they'd never stop wanst he put thim on to it. You see they used to joke me about this same Tady O'Leary, sayin' I was his father, for as he was as like poor Jim as one kayhole is like another. Coorse I didn't mind them—why should I?—but, afther all, 'twas annoyin' whin you mit a friend at a fair or race, and when he'd got a glass in his head, to be always turnin' round and axin' you—'How's your son Tady?'

"Now the night Tim wint up to Mr. Unthank he found that gintleman sated in his study comparin' his accounts, maybe with the Bank of Ireland, in goold and notes lyin' out forninst him. He put the goold and notes into a tin box, and turned the kay, but left the kay in it—we always haven't our heads about us—and tould Jim to wait a minute or two until he axed whin the machine wouldn't be no longer wanted. With that he wint out, lavin' Jim behind him. Jim wouldn't put a wet finger on a farthin' if he had to sit there till the day o' jidgmint.

"The masther was gone about ten minutes, or more, when Jim, lookin' out o' the windy at a laddher that was straight up against it, saw Tady O'Leary comin' down with a dhry throwel in his hand. Tady looked into the room, and seein' Jim inside, he put his fut on the windy-sill, and beckoned the boy to lift the sash. Whin the sash was lifted, O'Leary says:—

"'Why, man, what are you moonin' about there for? Mr. Unthank,' he says, 'is callin' out for you as loud as tunder, and 'tis a niee answer you're makin' to him.'

"'He tould me to wait till I was wanted,' says Jim.

"'Man, alive,' makes answer the other, 'do you want me to take you in a hod to him? Will you niver larn quality manners?' he says.

"The windy, you see, bein' near the ground, Jim came out undher it, lavin' O'Leary still standin' at the openin', an' he run round, with the dog at his heels, to where the machine was thrashin' away like ould fury.

"'I'm callin' you till I'm hoarse, Jim Shea,' says the masther. 'I hope,' says he, smilin' 'you 'aven't got an ounce bullet in aich o' yer ears.'

"'But your honour tould me to wait in your honour's study'—my son knew how to talk to the best o' thim, with all their larnin'—'until your honour cum back,' says Jim.

"'Thru for you, Shea,' said Mr. Unthank. 'Tis myself is houlden to blame, not you,' says he, 'and more betoken, the machine is at your father's sarvice, and he can have it for three days for nothin',' says he, 'because of the good joke you've been the manes of puttin' on me.'

"So Jim and the dog—Brand over there—comes back, and whin I heers what the masther said, I opened the bottle, and the two of us drank the gintleman's health. I fear that min like Mr.

Unthank is growin' as scarce as the fairies. Faix, if they're not, they've a mighty quare thrick of keepin' out of the way.

"Well, lo and behold you, next evenin', as we were sittin' down to the petaties, who dh rives up to the door, in his jaunтин' car, and lookin' as if he'd bite the thatch off the gable, but the same Mr. Unthank. Me son wint out to meet him, as in dooty bound, and was goin' to say, 'God save you kindly, your honour,' when the gentleman bust out wid—

"'Shea, you're an ungrateful robber; and I'm detarmined to see if Nenagh jail won't keep you from doin' mischief for another year or two.'

"Jim turns white on hearin' this, and thries to tell Mr. Unthank that he doesn't know the manin' of his words, and that he's as free from harm as the chick in the egg, or the child unborn. But you see he was that taken that he fumbled and stammered, and couldn't get the words out if he had the riches of Daymer for it.

"'I can see,' says the gentleman, 'the tokens of the judge and jury in your face,' says he. 'Give me back that hundhered pound note'—he was shaking his whip all the time—'and though I'm a Pace of the Corum, I'll dhrop the matter, and you won't hear another word about it.'

"'What hundhered-pound note, your honour?' says poor Jim.

"'The wan you stole out of me money box last evenin,' whin I left the kay, like a — fool in it,' says the other.

"'I declare to the Lord I niver seed, or meddled, or touched a note o' yours, and if they were lyin' undher my feet I wouldn't bind to pick wan o' them up,' cried Jim.

"Thin Mr. Unthank grew blue about the face, and said he'd give Jim five minutes by his watch to see if he'd make up his mind to give him back the money that the poor boy never tuk. I kem out to say a word betune them, but 'twas like talkin' to a ravin' madman, so I gev it up, and waited to see the ind of the matther.

"'Will ye relint?' asked Mr. Unthank, looking at his watch. 'Tis two minutes beyant the time, but me words houlds good now.'

"Jim could only swear that he was innocent, or that there was somebody mistaken; but he might as well hould his tongue for all that kem of it, for while he was speakin', Mr. Unthank put a silver

whistle to his lips, and whin he made three calls on it another magistrate (Misther Fraser, of the Grange) and four policemen came round by the sloe-bush, in the wind o' the road, an' marched up to us. Thin they came in an' searched the house from the floore to the rafters, feelin' the four walls, and proddin' the feather beds with their bay'nets, and openin' all the dhrawers, and turnin' up the bottom o' the chairs, rootin' all over the outhouse, and lookin' into the ould tay-pot, but the divil the sight of a note they saw, and for the the best of all raisons—no note was there.

"Jim's mother—the heavens be her bed!—was greatly upset, and I was on the pint of brakin' my heart with the shame of bein' thrated that way; but there was no help for it only to lave things in the hands o' God, who has a betther way of managin' things right than anyone here will iver find out for themselves. All they got by their searchin' and proddin' was an ould, ould pistol, wid brass mountin's, that hadn't been let off since the days of Brian Borhoime, and which Jim thrun next morning into a bog hole, and that was the last we seen of it.

"As I was sayin', about two weeks affther this matther, when the rooks was flyin' low, a sartin sign of bad weather settin' in, Jim went to a wake of wan Mary Touhy, an ould woman that used to tell forthunes, and lived over near the Fort. The boys had a grand night of it, of coorse, playin' cards over the ould crathur's corpse, and drinkin' her health out of pure divarsion. Nothin' 'ud do the gossoon, whin he was comin' home, but to take the short cut across the fields, where the path comes out through the little grove of firs on to the road. There was a great ball up at the Park that night, and he could see the lamps of the carriages flashin' along the tops o' the hedges as they rowled home, the ladies and gintlemin laughin' in mighty fine glee, and the coachmin crackin' their whips, and cursin' the horses, as if they was so many haythens.

"Well, me dear, there was a gig comin' up, and Jim had his fut on the top o' the ditch ready to jump into the road, whin a great flash danced in his eyes, then a clap of thunder in his ears, and then he heerd a voice he knew to be Misther Unthank's shoutin' for dear life: "'Twas Paddy Shea's son that fired; I saw his face behind the flash o' the pistol, and so help me Heaven, he's hiding in the wood.'

"If Jim had his head on him, he would'nt have stirred the length of a frog's jump; but he was so afeerd at hearin' his name

called, that he took to his heels, dashed into the bog, and got home about four in the mornin', wet up to his knees, the eyes burstin' out of his head, and the perspiration runnin' in sthrames from his forehead. He went to bed, blew out the rush, and jist as I was turnin' round to get another sleep I heerd the policemen batherin' at the doore wid the buts o' their muskets, and ordherin' us to open in the name o' the Queen. Before we could dhraw the bolts the peelers burst their way in, demandin' a light, and askin' if Jim Shea was in the house. I tould them he was, fast and sound asleep, so they wint into the room where he was lyin', pretindin' that he knew nothin' of the doin's they was up to. They took up his clothes, which was dhrippin' wet; they examined his shoes that were plastered all over wid mud and turf, and thin they tould him to get up, and come along wid 'em. One o' thim says, 'Where's the pistol with the brass on it, that you fired at Misther Unthank a while ago?'

"Tim said, 'I niver had a pistol, barrin' a useless ould thing I threw into the bog a week ago, may be; and I'm sure I niver fired that nor anythin' else at Misther Unthank.'

"To make a long story short, they marched Jim off between them, afther clappin' a pair o' handcuffs on him. He was locked up in the Dunleevy station that night, and early next mornin' he was brought before the magisthrates. We had a counsellor to speak for him, but it was throwin' money into the river—the case against Jim was so black. Misther Unthank—the Lord pard'n him!—swore he saw Jim's face in the flame of the powdher, as plain as if he was standin' in the dock; the wet clothes bore out the story worser and worser, and to put a finish on the matther, a young peeler took his oath that a brass-mounted pistol, which he found in the little grove of firs, was the same he had found in this house on the evening of the sarch for the hundhred-pound note. The lawyers thried to put up an *alby* (*alibi*), but the magisthrates made all the witnesses out liars, and tould them that if they didn't behave themselves they'd be thried for perjury. And Jim was committed to jail for an attempt to murder.

"Well, boys and girls, we've all more friends in the world than often we think we have. When they put Jim upon the side car, between two policemen, I saw Tom Cuddihy, that the car was taken from, givin' the wink to Jim, and Jim winkin' back to him, as if they undherstood wan another. I'll tell you what it mint. As



the car, with Andy Leahy drivin' on wan side, and the gossoon and the peelers on the other—was going up the mountain road to Nenagh, the wheel came off of the wrong side, and the policemen and Jim were shot into the ditch, as if they war only so muchould turf.

"Take my word for it, me son didn't wait for thim to get up. He made through the hedge, fastened as his hands was, and ran round a little hillock, covered with furze, where a hawk couldn't see him. The police passed him more than wanst; but he kept close until he heerd them goin' back to the car: when he crawled out of the furze on his knees, and kept crawlin' on until he raiched Andy Dolan's forge. I musn't tell ye where I heerd all this—honour bright!

"When Andy sees Jim. he takes a fit of laughin' that shuk a year's dust out of his leather apron. He knocked off the handcuffs, and givin' Jim the pipe, desired him to be sated in the warmest corner of the hob. The gossoon was takin' his blasht comfortable, whin he happined to look to the door, and there, sure enough, he saw the two peelers, with their guns on their showlders, comin' at the double to the forge, where he saw no chance of hidin' himself.

"'Tare-an-ages, Andy,' says he, 'I'm a lost man. Here's thim two divils comin' to look for me.'

"Andy gev only wan look, whin he pulled the anvil—which was only a cover for a thrap-doore—and ordhered Jim to go down into a dark hole, if he didn't want to dance on a gallows. Whin the boy's head was out of danger, Andy swung the anvil back, and was hammerin' away like a nailor as the two policemen inthered.

"Dickins a word they'd believe that Jim wasn't there; but they might as well, seein' that whin they'd upset everything, barrin' the big anvil, they'd their throuble for nothing, and had to go away as they kem, sayin' their prayers backwards. Jim didn't come up out o' the still for three days—Andy's forge was only intinded to hide the smoke when they wor making whiskey—and then he took to the hills; and, afther two months, as soon as we were able to sind him the money, he got away to Amerikey from Galway harbour; and, from that day to this, we niver wanst heerd from him."

"We're gettin' dhry," remarked Hogan. "Hey, presto!" and, with a dexterous jerk of his arm, he whipped the quart bottle from his pocket, and placed it standing on the table.

"I thought 'twas holy wather was in it, Phil," said Nelly, with an arch glance at the joker.

"And so it was, before whisky—bad luck to the same whisky—corrupted it. Rayplinish the tay cups, me dear, whilst I'm gettin' my teeth round the cork."

"To conclude and finish me song, as the ballet says," resumed Paddy Shea, "Jim was gone about two years, whin one fine mornin', that same Tady O'Leary, the slather, was on the top o' Mr. Unthank's house, looking for a lake in the ridge tiles. As he was stretchin' his hand out for a throwl of morthor, the tile he was holdin' on to give way, and he rowled down over the gutther: and fell down on his head into the garden, about forty feet or so. They tuk him up for dead, but he kem to next day. Thin the docthor spoke to him, and tould him 'twas all up wid him, bekase he'd smashed somethin'—I forget the name of it—and ordhered him to make his paice, if he'd any to make. The fright took him all over, and he says to the docthor: 'Send Misther Unthank here, and let him bring pin an' ink wid him!' and there an' thin he confessed that 'twas him fired at Misther Unthank, and that 'twas him stole the hundhred pound note: 'for,' says he, 'to prove what I'm sayin', if you touch the copper nut at the left side of the pistol very hard, 'twill open one o' the brass mounts o' the pistol, and in undher that mount you'll find the note as safe as it was the day before you missed it. He asked pardon of God and Mr. Unthank, and me, an' me son, sayin' that if he killed him (the masther) the night of the ball, he was minded to make off with the best part of the cash-box. He died, and was buried in Theremeevy churchyard.

"Mr. Unthank was very sorry for poor Jim, so he and the docthor dhrew up a statemint which they sint to the Castle, and afther long delay, an answer kem that if Jim ever came back to Ireland, the police were ordhered to have nothing to do wid him. We printed the same in the New York papers, but Jim niver seed it, or Jim 'udn't see his sisther and his ould father short whilst he'd a bit to share wid 'em."

"And they shall never know what it is to be short," said a mellow, manly voice, as the door was flung open, and Jem Shea, looking every inch a soldier, appeared on the threshold. He flung down a huge travelling bag which he carried in his right hand, to catch his father who reeled and tottered into his arms, exclaiming

while his emotion threatened to choke him, "My son—poor Jim—my son!"

Not the least unaffected actor in the scene was Brand, who jumped round and round his old master, barking with delight, and who would not be satisfied with caresses until Shea caught him up in his arms and bestowed a resounding kiss on his war-worn head.

When the kissing, hand-shaking, and questioning, in chorus, had subsided, when Brand had barked himself hoarse, the old man recovered his self-possession, and Mary Shanahan toned down her tell-tale blushes, Hogan enquired—

"Arrah, Jim, whin did you return?"

"Why," said Jim, "I've been in Dunleevy since four o'clock this evening, and Nell wouldn't let me come until the news was broken to you, and Mary Shanahan there—God bless you, Mary—said I should stop with her father till 'twas time to cross the old threshold."

"I'm a rale profit," exclaimed Fahy. "I'll be your best man, Jim, if you take me. What do you say, Mary?"

Mary only smiled.

"I think me old comrade, Cassidy, will give us that help, Phil," said Shea.

"Settle it amongst ye," said the joker, "I was niver invious, and that's the raison I always allow other people to get married. Here's your health, Paddy Shea, and yours, and yours, and yours"—bowing all round to the company—"here's God's blessing and a happy Christmas to us and to ould Ireland!"

## AN INTRUDER.

Speedwell, with eyes of daring blue,  
 I most sincerely wish I knew  
     How 'twas, audacious speck! you got  
     Into my tidy heartsease plot,  
 Where no one ever planted you.

You're a wild flower, you *know* it's true,  
 So rooting up is all your due,  
     And I must "weed" you on the spot,  
                     Speedwell.

Yet—you're so sun-thrilled through and through—  
 It seems a cruel thing to do,  
     To blur at once your joyous lot.  
     I've changed my mind, I'll tell you what—  
 Stay where you are, and since you grew,  
                     Speed well.

FRANCES WYNNE.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. "The Witch in the Glass, and other Poems" (London: Elliot Stock), a new collection of Mrs. Piatt's womanly poetry, is very welcome. There are here some new poems, and some comparatively old, but all alike have the magical touch which makes this writer, to our thinking, the best woman-poet America has produced. By the bye, it is strange that that rapid new continent should have produced this poet of motherhood; strange, at least, that the old continent should have left it this to do. Mrs. Browning, when she dealt with motherhood, nearly always pitched her note too high: to our thinking, there is far more poignancy in Mrs. Piatt's dry-eyed pathos. Not pathos alone the book has: it has grace, and subtlety, and sudden flashes of merriment across the melancholy. Mrs. Piatt's thoughts are large thoughts: there is never triviality in her treatment of one of God's greatest things, a child, and only one who has read many volumes of verse knows how that subject is treated trivially

The book is one which women especially should possess, and should love, while it has a strength which should commend it to the masculine mind, a restrained strength which, like that of many men who are artists, shows itself in feats of delicacy.

2. "Life of St. Jerome," by Mrs. Charles Martin (London: Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.), is an eminently readable sketch, of three hundred pages, of the career and the writings of one of the most famous saints in the calendar. Mrs. Martin expresses her acknowledgments to M. Amadée Thierry; and some will bring against her, in a milder and more restricted form, the charge which they brought against the French biographer—namely, of being too external, too human, losing sight of the saint in the man. It is natural, also, that a woman should lay special emphasis on what is sufficiently prominent in St. Jerome's life, the amount of assistance he received from pious women, and the amount of care he bestowed on their intellectual and spiritual culture. The copious extracts from the Saint's writings, especially his letters, allow us to know him better than volumes of mere description. On the whole, this is an admirable addition to our biographical literature; and Irish readers will be the more interested in it from knowing that the author is a daughter of Chief Justice Monahan.

3. Another most creditable work by an Irish Catholic lady is "The Life of Lamartine," by Lady Margaret Domville, sister to Lord Howth. The story is itself very interesting, and is extremely well told in an excellent literary style. The work is produced with the elegance that marks everything coming from the firm of Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.

4. One word is enough to announce the splendid quarto edition published by Messrs. M. H. Gill and Son of "A Selection of National Airs, the words by Thomas Moore, symphonies and accompaniments by Sir John Stevenson." The work has been out of print for some time. Some of these songs are as beautiful and as popular as *The Irish Melodies*. Gilding and binding and all the externals give this volume a high place in the competition of Christmas presents.

5. We undertook to watch the English critics passing judgment on the Maria Edgeworth of our Ireland of to-day, apropos of her new novel, "A Fair Emigrant." Miss Rosa Mulholland has many qualities which the gifted Irishwoman whom we have named did not possess; but to Miss Edgeworth the critics of *her* day might apply the words of *The Manchester Guardian* of November 19th:—"Miss Mulholland writes excellent English; her style is singularly free from affectation;

she has considerable powers of humour, of picturesque description, and of character-drawing." The chief Scottish newspaper, *The Scotsman*, says that Miss Mulholland's new novel "displays all the good qualities that made a success of her former story 'Marcella Grace.' It is a capital novel, and will add to its author's reputation." The Glasgow newspapers agree with Edinburgh, one of them, *The Glasgow Herald*, saying that "the new story by that popular writer, Rosa Mulholland, is written with much power and fine local colour." Crossing the border again, we find one of the most important provincial journals, *The Newcastle Chronicle*, pronouncing that "the latest work of one of our best lady novelists is a story of remarkable interest, full of tenderness and beauty;" while *The Church News* says it is "written with grace and feeling and not without native humour." The only Irish pronouncement we have noticed as yet is that of *The Derry Standard*, which decides that "A Fair Emigrant" is "a charming tale of absorbing interest, full of incidents of the most romantic description, and worthy to take its place among the leading novels of the day." *The Weekly Register*, joining "A Fair Emigrant" with the other story which we announced last month, "Giannetta," says that these "two prettily produced volumes are easily distinguished by their grace of diction, their sincerity of motive, and their delicacy of thought, from the mass of light literature issued at this season." Of "Giannetta" this critic pronounces that "there is not one dull page in the whole three hundred and fifty, nor even a commonplace one"; while he attributes to "A Fair Emigrant" "grace and originality," adding that "the occasional descriptions of scenery are striking and vivid, and the conversations are lively and full of humour." *The Spectator*, who, in the fervour of his anti-Gladstonian politics, looks now-a-days at everything Irish with more suspicion than was his wont—and his politics, we think, have lowered his literary standing—is pleased, however, to acknowledge that in *A Fair Emigrant* "Miss Mulholland has handled her materials with considerable skill and has worked them up into a very interesting narrative." "The Guardian" criticises in the same spirit her other new book, *Giannetta*, in which it conceded that "much knowledge of girlish character is shown," and *Vanity Fair* describes the same tale as "a downright romance which leaps from an Italian Alp to an Hibernian glen, and from 'riches beyond the dream of avarice' to the Arts School of South Kensington." Going back to Scotland and "A Fair Emigrant," *The Scottish Leader* says that in this story "Miss Rosa Mulholland makes use of a fictional motive, which is almost, if not absolutely novel, and handles it with unmistakeable originality and power," displaying "much narrative and dramatic power." Crossing over to the north of Ireland where the scene of the

story is chiefly laid, the Belfast *Northern Whig* says that "in this charming tale the author of several clever books is seen at her best, and shows herself to possess the true art of novel writing. She is to be congratulated on having written one of the best novels of the season." Finally, *The Yorkshire Post* and *The York Herald* give strong and discriminating praise; and *The Lady* pronounces that *A Fair Emigrant* is "not perhaps quite as interesting as its predecessor, 'Marcella Grace,' which was a gem among Irish stories, but extremely interesting all the same." As this "gem among Irish stories" appeared first in THE IRISH MONTHLY, this Magazine might seem likely to be prejudiced in favour of its successor; and, therefore, we have thought it right to quote the opinions of all these Saxon and Scotch reviewers.

6. The third volume of Cardinal Manning's "Miscellanies" (London: Burns and Oates) contains seven essays which appeared in *The Nineteenth Century*, five from *The Dublin Review*, three from *The Fortnightly Review*, two from *The Contemporary*, and two from *The Contemporary*, and two from *The North American*, one each from *The Month* and *The American Catholic Quarterly*, and four or five more not assigned to any periodical. The subjects are various practical aspects of the burning questions of the day as regards education and dogmatic religion. An octavo of five hundred pages, in which such questions are discussed by such a man, is by this description sufficiently recommended to the thoughtful reader.

7. A particularly elegant thin quarto volume, printed manifestly with special care at the famous Chiswick Press, "Devotional Verses, by an Anglo-Catholic" (London: Masters and Co.). The verses, indeed, are intensely devotional, springing from a religious mind and heart; and the Catholic reader, who does not find it necessary to anglicise his Catholicity, will be prompted to breathe for the poet the old prayer, *Talis cum sis, utinam noster esses!*

8. We are delighted to be able to announce the immediate publication of a new volume of "Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy," by Mother Austin Carroll, of New Orleans. This volume is devoted to the history of the Order in America. Mother Austin's chief work and experiences have lain in the New World. The scenes are more familiar to her, and less familiar to us, and the circumstances under which many of the foundations were made are more romantic, and afford a better theme to the historian's lively pen. We fear, therefore, that the American volumes will be more interesting even than the one devoted to the mother-country, Ireland. The new volume begins with Newfoundland. Only some fifty of the pages are

at present before us; but we know that the author has found it impossible to conclude the American history of the Sisters of Mercy in a single volume. Her readers will pray fervently that among the tasks that God still requires from her is the single remaining volume which will complete this great work of filial love.

9. Those who remembered among the favourite books of their childhood "Strive and Thrive," "Waste not, Want not," and innumerable other stories and poems, by Mary Howitt, were delighted a few months ago to hear that the venerable lady had become a Catholic. She has since died. Her daughter, Margaret Howitt, had already been a Catholic for several years. Miss Howitt is the author of "Twelve months in Sweden," "The Life of Overbeck," and many other works. Burns and Oates have just published her "St. Anastasia, Virgin and Martyr," which the title-page says, has been "compiled" (not translated) from the Italian of Father Bonacci, S.J., who (Miss Howitt says in her long, interesting introduction) employed the round-about phraseology of the eighteenth century. It would have been better if Mary Howitt's daughter had condensed the narrative into a form more completely her own. It is, of course, very edifying and interesting. To each chapter is prefixed a good summary of the events recorded in it. *Sancta Anastasia, ora pro nobis.*

10. The Catholic Family Annual for 1889 (New York Catholic Publication Society) is better than any of its twenty predecessors, and that is saying a good deal. Life-like portraits and bright fact-full sketches of fourteen persons, living and dead, likely to interest Catholic readers, are surely good value for the price; but these form only part of its contents. Mr. Maurice Egan's fine poem, "A Bard's Story," has three pictures to itself. The most interesting sketch is, perhaps, that of Ferdinand Gagnon—though it speaks of "commendable thinkers" and uses the verb *to repatriate*. Most of us have never heard of French Canadians in New England occupying there a position somewhat analogous to that of Irish Catholics all over the States. We trust some of our American friends will take to heart a statement on page 5 of the Almanac portion of this Annual. "Double rates are collected on delivery of unpaid or short-paid letters." If sundry correspondents were aware that their negligence dooms us often to a fine of five pence on a letter which would be tolerably welcome at the usual cost of nothing, they would be more careful about not exceeding the half-ounce which their five cents cover. But we forgive them and pray that not one of them may at the end of his long journey be found *insuffisamment affranchi*—"more to pay!"



11. Messrs. Pohlman and Company, 40 Dawson Street, Dublin, and 63 Berners Street, London, W., have published "To Thee, O Heart of Jesus," a hymn for the First Fridays, arranged for two voices, the words being by the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J., and the music by Mr. John M. Glynn, Organist of St. Francis Xavier's Church, Dublin. Though the hymn is brought out in full music-size, the nett price is only sixpence.

12. Messrs. Burns and Oates, of 28 Orchard Street, London, have almost a monopoly of the publication of distinctively Catholic books. We must at present be content with merely naming a few of the books they have this month forwarded for notice. As usual the English Catholic Directory appears punctually, and is brought out with its usual admirable completeness and accuracy. Canon W. A. Johnson's translation of Rosmini's "Maxims of Perfection" is produced with exquisite neatness in a fourth edition. The same publishers offer for sixpence an extremely well printed edition of the New Testament. The delightful little volume of pious verse—"The Seven Dolours," by Father Beste of the Oratory, is in a third edition. A very complete "Manual for Dominican Tertiaries" has been compiled by Father Philip Limerick, O.P., which will be indispensable henceforth for members of the Third Order of St. Dominic. Other publications of Messrs. Burns and Oates, especially "Mary of Nazareth," by Sir John Croker Barrow, Bart., must be reserved for fuller notice.

13. The Catholic Truth Society has made several additions to its very tempting and wonderfully cheap bill of fare. Besides a penny "Little Book of Indulged Prayers" and penny editions of some of Mgr. de Ségur's pious treatises, it publishes for a penny also the Rev. W. H. Cologan's "Total Abstinence from a Catholic Point of View." Cardinal Manning has pronounced it the best tract that we have got on the subject, and it guards against the exaggerations of well-intentioned but ill-instructed advocates of a good cause. "Gleanings for Saints and Sinners about St. Mary Magdalen," by F. Pius Kavanagh, O.P., is a very beautiful tribute to the great penitent. To his poetical extracts he might have added many from THE IRISH MONTHLY. "*Gradus ad Fidem*, or the Logic of Faith," by René F. R. Conder (price sixpence also), will be useful to a different class of readers.

## SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON'S "LOYAL ORANGEMAN."

## AUTHOR'S VERSION.

IN one out of several articles, which this Magazine, before and since his death, devoted to the poetry of Sir Samuel Ferguson, we ventured to print some verses in which the views of a Loyal Orangeman were expressed with humorous exaggeration by one who understood them well, and, in spite of his Irish heart, sympathised with them to a certain extent. This piece will be sought for in vain in any printed volume, and was thought to exist only in oral tradition. For our copy we were indebted to the marvelously capacious, tenacious, and vivacious memory of the author of "Ourself Alone." However, just now in the colossal scrap-book which furnished the materials of our opening paper this month, on the Death and Letters of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, we find enshrined; in Sir Samuel's excellent handwriting, a full copy of "The Loyal Orangeman." There are a few lines added or given with slight variations, and the spelling is in two or three instances more phonetic, as for instance in "Ketholics." It is worth while preserving, in its authentic form, this curious relic of one whom some are inclined to consider Ireland's best and most characteristic poet:—

I am a loyal Orangeman,  
From Portadown upon the Bann.  
My loyalty, A will maintain,  
Was ever and always without stain;  
Though rebelly Papishes would call  
My loyalty conditional,  
A niver did insist upon  
Nor ask condition beyont the one—  
The crown of the causeway in road or street,  
And the Papishes put under my feet.

It was when rebellion threatened the State,  
In the month of April in '48.  
A mounted up upon my hackney,  
An' off I set to General Blakeney,  
Says I, "Sir Edward, here we are,  
Six hundred mortal men of war,  
All ready and able, niver fear,  
To march from the Causeway to Cape Clear,  
And drive the rebels would da'ar to raise  
The Irish colours into the says."

Well, what div ye think my buffer say  
 Had the imperence for to reply ?  
 Says he : " Your offer's very fair,  
 An' very timeous, too, A declare,  
 For here we're all as one as besieged,  
 And for your offer we're much obleeged,  
 But you won't object, A hope, to mix  
 In the ranks of the loyal Ketholics."

There was sittin' by, not lettin' on,  
 That rebelly Papish Radinton,  
 An' that other Papisher rebel still,  
 That fella they call Somerville.  
 A gev them both, as A made reply,  
 A look from the corner of my eye.  
 A said, " Make no excuse, A pray,  
 For askin' uz to serve that way.  
 We'd not consider the trouble much,  
 For we don't allow there's any such."

Well, what do you think, sir ? After that  
 A thought A might put on my hat ;  
 You'd have given a pound to see the two,  
 An' the look they gave as A withdrew.  
 But, Hell to my sowl, if they didn't send  
 An' ask me back by a private friend,  
 An' A seen the Colonel\* an' brave John Pitt,  
 An' A got a gun ; and A hev it yet ;  
 An' if ever the rebelly Papiashes da'ar  
 Again to provoke the North to war,  
 That Radinton, the rebelly dog,  
 Is the very first man A'll shoot, by Gog.

A couple of lines are added in two or three places in this copy, which were omitted when we printed the squib originally. On that occasion we mentioned how the author used to be called upon to repeat it at the bar dinners of the North East Circuit. As Sir Samuel Ferguson never published this trifle, it is well to have it exactly as he wrote it down for Father Meehan, on the 13th of December, 1872. It possesses some slight value of its own as indicating the idea of an intelligent and not unsympathising man, who had ample opportunities of knowing the Orangemen and learning the views and spirit of a political faction which is not quite so obsolete as might be desirable.

\* Colonel Phayre took some part in the arrangements said to have been made for supplying the Orangemen with arms in 1848. Major John Pitt Kennedy had some official post at the Castle.

FEBRUARY, 1889.

---

## MOLLY'S FORTUNES.

### CHAPTER I.

#### WANTED AN HEIR.

THE October day was drawing to its close, lamps were flashing out along the darkening Dublin streets; in some houses shutters were closed, in others less exclusive blinds were drawn down, leaving little rims of light to hint of warmth and cheerfulness within. Outside the prospect was dreary enough: a fine, close, blinding rain fell with a steady, exasperating determination that denoted continuance; umbrellas bobbed ceaselessly up and down the muddy streets, unprotected hats dripped, waterproofs rustled, cabs with closed windows rattled over the pavement, while trams were literally gorged with occupants. "Room for one more inside," cried the conductor of one of the last-named conveyances, as a stout, elderly gentleman hoisted himself slowly off the slippery step, his place being immediately pounced upon by a severe-looking old lady who had hitherto balanced herself insecurely on the little round stool at the further end. "Comin', miss? All right, miss—ye'll find a place beyond."

A girl sprang in, dashing the rain-drops from her bright, rosy face, and apologetically carrying her dripping umbrella well in front of her as she found her way to the end of the tram, her slim, supple figure swaying as the horses started again, and one little hand clinging to the strap that depended from the roof. Nothing could be more conventional than her attitude, more commonplace than her surroundings, yet Molly Mackenzie had the faculty of looking picturesque on the slightest provocation, and was a perfect study as she now stood

in the flare of the lamp-light. Little rings of curly brown hair escaped from under her felt hat and strayed round a very white forehead; the colour that the cold air caused to mantle in her cheeks was of the most delicate, transparent rose, the eyes of true Irish blue, while the small, saucy nose, with just a suspicion of the "tip-tilted" about it, the mouth with its corners curving slightly upwards to match, the little delicate ears, were all chiselled with a care and finish such as nature only bestows on her masterpieces.

She was very plainly dressed, and there was an ease and self-reliance in her manner which showed she was well used to going out alone notwithstanding her youth and unusual beauty; but that she was a thorough lady no one could for an instant doubt.

The passengers one and all glanced up at her as she passed, even the most stolid amongst them evincing a certain interest. The old lady before-mentioned, who had been carefully gathering up her skirts out of the reach of the alarming umbrella, relaxed somewhat on receiving a deprecating glance from its owner; a young bank clerk extended an officious hand to assist her progress, while a dark, gloomy-looking gentleman hastily rising, signed to her to take his place while he himself retired to the uncomfortable stool (the only other vacant one) from which he glared defiantly round as though challenging comments on his gallantry.

The girl seated herself with a little smiling bow of acknowledgment, and the company, recovering from its momentary excitement, relapsed into the dreary consciousness of the close-packed and damp discomfort within, and the yet more unpleasant prospect without. After steadily jogging onwards for some minutes, during which nothing more important occurred than the frequent taking up or setting down of melancholy passengers, the car came to a stand-still, awaiting the arrival of another from the opposite direction.

"I must say it is annoying to have to wait so long on such a night," complained the sour old lady, when some minutes had elapsed without the expected tram approaching.

"Mismanaged, as usual," growled the dark gentleman. "They always mismanage these sort of things in Dublin."

"Quite true, sir, perfectly true," cried his next neighbour, thumping his umbrella vigorously on the floor in token of unqualified assent. "We are the most unbusiness-like people in the world. There is no order, no method, anywhere among us. Our good nature alone, sir, one of the strongest national characteristics, is enough to ruin us. I heard a story the other day which shows the sort of thing that goes on. Lady arrived at country station, missed her train, and was very much annoyed in consequence. Grumbled to the station master. 'Very

sorry, ma'am,' says he, 'if I'd known you were coming, I'd have loitered the train.' Ha! ha! I can quite believe that's true."

The murmur of mingled amusement and disapprobation which ensued was suddenly dominated by a shrill cry without, and the general attention was diverted to a somewhat unequal combat which was being carried on between two young newspaper-vendors close to the tram, the smaller of whom was receiving a vigorous castigation from his opponent.

"Oh, *do* stop them, somebody," cried Molly, starting up and hastening to the door, "don't you see the little one is not a match for the other? Won't *somebody* get out and stop them?"

Nobody present, however, was sufficiently philanthropic to respond to this invitation, especially as the rain was coming down more heavily than before, and the long-expected tram had just rounded the corner and was now rapidly approaching. The dark gentleman did indeed murmur something unintelligible, and the bank-clerk half rose from his seat as though to comply, but, thinking better of it, sank down again, and pretended to be absorbed in his newspaper.

"Aisy now, miss," cried the conductor, "sure it can't do him a ha'porth of harm. Here's the other car, sit down, now do, miss, we're too late as it is, an' no wan has the time to be lookin' after them owdacious young scamps."

"Then I'll look after them, myself!" cried Molly, swinging herself suddenly off the car just as it was set in motion, and bringing the elder of the combatants to his senses by a vigorous poke with her umbrella; passengers and conductor alike gazing at her in amazement from the rapidly retreating vehicle.

"Odd girl that, very!" said the gentleman with the umbrella. "I'm glad the conductor didn't waste any more time talking to her. Dear me! what a night to be out in the rain."

"Our good nature doesn't *always* interfere with our common sense, it seems," muttered the bank clerk.

In the meantime Molly forgot alike the pouring rain, the muddy pavement, and the departing tram in her endeavours to subdue the wrath of the elder of her protégés, and to console the younger, whose valour had deserted him and who was now ignominiously reduced to tears.

"I couldn't stand his impudence, miss, an' that's the thrute," explained the one.

"He's after murderin' me entirely!" wept the other.

Molly scolded, remonstrated, and consoled; and finally had the satisfaction of seeing the two belligerents shake hands and march amicably off together to buy a couple of buns with the pennies she bestowed on them.

"Now, I had better make my way homewards," she said to herself. "Dear, dear, how dark it is—what will auntie say? There won't be another tram for twenty minutes—I suppose I must walk."

She trudged off bravely, though the water poured from her cotton umbrella, and began to penetrate in many places through her somewhat ancient waterproof. After a quarter of an hour's brisk walking she reached her destination, a tiny little house, one of a modest row in the neighbourhood of Donnybrook, with a few sickly evergreens on either side of the flight of steps in front, a small green door, and a large brass knocker.

After a sturdy application of the latter the door was flung open, and a tall, portly, sandy-haired lady appeared within.

"Is that you, child, at last? What have you been doing? You can't think how anxious I've been. I particularly wanted you to be back early, and you must needs choose to-night of all nights in the year to stay out in the wet."

Molly entered, giving herself a little shake like a dog after he has had a swim, and holding out two small deprecating hands in dripping cotton gloves to her aunt.

"I'm so sorry," she began, but was interrupted by a scream from the latter.

"Oh, child, how dreadfully wet you are! Don't come near me whatever you do, for I have got my best dress on. Dear me! the water is pouring off your things, and your umbrella—o-o-oh! there's a stream, quite a stream coming from it. I've got my new shoes on too. Come down to the kitchen like a dear, good girl, and take off your wet clothes there."

With this Mrs. Mackenzie led the way to the lower regions, and there superintended her niece as she changed her garments, while the solitary domestic of the establishment busied herself in preparations for tea.

After the first outburst the good lady's volubility appeared to have deserted her, and she listened to Molly's explanations in unusual silence, the expressions of disapproval, moreover, to which she gave utterance at the end being much fainter than the latter had anticipated.

"So you got wet through—your good dress and all—and tired out, besides being late for tea, for the sake of two little ragamuffins? Just like you! always doing absurdly Quixotic things. Now let me ask you this: *what* good do you suppose came of your interference?"

"A great deal of good," responded Molly promptly. "I saved the little boy a cuffing for one thing, and awakened the big one's conscience for another."

"Awakened his conscience!" repeated her aunt disdainfully. "I

don't suppose the boy has a conscience to begin with, and if he has it is not likely *you* could make an impression on it. As for saving the other from a beating, *what* does one more or less matter, will you tell me? I should think he is always being knocked about by somebody. *Why* should you give yourself all this trouble just for one fight that you happen to see?"

Mrs. Mackenzie spoke in a plaintive sing-song, and strongly accentuated her interrogatives. She was never so happy as when asking questions, which she did less with a view of obtaining information than to entrap the unwary in their speech.

"Really, aunt, I haven't quite fathomed my motives yet," returned Molly. "I followed my natural impulse, which is always to help anyone in trouble, that's all. Now I'm ready"—giving her curly hair a pat or two, as though that would amend its picturesque disorder, and turning sharply round to leave the kitchen—"and I do so want my tea. No"—in answer to an expostulation from the rear—"I'm *not* going to brush my hair, and I don't want to wash my hands, the rain has done that for me. I want my *tea*, and I want to know why you have got on your best dress and your new shoes on *Thursday*—something extraordinary must have happened!"

"Hush-sh-sh!" came in a laborious whisper from behind, as Mrs. Mackenzie hastened up the wooden stairs in her wake, "the servant, Molly; mind what you say before the servant!"

"Auntie, I'll be as careful as if I was the Czar of Russia, and Kate a whole Nihilist suite. But I really *must* know what is the matter—why you are so mysterious and so queer. You haven't even scolded me, you know, and I did rather deserve a scolding, I must own. Now, what is the meaning of it all? Here, come in quick"—impetuously drawing her aunt into the tiny parlour, and banging the door to—"now, auntie, *now*!"

"Well, my dear, after you left this morning, Kate brought me a note from Mr. Burke, asking if he might call to see me on a very important matter." Here Mrs. Mackenzie paused.

"Well?" breathlessly from Molly.

"Well, I considered it would be right, as a mark of respect to this old friend of our family (a lawyer too), to change my dress. I did so, and he came." Another pause.

"Aunt, why can't you go on?" with the prettiest little frown in the world. "What on earth is there to be so mysterious about?"

"He began," said Mrs. Mackenzie, whose solemnity had no whit relaxed "he began by asking which branch of the O'Neills your mother belonged to; so I told him. It's well for you, my dear, that your poor uncle had so often dinned your pedigree into my ears—



he was proud of the O'Neill connection, why I never could think, for it seems to me a well-to-do Mackenzie is as good as an impoverished O'Neill any day, and the Mackenzies were well-to-do not so long ago. Well, my dear, Mr. Burke was delighted, delighted, I assure you; and when I told him of those old papers in your poor mother's desk, and how your uncle said they would enable you to trace your descent ever so far back, he almost jumped for joy."

"Yes, but *who* wants to know about it?" cried Molly, too much interested to make any flippant comments on the astonishing possibility of good, rotund, gouty Mr. Burke being led away by his rapture to indulge in athletic feats.

"I'm going to tell you—don't interrupt like that," returned Mrs. Mackenzie somewhat testily. "It seems Mr. Burke has lately been appointed man-of-business, or legal adviser, or whatever you call it, to a very rich, eccentric old lady, a Miss O'Neill, who, he says, takes nobody's advice that he can see, and transacts most of her business herself. Well, this old lady sent for him the other day, and, to his great surprise, condescended to consult him. It seems she is the sole representative—at least as far as anybody can make out—of the elder branch of her family. Of course there are O'Neills by the score, but not *her* O'Neills. There was an immense clan of them once, but what with the troubled times, and some of them emigrating, and others going abroad, they were scattered"—here Mrs. Mackenzie swept her extended arms through the air, and waved them up and down to express wide dispersion—"scattered in the most pitiable way, and in fact have nearly all died out. The younger branch, however, to which *you* belong, kept more together. I *rather* think they conformed or something."

"I'm *sure* they did not!" interrupted Molly, indignantly.

"Pray how do *you* know?" retorted her aunt. "Your poor uncle used to complain that you never took the slightest interest even when he talked to you about your *grandmother*; you are not likely, I think, to be well up in the doings of your more remote ancestors. What was I saying? You do confuse me so. The younger branch of the O'Neills kept more together, and continued fairly prosperous till '98, when most of them were killed, ruined, and dispersed like the others. At the beginning of this century Hugh O'Neill, your great grandfather, and his sons, were the sole representatives of *that* branch of the family—do you follow me?"

"I think I do," returned Molly. "It's rather confusing, you know; what with this branch and that branch—but I am all attention."

"Your great-grandfather," pursued Mrs. Mackenzie solemnly, "went to the bad. Mr. Burke said he was a regular scamp—or was

it a rake? I'm not sure which, but I remember thinking it a very vulgar word, and wondering at his using it."

"Never mind—the fact is the same," put in Molly impatiently.

"He was 'no great shakes,' as Kate would say. What did he do?"

"It is well to be accurate, Molly, and I am trying to remember Mr. Burke's exact words, so that there may be no confusion. Hugh O'Neill was a very bad man, *very* bad, and after doing all sorts of wicked things, he lost all his money. His eldest son emigrated to America and was never heard of after; his youngest—there were only two—remained at home, living in great poverty, married, and died in a few years, leaving an only daughter. That daughter was your mother, Molly, so that you are the only representative in direct descent of the younger branch of the great O'Neill family."

"What, the mighty tree reduced to one poor little twig!" laughed Molly, whose blue eyes flashed with excitement. "It's a very mixed-up story, but interesting too. Why did none of my relations ever find me out before?"

"Well, I asked Mr. Burke that, and he explained it to me, but I did not altogether understand. He said that you could not say Miss O'Neill was a relation of yours, for that, for years upon years, the two branches, though springing from the same root, were really quite distinct and separate. After your great-grandfather's misconduct, his descendants were completely ignored by the elder representatives of the line. Now, however, Miss O'Neill, finding herself alone in the world, and with the prospect of going out of it in a few years, for she is nearly eighty, is looking about for an heir. Failing, notwithstanding all her researches, to discover any representatives of the elder O'Neills, she turned her attention to the younger, and on consulting Mr. Burke as to the best manner of tracing them, was overjoyed when he—as he assured me—instantly named *you*. Well for you, my dear, that your uncle was so fond of 'prosing,' as you called it, about the O'Neills, otherwise it would never have occurred to Mr. Burke to think of you; and well for you, too, that I have such a good memory, and was able to satisfy him as to particulars. He posted off back to the old lady at once, and to-morrow you are to go and see her. You are to pay her a long visit."

"Why?" cried Molly, starting up with flaming cheeks. "What? Am I?"

"Hush-sh, my dear, let me finish," said Mrs. Mackenzie, triumphantly. "Yes, you are to be inspected by Miss O'Neill, and if she is pleased with you, it is more than probable that she will make you her heir!"

## CHAPTER II.

## SENT ON APPROVAL.

"I can hardly believe it to be true!" cried Molly. "Yesterday, at this hour, I was preparing to trudge off to my daily drudgery, a poor little hard-worked, ill-paid governess—yes, auntie, I must grumble a little now because it's over, and I have so hated my life these last six months—and to-day I am going to see a rich relation I never heard of before, with vistas of all sorts of splendour opening out before me. I really have to pinch myself to make sure I am awake."

"Another piece of toast, dear?" said Mrs. Mackenzie, soberly. "Won't you? I wish you had told me you were not going to eat any breakfast this morning, and I should only have had enough done for myself. Now it will be wasted."

"Oh, bother the toast!" returned Molly irreverently. "Make a bread pudding, or something out of it, auntie dear. How could I tell you I couldn't eat till I tried? It's no use, really," as the toast-rack came hovering over her plate again—"I can't, even to please you. I feel as if it would choke me."

"Very well, Molly, very well," sighed her aunt resignedly. "Put back your butter then if you don't want it. As for making a bread-pudding, that would really be false economy. You would have me buy butter and milk, and eggs, I suppose, to prevent the waste that might have been avoided by just a little forethought. No, I know what I shall do—I shall have that toast reheated for tea. I shall be all alone, so it won't matter." And she beamed on her niece with renewed cheerfulness.

Molly restored the butter to the china dish in the centre of the table, with a little wriggle of exasperation. The small economies, which were as the very breath of Mrs. Mackenzie's nostrils, had a most irritating effect on her. Not that she was not aware of the advisability, even the necessity, of husbanding their straitened means as much as possible, but the obvious pride and joy which her aunt took in such precautions, the manner in which, so to speak, she flaunted them in the face of all comers, was a constant source of aggravation to her.

Just then there came a ring at the bell, and Mr. Burke was ushered into the room, apparently in a violent hurry, for he impatiently waved away the chair which Molly placed for him after the

first greeting, and stood in the centre of the room, panting a little, and mopping his face with a large silk handkerchief.

"You must make haste, Molly," he announced, as soon as he found breath enough to speak. "We must be off by the eleven o'clock train from Kingsbridge, you know; I have a great many things to talk over with the old lady and must be back in town to-night. Besides, she is dying to see you."

"Don't be afraid—I shall be in time," returned Molly. "I've had my breakfast, and my wardrobe won't take long to pack, I assure you."

Mr. Burke turned round rather sharply to Mrs. Mackenzie. "Hasn't she got any smart toggery? She must make the most of herself, you know—everything depends on the impression she makes on Miss O'Neill. You must do what you can for her—hunt up all your treasures—dress her up fine!"

He waved his hands vaguely about his own bald head and stout person, doubtless, to express an infinity of adornment.

"And where am I to get all this, I should like to know?" cried Mrs. Mackenzie in a shrill crescendo of consternation. "I'm sure my things are not very fine, and if they were they wouldn't do for her."

"Oh, never mind, pick 'em somewhere," returned the lawyer with a man's fine disregard of the difficulties that arise in such matters. "Do your best for her, that's all. You see it is important that the old lady should take a fancy to her. She is very capricious, and, if Molly didn't please her, is quite capable of packing her off home without ceremony. In fact, I rather think that in my own enthusiasm I raised your hopes unduly yesterday, Mrs. Mackenzie, and have been reproaching myself since. This is a chance for Molly—just that and no more. A thousand contingencies may arise to make the old lady change her mind. At present she's very well-disposed towards her, but if any descendant of the elder branch were to turn up, or even any male representative of the younger, she wouldn't hesitate to throw her over."

"I don't think I want to go at all," said Molly, whose pretty face had clouded over during this speech. "I don't fancy the idea of being paraded before this old lady, and making up to her and being told to 'show off,' like a silly child, just because she may leave me her money——"

"Pish, nonsense, rubbish!" interrupted Mr. Burke. "I haven't time to listen to such stuff. Hold your tongue, and be off and get ready, and mind you meet me at five minutes to eleven, sharp, at Kingsbridge."

"I'm not going to be a hypocrite though, I can tell you," cried

Molly, with tears of vexation starting to her eyes. "I shan't be a bit more civil to Miss O'Neill than I should to auntie—there!"

"A very nice little display of O'Neill temper," said the lawyer approvingly. "You are a true chip of the old block, my dear, there's no doubt of that. Strangely enough, when you spoke just now, you reminded me of the old lady herself. That frown, you know, and the stamp of the foot, *exactly* like her when she is put out."

"Dear me!" ejaculated Mrs. Mackenzie, in horrified tones, "how very strange. But anybody can stamp their foot, you know. What is Miss O'Neill really like?"

"Well, she is peculiar, very peculiar. You never can tell what she will do or say next, and some of her notions are extremely eccentric. She has a craze, for instance, on the subject of family. Old blood, long pedigrees, ancient customs—you should hear her go on. She looks on herself as a sort of chieftainess, and keeps up a kind of semi-regal state—most amusing! But she's a charming woman."

"So I should think," said Molly, sarcastically.

"What, you are there still, you saucy little minx," exclaimed her friend. "Come, come, I shall be quite cross if you make me miss the train. There is really no time to lose. Remember, five minutes to eleven at Kingsbridge—not a second later."

He was gone before Molly had time to expostulate further, and Mrs. Mackenzie hustled her off to her room to pack and get ready, with a peremptoriness that admitted of no delay.

"Do as you're told, now, Molly—not another word. I'm just going to run out to do a little shopping, and will be back before you start."

Left to herself, the girl entered her room, setting about her allotted task with a sudden sense of forlornness. All her bright expectations were dashed, the feverish excitement to which she had been a prey since the day before, cooled all at once. The world into which she was about to be launched for the first time, seemed a very big, lonely, unsatisfactory place. Her pride was hurt, moreover, and her spirit chafed at being forced into what she considered a false position; the lawyer's advice with reference to her personal adornments rankled in her mind, and she was conscious of a secret, humiliating longing, for which she heartily despised herself, for *some* of the pretty girlish fineries so plentiful with other folks.

Having collected and packed her few belongings and given a backward, regretful glance at her room—such a poor, mean little place, with its carpetless boards and pathetic attempts at adornment—she went down to the sitting-room to await her aunt's return.

It would, perhaps, be impossible to conceive a more hideous or comfortless apartment than this sitting-room. The carpet was worn till every trace of pattern had disappeared from it, the curtains were of dingy green, and the furniture, besides being much too big for the room, had been so long in use that the horsehair coverings literally bristled all over. Many a time in the days of Molly's childhood, before she had attained the dignity of long stockings, had her poor little bare legs been excoriated by the contact—she retained a rueful recollection of it for long afterwards. There is a poverty which may be refined, an ugliness that is occasionally picturesque; Mrs. Mackenzie's parlour was neither the one nor the other. It was repulsive, as the girl had frequently decided in her own mind, admitting of no possibility of artistic arrangement, and defying all her attempts to make it even passably comfortable. Yet now she looked round her regretfully, almost affectionately: it was home after all, the only home she had ever known, where she had received unceasing kindness, where her presence was invariably welcome. What awaited her now in the strange unlooked for future?

Poor aunt! how good she was, how hard she tried to make ends meet—were not her little economies undertaken after all chiefly for her (Molly's) sake? How cheerfully and willingly she had taken the orphan child to her heart, though no ties of blood united them, and pinched and scraped so as to be able to afford the additional expense entailed by her presence. How cleverly she had managed to secure a good—even a particularly good—education for her, how ungrudgingly she had sacrificed her little comforts on this account. Only within the last few months had Molly been able to contribute to her own support, yet Mrs. Mackenzie had never complained.

"She had always been too good, too kind," thought Molly, remorsefully, "and I have never made her any return. How *could* I ever have had the heart to be cross to her, or to laugh at her!"

When Mrs. Mackenzie burst into the room a few minutes later, her face red with excitement, and triumphantly waving a large parcel, there was a suspicious dewiness about her niece's eyes, and a flush on her cheeks which she would have commented on had she been less pre-occupied.

As it was, however, quite unconscious that anything was amiss, she marched over to the table, opened the parcel (carefully undoing all the knots of the string), and drew out its contents with a flourish, displaying them one by one to Molly's astonished eyes.

"There!" she exclaimed, gleefully. "What do you think of that? I thought a white embroidered dress would be just the thing for you to wear in the evenings—see it has one of those loose bodies—a *shirt*

the man called it if you please—that can be belted in and that fit anybody. Here's a blue sash too—gracious, what is the matter, child?"

The sight of the good-natured face, radiant in its unselfish triumph, the thought of the further sacrifices which this outlay must entail, had been too much for Molly in her present overwrought condition, the tears which she had been struggling to repress burst forth all at once, and making a dart at her aunt, she fell upon her neck and sobbed.

"Well, upon my word, of all the extraordinary girls!" began poor Mrs. Mackenzie, who naturally enough was both aggravated and aggrieved by this reception of her gifts. Here she had been tearing about the town, and spending a great deal more than she could afford on these things; hugging herself all the way home at the thought of Molly's rapture, and as soon as ever the girl saw them she went into floods of tears!

"I can't help it, auntie, I know I'm silly," sobbed Molly, "but you're so good, I can't help crying."

"Well," said Mrs. Mackenzie, more and more mystified, "I really can't understand you, Molly. Why on earth should you cry because I'm good? I thought you'd be so pleased."

"And so I am!" returned Molly, quick to note the keen disappointment of the tone. "It's partly because I am so pleased that I am crying. It's because you are so good, and so kind, and such a dear, dear old thing, and I know I have always been horrid. But there—I'll stop now"—looking up with lovely, liquid eyes, and scarlet lips, just breaking into a tremulous smile—"Oh, auntie, how beautiful! Just what I have always longed for. I'm afraid they must have cost a lot of money."

"Of course they did," said Mrs. Mackenzie, now considerably mollified. "A very great deal of money, I assure you—more than I ever spent at once before. But these things have to be done, you see—I look on this as a duty."

Here she shook out the sash, and laid its accompanying ribbons beside it, beaming more and more as she saw Molly's unfeigned delight. The latter's natural girlish love of pretty things was now asserting itself and effacing for the moment all more painful thoughts.

"I've never been so smart in my life!" she exclaimed. "I really feel as if I could kiss these little shoes! If only you could afford it better, auntie—I have an uneasy feeling that what is so much fun for me is death to you, like the frogs in the fable."

"Not death, my dear," returned her matter-of-fact relative. "I don't mean to starve myself, you know, but of course I will have to economise—to pull in more than ever." Here she rubbed her hands

and positively chuckled. Heaven knows what delightfully parsimonious visions appeared before her mind's eye. "But you must be careful, you know—put the ribbons away in paper every night, and turn the dress inside out before you hang it up."

In a few minutes more Molly and her precious finery were stowed away inside the cab, while her small box, with its old-fashioned holland cover, was poised on the roof.

"I wish I could go with you," said her aunt, who had taken up her post in the doorway, where she stood nodding like a china mandarin; "but there would be the getting back to be thought of, and that would cost money. God bless you, my dear child—write to me to-night. Drive on, cabman—Kingsbridge."

---

### CHAPTER III.

#### CASTLE O'NEILL.

"Beginning to feel nervous, Molly?"

"I am trying not to think about it, and to enjoy the drive as much as I can. The country is so lovely, and I have never been on a car before."

"Nonsense! you who were born and bred in Dublin?"

"Well, you see we never could afford any 'outings,' and the vehicles I have patronised, out of necessity, have been trams and omnibuses, with a cab once or twice when I was going to school and had luggage. This nice, cosy little car is delightful."

Here Mr. Burke, who had been vainly endeavouring, by sundry extraordinary grimaces, to put an end to Molly's incautious admissions, to which the driver was listening with the keenest interest, abruptly changed the subject. "See, there is the house yonder," he cried as the car mounted a hill. "Among the trees—look."

"I thought it was a castle!" exclaimed Molly in some disappointment.

"There was a castle there once—in fact some of the ruins are still standing—but it was blown up, or pulled down, some time or other, and then a more modern erection built close to the site."

In a few minutes more they drove under an arched stone gateway, much overgrown with ivy, and along a smooth avenue bordered on either side with a double line of lordly beeches. Rooks cawed over their heads, scores of rabbits scurried away into the dying bracken,



and a herd of deer gazed at them from the distance with mild, startled eyes.

At last they pulled up before the portico, the flight of steps leading to which was guarded on either side by a huge mythical animal of some denomination, a dragon, or a griffin probably, whose gaping jaws appeared to Molly to threaten to devour her.

"Now then, pluck up your courage," said Mr. Burke, as in obedience to his hand the bell sent a vigorous peal clanging through the house.

Molly jumped off the car and stood beside him, nodding her head and trying to look very brave, though she was inwardly feeling much frightened.

Presently a patriarchal-looking individual, with white hair brushed up into a top-knot, was discerned through the glass door to be approaching, followed by a demure footman; and Mr. Burke and Molly were admitted into a circular hall, with a yellow glass-domed roof, a very slippery floor, upon which several handsome fur rugs made pitfalls for the unwary, and marble statues in niches and on pedestals, who seemed to the little intruder to gaze on her with cold curiosity.

"I think Miss O'Neill expects us," said Mr. Burke, his voice echoing so strangely through the vaulted roof that Molly was constrained to give utterance to an hysterical little laugh.

The paternal butler thought his mistress did, and ushered them pompously through an immense gallery, hung with pictures, into a cosy morning-room, not much larger than Mrs. Mackenzie's parlour at home, but oh! how different. There was a carpet into which one's feet sank noiselessly, silken curtains, pictures and china, books and flowers, and I know not what besides. Molly had but a confused consciousness of them at first however, all her attention being taken up with the solitary occupant of the room. In an easy chair by the hearth where, notwithstanding the fine bright weather, a small wood fire was burning, sat a little old lady. A very picture of an old lady, with snow-white hair turned back over a cushion, a face that appeared to Molly marvellously pink-and-white and smooth, delicate, clear-cut features, and eyes so blue, so bright, so keen, that their first glance positively startled her. She was dressed in a rich dove-coloured tabinet, the folds of which glanced bravely in the fire-light, and on her head and falling mantilla-wise over her shoulders, was a kerchief of yellow cobwebby lace.

She looked up eagerly as they entered, and extended her small, white transparent hands to Molly. "So you have come?" she said, holding her fast, but looking somewhat severely over her head at Mr. Burke. "I have been expecting you all the morning. I think you

might have had the civility to let me know the hour of your arrival, so that I could send to meet you. However, you are here," turning to Molly with a smile, bright and unexpected as a ray of winter sunshine, "and I am heartily glad to see you. Kiss me, my dear." She drew the girl gently downwards so that the latter might salute the soft old cheek. Molly could see on closer inspection that her face was not so absolutely untouched by time as she supposed, but was covered with a fine, fine network of lines, delicate as the tracery on a leaf.

"Are you afraid of me?" said the old lady, as she detected a little tremor in the hands she held so tightly.

"No," said Molly, stoutly, with a brave attempt at a smile, though her voice quavered, and her heart was thumping like a sledge-hammer.

"H'm, perhaps you will be before long," returned Miss O'Neill, encouragingly. "Now I shall have to send you away, for I see that Mr. Burke is fidgetting, and we have a little business to transact before he leaves. Would you like to take a turn in the garden or shall I show you to your room?"

"Oh, the garden, please!" said Molly, with an eagerness that made the old lady smile again.

"This way, then," she said, skipping out of her chair with an agility which amazed her guest, crossing the room and opening a long French window. "Go where you like, my dear, but take care not to lose yourself."

Molly stepped out on a stone terrace, dominating an immense tract of green, velvety lawn, decked with fanciful borders still gay with flowers, and sheltered on the right by a band of magnificent trees, while to the left wandered away what appeared to be endless shrubberies. Further on stretched the beautiful undulating park, golden-green where it caught the autumn sunshine, carpeted here and there with russet leaves, and varied by miniature forests of bracken. Winding through it the avenue of beeches, their silvery trunks and delicate yellowish-brown foliage standing out against a distant plantation of sombre firs. Rising from the hollows, and crowning the hillocks, were clumps of noble trees, vieing with each other in the glory of their October tints. Fine old ashes and chestnuts decked in their oranges and yellows, white-stemmed, fairy-like birches spangled with reddish-brown; here a group of wild cherry-trees all ablaze in vermillion and crimson, there, where the glint of water flashed out from the hollow, a band of blue-gray "sallies" mingling with a few towering pines. In the far distance, melting into the tender opal-tinted sky, a range of blue mountains, giving the last exquisite touch to the beauty of the scene.

"Oh!" cried Molly, clasping her hands and gazing round her in rapture. Never in all her life had she seen anything to compare with this, and her artistic nature revelled in it with a delight akin to intoxication. From her childhood she had been surrounded with everything that was narrow, and ugly, and commonplace; her aspirations had been misunderstood, her passionate cravings for light and space and beauty repressed till they were positive pain to her. She had been like a flower growing in the cleft of a stone wall, firmly rooted indeed, but sorely cramped for room, striving painfully upwards towards the sunshine and freedom never known but instinctively longed for. Now that she was suddenly transplanted into thoroughly congenial surroundings, every fibre of her being vibrated with ecstasy, a full consciousness of life swept over her, a delightful sense of being attuned to the universal harmony, akin to nature in her most joyous aspect.

"I always felt there *must* be such places in the world," she said to herself; "some reason for the longings which aunt used to tell me were only to be gratified in Heaven."

She wandered blissfully among the flower-beds, stopping every now and then to investigate the treasures contained in the quaintly-shaped stone vases that were scattered here and there, to make friends with the peacock, or to watch the circling flight of the white fantail pigeons, and was quite surprised when Mr. Burke came to announce that his business was concluded, and that she was free to return to the house.

"Miss O'Neill is waiting for you for tea," he said, "and I have come to say goodbye, my dear child, for I have only just time to catch my train."

He escorted Molly back to the house, beguiling the way with sundry pieces of advice, which she was forced to receive in silence for the reason that he would not give her time to reply.

After bidding him farewell she betook herself to the morning-room, where Miss O'Neill was presiding over a very dainty tea-service.

Never in all her life did Molly endure such agonies of shyness as during the half hour that ensued. The old lady set herself to discover what the girl's previous life had been, and, with a curiosity too dignified to be deemed impertinent, but none the less persistent, heaped question upon question until the whole of Molly's history was made known to her.

"Well, you seem to have had a nice time of it," she remarked at last. "Never been out of Dublin except to school, never been into society, never put on a low dress in your life. How old are you—twenty? Before I was your age, I had been presented at half the courts in Europe."

"I was brought up to be a governess, you know," put in Molly diffidently.

"A governess? Yes, of course. I forget the name of the family you were with?"

"The name was Murphy," said Molly, adding somewhat maliciously, "they were tradespeople——"

"That will do, my dear," interrupted the old lady hastily. "I have not the least wish to know more about them. Now, shall I show you your room? You will have to unpack, you know, before dinner."

She led the way out of the room, pausing at the doorway, however, and signing to Molly with a little gesture full of courtly grace to pass before her. The same pantomime was gone through when, after mounting a wide oak staircase and traversing a long passage, they reached their destination, a large room with a bow-window, a huge four-post bed, and a dark wardrobe so highly polished that Molly could see her own somewhat forlorn-looking reflection advancing to meet her as she entered.

"I dine at seven," said Miss O'Neill, with her hand on the door-handle; "you will probably come down a little before. I hope you will not be late, my dear."

This was spoken with the utmost suavity but with a little underlying note of warning that seemed to intimate: "you had better not."

Half an hour before the appointed time, therefore, Molly came downstairs, and was directed by the solemn footman to the drawing-room where Miss O'Neill was waiting to receive her. A room so vast that the multiplicity of wax-lights barely sufficed to chase the gloom from its recesses, with a great deal of white and gold furniture, and a ceiling representing a blue sky wherein floated fleecy white clouds enlivened with cherubs' heads and wreaths of roses, the general effect being pleasing, if a trifle unnatural.

"Come here, my dear," said the old lady, smiling approvingly as Molly appeared, gay in her new finery, "you are like a breath of fresh air this evening. Come close, I want to have a good look at you. Yes, you are like our family decidedly—in fact rather like what I was in my youth, only not so good-looking. Oh, you may smile, you little saucy thing! but the Janet O'Neill of fifty-five years ago is altogether such a different person to the Janet O'Neill of to-day that I may mention her charms without blushing. You are a pretty girl, my dear, a very pretty girl, but not to be compared to me in my young days. I have been mobbed more than once, and have had people standing on chairs to see me pass—and at balls—dear, how they would come pressing round to watch me dance! Dancing was

something to see in those days. We didn't slouch through our quadrilles and lancers as they do now. We knew our steps——"

Here this amazing old lady actually sprang from her high-backed chair, pointed a shapely foot, and "chasséed" across the room, curt-seying in the end to an imaginary partner with all the grace and dignity conceivable.

"It is a comfort to see you so much like an O'Neill," she remarked returning to her place and drawing the girl's young face down to a level with her own. "Eyes, hair, complexion, perfect. I am glad to see that your ears and chin are so neatly finished, my dear, and nothing could be prettier than that little round throat of yours, *collier de Vénus*, and all."

"What may that be?" asked Molly, who found this enumeration of her "points" somewhat embarrassing.

"Don't you know? that delicate triple circle which is so finely marked with you——" tracing the three lines with her finger. "I used to have it once—no, you needn't look for it now, you would only find a necklace of many rows, the *collier de* ——, whoever the goddess of old age may be. Yes, my dear child, I am very well pleased with you on the whole"—surveying Molly critically with her head on one side—"there is only one serious defect in your face. Where *did* you get that dreadfully plebeian little nose?"

"Probably from the Mackenzies," said Molly, cocking the offending feature high in the air, for the last remark appeared to her to be uncalled for.

"That is extremely likely," returned the old lady drily, "though indeed there have been so many *mésalliances* in your branch of the family, it would be hard to tell. Now *we* have no *bourgeois* taint in us. We have invariably married in our own class, and into the *real* old Irish families. We should have scorned to surrender our name for one less noble. Let me tell you no one was ever allied to *our* house who had not an *O* or a *Mac* to his name."

"Well, *I* have a *Mac* to my name, too," cried Molly, who liked the other's tone less and less, and thought it was time to assert herself.

"Have you?" said her hostess, somewhat taken aback; "so you have—I forgot that. Ah, but wait a bit; let me see you write it."

She watched Molly eagerly as the latter in some amusement scribbled her name on the ivory tablets hastily pushed towards her.

"Just as I thought," cried Miss O'Neill with a little shout of triumph, "Mackenzie with a small *k*, and all run into one. Your *Mac* is not the least good in the world to you, my dear, not a bit. You might just as well be without it."

"Dinner is served," said the butler throwing open the door at this

juncture, and hostess and guest walked into the dining-room, the former being careful to observe the order of precedence she had before marked out, and treating Molly throughout the repast with as punctilious a politeness as if she had been a visitor of distinction, with an aquiline nose, who spelt her name with a capital K.

M. E. FRANCIS.

(To be continued.)

# LEO PASTOR.

FLING forth your banner to the breeze,  
Your voices raise on high,  
As band on band of faithful hearts  
In glittering ranks march by;  
No warlike weapons do we bear,  
Nor earthly monarch's name;  
To Peter, and to Peter's Chair,  
Our homage we proclaim.

O Father of the flock of Christ!  
To thy blest rule we cling;  
"God bless our Pope!"—the loyal words  
With loyal hearts we sing:  
Honour to him whose pastoral staff  
O'er all the world bears sway;  
As he has reigned in ages past,  
So reigns he still to-day.

He speaks, and Peter's voice is heard,  
He lifts the golden keys;  
His word goes forth from frozen North  
Far o'er the Southern Seas.  
In darkest days his throne stands fast,  
Girt round with heavenly light,  
The Teacher of unfailing Truth—  
The Guardian of the Right!

Then pledge your faith with one accord  
To yield him service due,  
The Truth to gather from his lips,  
Fearless the Right to do;  
The children of the Saints are we,  
They lead the shining way;  
Our glory and our crown shall be  
Christ's Vicar to obey.

M. F. RAPHAEL.

## A WALK IN THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS.

THE Hartz Mountains rise like a group of islands from the great plane of Northern Germany, some 150 miles east of the Rhine at Cologne. They occupy about as much ground as the Wicklow group; the loftiest, the Brocken, is 400 feet higher than Lugnaquilla. They stand isolated. There are no mountains for 700 miles east, west, and north; the Thuringian Hills are some 50 miles south; but to find any mountains of equal elevation in that direction you must travel 250 miles to the Black Forest. The Hartz are surrounded by a ring of railways, short branch lines running up to the entrance of the principal valleys. The district is a refreshing resort for the inhabitants of the uninteresting planes that stretch around them.

I had long wished to visit the Hartz. When a child some of the weird passages from "Faust" must have been read to me, and two imperfect lines of poetry, by I know not whom, referring to the mirage figure sometimes seen from the top of the Brocken, stuck in my memory and fired my fancy:—

"And when the dread spirit  
Bestrides the Hartz Mountains."

Finding myself in Germany last September, I determined to catch a glimpse of them. Leaving my wife and my cousin with a relative at Minden, I rose early one morning, put a few necessaries into a satchel, and started for Goslar, *via* Hanover. Hanover is a delightful "residence-town." The high-level railway station is one of the finest I have ever seen; it is more like a palace than a station. The five spacious platforms are reached by well-lighted sub-ways; and the restful uniformity of the building, within or without, is not marred with advertisements. There I had time to breakfast, and my pride in Ireland was gratified by seeing that a translation of Miss Mulholland's "Marcella Grace" was appearing in one of the local daily papers.

We should never judge too much by appearances. I was somewhat disgusted with the beer drinking of a fellow-traveller at

almost every station. Nevertheless, he turned out a sensible, conversible man, and we had a good deal of talk, principally with reference to the difference of prices and wages between our countries.

Finding that Hartzburg would be a better starting point than Goslar, I went on there. The day was misty and we were almost among the brown rounded mountains before we caught sight of them. Hartzburg is a pretty little town, picturesquely situated in a valley amid the woods: nice shops, and tables temptingly laid out under trees before cafés. A very interesting spectacle was a large school of girls from some neighbouring town out for a holiday, with their bags and botanical cases, taking coffee under some trees.

Following *Baedecker's* directions I was soon out of sight of the town, and toiling up a good path, through fine forests of beech trees—my aim was the top of the Brocken. An hour's lonely walk took me to a little inn amidst beautiful scenery. There I refreshed myself with a bowl of delicious sour milk. It was served with a saucer of sugar and a brown substance like powdered cinnamon, which proved to be bread crumbs. I found the charges for refreshments and accommodation through the Hartz most moderate.

Nothing could exceed the delightful coolness and freshness of the shady pine forests that upon the higher grounds replace the beech-trees below. The ground was carpeted with pine needles, the air redolent of piney odour. Ferns and stately foxgloves grew around. I met hardly anyone but occasional peasant women, worn and rugged-looking, decently dressed, bending under great baskets of fraughans. At all ambiguous points the path was marked by stones marked with the letter B [Brocken], and an arrow.

The forests and woods here, as all over Germany, are as carefully tended as gardens. Unnecessary brushwood and trees are cleared away; the timber when fit for use is cut down. Here and there long spars were dressed and ready for removal. This takes away some of the wildness and beauty that is seen in our woods. The German forest cannot compare with the ruggedly grand Swiss woods, where much of the timber is on inaccessible heights, and where the primeval forest and undergrowth are jealously guarded as barriers against avalanches.

After the woods came stunted pines, and rocky stiff walking among boulders. I gathered as many fraughans as I



cared for and thought of the sides of Mount Leinster, where in company with a pleasant party of young people a fortnight previously, I had last partaken of them. Then half a mile or so of bare heath, and the hotel came in sight—it looked small enough in the distance, but proved to be a commodious tar-painted structure, built to withstand winter storms. A square view tower stood beside it. I was 3400 feet above the sea level. Allowing for delays on the path, it had taken me four hours to walk from the train. I thought I should have the place to myself. I had not counted on the multiplicity of paths leading to the top. The hotel was full, and I had to share a small chamber with an agreeable young German. The coffee-room was crowded with travellers, apparently for the most part young people in situations, and the better class of work-people. Most of them were drinking beer and smoking, many writing postcards decorated with weird devices to their friends in the nether world. After having eaten something, I took a walk round before night fell. The uninteresting hummocky outlines of the whole Hartz group were visible. For the most part the plains were wrapped in mist. Here and there one could mark a locality by the steam from locomotives. In clear weather the view is extensive: Madgeburgh, Leipsic, Erfurt, Gotha, Cassel, Hanover, and Brunswick, being visible. Blocks of granite are pointed out as the meeting-place of the witches, on Walpurgis night, the eve of May-day. The optical phenomenon of the Brocken spectre is but rarely witnessed:—"When the summit is unclouded, and the sun is on one side, and mists rise on the other, the shadows of the mountain and the objects on it are cast in gigantic proportions on the wall of fog, increasing or diminishing according to circumstances."

After this it became cold, and I was glad to retreat to the hotel. The long coffee-room was more crowded than ever. There was nothing but innocent good-humour, and a child-like ease of manner and unconsciousness such as are rare with us. The air was dim with tobacco-smoke, I was tired and glad to retire early—but not to sleep, until I had rung up the chamber-maid and persuaded her to change the little over feather bed, in which Germans delight, for a pair of blankets. My companion did not appear until two o'clock. He hoped he did not disturb me, he had been card playing. I trusted he had not lost much. "Oh, no," he had gained 9d., so the play cannot have been deep.

Next morning was lovely, the atmosphere so bright and clear, the sun shining, the dew sparkling on the grass and trees—one of those mornings when, especially upon a walking excursion, cares are forgotten, and life appears altogether pleasant and desirable. I was joined by a young Westphalian farmer, delicate, his breathing oppressed. A few days in the mountains had done him a world of good. He was a type of a class—no taste for reading except what related to his daily pursuits. This outing was evidently a great event to him. He proved a pleasant companion, the hours flew by rapidly, we lingered occasionally to gather ferns and flowers, and all too soon early in the afternoon I found myself at the railway station. At one of the shops in the village I bought for a trifle a pocketfull of pretty spars and pebbles as mementos of the district, some of which, from the lathe of a Dublin lapidary, have turned out well worth the carriage.

There are no lakes in the Hartz; compared to a similar district in Ireland, there is a want of running water. The forests are the charm of the district. If they were nearer to Dublin than the County Wicklow, we would often be among them. It is no wonder that they are crowded in summer by visitors from the surrounding planes. Unless as a region where English is not spoken, and where a person like myself can hope to increase by practice a scanty stock of German, few would find it worth their while to go far out of their way to visit these mountains. There are, of course, the associations with Göthe's *Faust*. To me that play is repulsive. Its wisdom and philosophy are, for the most part, obscure. The story is about the most painful the human mind can dwell on. I fail to understand why men so delight to develope it—why it should ever have been placed upon the stage.

On my way back to Minden I had an hour or two in Brunswick. It is a charming place—something almost Italian in many of the buildings. These old German towns are most interesting, with their well-conserved remains of ancient stately civilization, dating back to the days of our round towers. The beauty of the better villas is often beyond anything to be seen in England or Ireland. For the middle classes there are, so far as I have seen, no suburbs such as our Rathgar. The rapidly-increasing populations of such towns are gathered into unvaried and endless new quarters of stuccoed houses, mostly let in flats, and much the same all over the continent from Antwerp to the borders of Switzerland.

In Denmark and throughout Germany the signs of education, civilization, comfort, and progress were to me almost bewildering, and made me feel more than ever nerved up to do my small part in trying to break the fetters in which are bound the aspirations and capacities of my native land.

ALFRED WEBB.

---

#### ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

I SAT and watched through sadly falling tears  
The ghosts of bygone years.  
Each brought, while passing in that dim array,  
Gifts he had ta'en away.  
First, childhood's joys, bright as a sunny beam,  
Brief as a happy dream ;  
Then youth, and youth's best bliss, love's rose and crown,  
Just as they were laid down ;  
Rose tint of cheek, lustre of hair and eyes,  
All which in youth we prize ;  
Kindred, whose love was as the daily bread  
With which my life is fed ;  
The silvery tones of joy that used to throng  
My laughter and my song ;  
And last there glimmered through my falling tears  
The home of happy years.  
I closed my eyes. "Lost, lost to me!" I cried—  
A dear one at my side,  
The angel ever with me, whispered "Nay :  
They're treasured for thee, are thine own for aye,  
If only thou wilt tread the narrow way."

JESSIE TULLOCH.

## OUR POETS.

No. 21.—ELLEN O'LEARY.

OUR readers will thank us for departing from our usual policy in order to incorporate in this series a paper contributed anonymously by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy to the number with which *The Dublin University Review* wound up its too brief career in December, 1886. As our own magazine has the happiness of including in its long roll of contributors both the poet and her critic, we venture to add to the interest of the criticism by naming in full the subject and the writer of it. Strange to say, both names are suppressed in the first publication of this sketch of "A Celtic Singer."

\* \* \*

Among the wasted resources of Ireland is a native literature, which for more than a generation has neither been winnowed nor garnered. It lies, for the most part, like a huge waste-paper basket, where precious fragments are sometimes buried under things fugitive or worthless. Forty years ago when, for the first time, some attempt was made to collect and illustrate the songs and ballads of the country, as the beginning of a general survey and classification of our literature in other departments, the knowledge came like a thrill of pleasure to the people that we had so much to be proud of and fond of. The four decades which have since elapsed have added to our store of poems, stories, and essays, and though a few have been collected; the other and more important process of selection has not followed.\* Many of the best lie forgotten in old periodicals and newspapers for half a century and upwards, and while we have here and there the works of individual writers, the beneficent and saving eclectic operation, which is the passport of a long life, still remains to be performed. How good and fruitful a task it would be for a group of young men, gifted with the necessary critical faculty, to complete the work begun long ago—to gather into volumes, at a popular price, the best (and only the best)

\* Something has since been done by Mr. Halliday Sparling's *Irish Minstrelsy*, and on a much larger scale by Mr. Daniel Connolly's *Household Treasury of Ireland's Poets*—the first published in London, the second in New York.—Ed. J. M.

poems, stories, and essays since our native literature in the language of the stranger commenced. Baggage intended for posterity, we are told by an adequate authority, must be packed in small quantities, or it runs a serious chance of never reaching its destination. The best Scotch song writers, excepting Burns, have produced only two or three lyrics, sometimes only one, which have come down to our day. But they are among the best of their kind—"Auld Robin Gray," and "Mary of Castle Carey," for example. In the same way, among our own early songs, "Peggy Bawn" and "Willy Reilly" are by writers of whom nothing else remains. John Banim's "Soggarth Aroon" and "Bouchaleen Bawn" are taken from a volume of songs which was unsuccessful in his lifetime, was never reprinted, and is quite forgotten. Lady Dufferin wrote many poems, but the touching and natural "Irish Emigrant" alone survives, and will probably survive to our remote posterity. Callanan is remembered by his "Gougaune Barra," and Griffin, as a poet, not by his legends or his great tragedy, but by two or three simple songs. His collected poems make a big, undigested book, but a little volume might be extracted from it, which would be a *vade mecum* among his people. Editors gather as industriously and indiscriminately as chiffonniers; they are unwilling to reject anything, but the value of a collection, like the cargo of a Dutch trader to the Spice Islands, is often enhanced by every bale that goes overboard. The wise counsel of Hesiod, on the economy of enjoyment, is especially applicable to the business of making books that will live:

"Fools not to know that half exceeds the whole,"

and a fraction often exceeds the half.

Whenever such a task is undertaken, the editors will come on many a rare and unexpected treasure-trove to repay their pains. There is one writer known only to a narrow circle, whose verses appeared anonymously in periodicals which are dead or forgotten, who would afford genuine pleasure to readers of taste and feeling. Some of them we fished out of the common current of journalism for our private enjoyment long ago; others we have sought and found more recently; and, if poetry be the language of natural emotion, they abound, we think, in sweet and simple poetry. They are authentically Irish, always speaking the language and uttering the passions of the Celtic heart. There are more ways than one in which a poet may be genuinely and intensely national.

Ferguson and Mangan, for example, often found inspiration in the fragments of bardic song, or the annals of our race, which, for the most part, are bardic songs transformed into rhetorical prose, and the "Welshmen of Tyrawly" and "Cahal Mor of the Wine Red Hand," are probably as near an approach as we shall ever attain to the legends which made the habitual recreation of our ancestors. Davis and De Vere, like Scott and Schiller, used the language of romance and chivalry, but inspired it with the historic spirit of their own country; and Davis sometimes, as in "Owen Roe" and "O'Brien of Ara," made successful incursions into the other province. John Banim, and a long way after him, John Keegan, like Burns, employed the colloquial language of the cabin and the market-place, and wrought wonders with this familiar instrument. The verses which we purpose to cite belong to the latter class. They take their colour and character from the scenes where they were conceived, and are warm with the sunshine, and wet with the dew of Munster. Their main charm lies in their perfect naturalness in language and spirit, and their earnest simplicity. They attain, we think, that generous end which Mary of Cork\* so passionately desired: "I would rather write one little song that a child or a peasant might sing and feel, than a very miracle poem of abstraction and profundity."

Here is such a little song, which might move a peasant to tears, or a peer or philosopher whose heart had not grown hard. A few years ago there died suddenly in his sleep in Millbank goal a political prisoner, convicted of appearing in arms against the Crown, who is affectionately remembered as the "Fenian Emmet," for, like Emmet, he sacrificed a great passion to a greater one. This is the lament of the one loved and left behind:—

" TO GOD AND IRELAND TRUE.

" I sit beside my darling's grave  
Who in the prison died,  
And tho' my tears fall thick and fast,  
I think of him with pride :—  
Ay, softly fall my tears like dew,  
For one to God and Ireland true.

" 'I love my God o'er all,' he said,  
' And then I love my land,

\* Ellen Downing, who in *The Nation* used the signature "Mary."

And next I love my Lily sweet,  
 Who pl'g'd me her white hand :—  
 To each—to all—I'm ever true,  
 To God—to Ireland—and to you.'

" No tender nurse his hard bed smoothed  
 Or softly raised his head :—  
 He fell asleep and woke in heaven  
 Ere I knew he was dead ;  
 Yet why should I my darling rue ?  
 He was to God and Ireland true.

" Oh ! 'tis a glorious memory,  
 I'm prouder than a queen  
 To sit beside my hero's grave  
 And think on what has been :  
 And, oh, my darling, I am true  
 To God—to Ireland—and to you."

Here, again, is a fragment of the lament of an Irish mother for her son killed in the Civil War in America, sung, not in conventional stage Irish, but in the authentic tongue of a peasant born and bred in the shade of Slievenamon:—

" Oh, neighbours, don't ye pity me—  
 Sure ye all knew my boy—  
 Since my good man went to his rest,  
 He was my only joy ;  
 My daily joy and comfort,  
 My blessing and my stay ;  
*Ochone, mavrone*, he left me lone  
 In this wide world to-day.

" I thought he'd live to close my eyes,  
 And when my hour would come  
 He'd lay me by his father's side,  
 And pray above my tomb.  
 I thought my last look in this world  
 Upon that face would rest,  
 Which made the sunshine of my life ;  
 But the great God knows best.

" What right had they to 'list my boy—  
 A widow's only son—  
 Small comfort to my breaking heart  
 To know the Northerns won.  
 Unlucky was the day and hour  
 I let *ma bouchal* go ;  
*Ochone, mavrone !* he left me lone  
 In this wide world of woe.

“ Oh, was it for poor old Ireland  
That his young blood was shed,  
Like the brave men of '98,  
'Tis high I'd hold my head;  
He had the good drop in his veins,  
And if he nobly died  
For the old cause and the old land,  
'Twould be my boast and pride.

“ Sure if he won the Martyr's Crown,  
'Tis high in heaven he'd be,  
Whether he fell on battlefield  
Or swung from gallows tree;  
And o'er the sod that covered him  
Softly my tears would fall,  
Although in parting with my boy  
I'd parted with my all.

“ But now, God help me, night and day  
I have no peace or rest,  
Black grief is tugging at my heart  
For the child who drew my breast;  
The world's weight is down on me,  
And yet the tears won't flow,  
*Ochone, mavrone!* he left me lone  
In this wide world of woe.”

And here is a returned exile of the same kin. “A friend,” says the author in a note, “returning, after thirty years' absence, told me that all her fellow-passengers were emigrants coming back to see friends or relatives in Ireland, except one man, who left all his family in America, and only came to see the place where he was born” :—

“ Now praise be to God's holy name and to the Virgin Mary,  
Once more I'm standing safe and sound in pleasant Tipperary;  
Thro' many a long and lonesome night, when I was far away,  
I prayed that I might never die until I'd see this day.

“ 'Tis thirty years come Michaelmas since last I trod this floor,  
And she is gone to glory now who followed to the door,  
And with wet eyes and woeful heart wished me all luck and grace—  
I praise the Lord I never brought the frown upon her face.

“ My father died in Jersey State, may the heavens be his bed,  
For his poor soul's eternal rest full many a Mass was said;  
Three nights and days we *cavined* him, and gave all friends good cheer,  
To give him decent burial they flocked from far and near.



- “ They stood to me like brothers, the Irish in that place,  
 Because upon my country's name I never brought disgrace ;  
 And all I had in hand has prospered well with me,  
 For my dear mother's blessing went with me o'er the sea.
- “ I have a comely Irish wife, God keep her from all harm,  
 And two brave sons, fine likely lads, who work upon the farm.  
 They'll never need to cringe or crouch, or wait with cap in hand  
 For the landlord or the agent, for we own our spot of land.
- “ The friends I left in Cappaghmore are long since dead and gone,  
 And of the neighbours' cabins I see no stick or stone ;  
 But still I praise and bless the Lord and His glorious mother Mary  
 That I have lived to lay my eyes on the sky above Tipperary.”

Next to the political prisoner, the Irish exile moves the sympathy of this writer :

“ HOME TO CARRIGLEA.

- “ My Noney, lay your work aside,  
 For I have news to tell ;  
 I met a friend, a dear old friend—  
 We've know him long and well :  
 When you were but a toddling babe  
 He danced you on his knee ;  
 But oh ! 'twas in the good old times,  
 A t home in Carriglea.
- “ Just now amidst the busy crowd,  
 As I was toiling on  
 With drooping heart and flagging steps,  
 His mild glance on me shone :  
 His voice seemed like an angel's voice,  
 With such sweet sympathy  
 He talked of all the good old times  
 At home in Carriglea.
- “ He clasped my hand in his warm grasp,  
 His kind eyes filled with tears,  
 To see me look so thin and wan  
 After those weary years ;  
 And gazing in his face I thought  
 I ne'er had crossed the sea,  
 But still was playing hide and seek  
 At home in Carriglea.
- “ Once more I saw its rose-crowned porch,  
 And the little stream close by,  
 Where oft we watched the young *breakeens*,  
 Or paddled on the sly ;

Or in the sunny summer days  
Climbed up the old oak tree ;  
Oh ! we were happy children then,  
At home in Carriglea.

“ How softly on our curly locks  
My mother’s hands would rest,  
She’d pat each sunburnt, rosy cheek  
And press us to her breast :  
You, Noney dear, when tired of play,  
Would nestle lovingly  
Within her tender sheltering arms  
At home in Carriglea.

“ When you were only six years old  
There came a woeful change,  
Dear mother always sad and pale,  
Poor father wild and strange ;  
He’d rave of cruel landlords,  
And curse their tyranny,  
His proud heart broke the day he left  
His home in Carriglea.

“ And with the ‘ falling of the leaf ’  
My mother faded, too ;  
And as I watched her hour by hour  
More and more weak she grew :  
The night she died she blessed us both  
So sad and tenderly  
That all the kindly neighbours wept,  
At home in Carriglea.

“ Oh ! may God bless the faithful friends  
Who, in the hour of need,  
Thronged round the lonely orphan girls—  
Oh ! they were friends indeed :  
And he, the truest, kindest, best,  
Has come across the sea,  
To take a wife and sister home—  
Home, home to Carriglea.”

But it is in national feeling, “the well of Irish undefiled,” that she finds her best stimulant, and it is time to say that the poetess, who for twenty years has sung the sorrows and hopes of Ireland with such touching truth, is sister to one of the men who fostered the revival of national spirit a quarter of a century ago, and in prison and exile paid the penalty which the Irish patriot rarely escapes. Here is a little lyric which would be a graceful love-song, if it were nothing else, but which touches a deeper chord

if it be, as we suspect it is, the longing for a brother's return, in whom her patriot hopes were as deeply set as her domestic affections :—

“ SONG.

“ Oh, I'm watching, oh I'm watching,  
For a white sail on the sea ;  
'Tis bearing back my own true love  
To Ireland and to me.

“ Long I've waited, long I've waited,  
Sick at heart, yet hopeful, too ;  
For my faith was full and steadfast  
As my heart was warm and true.

“ Far he wandered, far he wandered,  
But his spirit found no rest—  
For his thoughts were ever turning  
To the green Isle in the West.

“ All his travels, all his travels,  
Over land and over sea,  
Made his heart more soft and tender  
To Ireland and to me.

“ He is coming, he is coming—  
Lo ! I see the good ship now ;  
And his form so tall and stately,  
Standing at the vessel's prow.

“ How my heart pants, how my heart pants !  
Joy bells tinkle in each ear,  
And my eyes grow dim with straining—  
Can it be his voice I hear ?

“ 'Tis his quick step, 'tis his quick step ;  
Now his radiant face I see—  
' You're welcome home, my own true love,  
To Ireland and to me.' ”

It does not need much penetration to discover for whom this other welcome was intended :

“ MY KNIGHT'S HOME-COMING.

“ Home, home, at last ! from long years of exile,  
He comes my peerless and fearless knight,  
With a dauntless front and a stainless record,  
But time and trial have bleached him white.

“ His lightning glance and his lofty bearing;  
 His springing step, his elastic tread,  
 The fire which flashed when his blue eye kindled,  
 These with the hopes of manhood fled.

“ The stalwart youths who would spring to meet him,  
 The gay, the gallant high-hearted band,  
 With their ready jests, their ringing laughter—  
 They’re gone, alas, to ‘ the silent land.’

“ And she, the pure-souled, our dove-eyed darling,  
 What gladness lit up her eye’s soft gray,  
 When gently smiling he sweetly praised her—  
 She faded early and passed away.

“ And the friend who shared in his toils and perils,  
 The gentle poet of Slievenamon,  
 Who, though dull his ear and though dim his vision,  
 Still worked for Ireland—he too is gone.

“ How long and dreary those years of exile,  
 While friends and kindred were snatched away;  
 But my knight’s device on his spotless banner  
 Was, ‘ do what ye ought, behap what may.’

“ Home, home, at last ! from long years of exile;  
 Home to the spot where his dearest rest;  
 Home to struggle—to strive for Ireland,  
 Till he lies asleep on his mother’s breast.”

The cosmos of Irish feeling would be incomplete if it did not embrace the hopes of a better future near at hand, and here is that national sentiment as poets best know how to interpret it :

“ TO IRELAND.

“ Oh ! Ireland, mother Ireland, is it true the tale they tell?  
 That you shall reign a queen again; it makes my bosom swell  
 With hope, and joy, and tenderness, to think of you *ma stor*,  
 Erect, triumphant, happy, free, as in the days of yore;  
 Has the blood of heroes, martyrs, which oft crimsoned thy green sod,  
 Gone up in glowing incense before the throne of God ?

“ I gave you all my heart’s love, and I vowed life’s service too,  
 When despised and unhonoured, the world looked cold on you;  
 Those I loved most, for your sweet sake, spent weary years in thrall,  
 In living death, enshrouded, tombed, as though ‘neath funeral pall;  
 Your crown was then of purest gold, gold in the furnace tried,  
 The gold of all those noble souls who for your honour died.

“ Devotion, truth, self-sacrifice—are they now empty words?  
 Ah ! no, thy heart responsive thrills whene’er we touch those chords ;  
 No nation ever won its way to freedom’s glorious light,  
 Unless pure hands and stainless hearts were foremost in the fight :  
 My country, oh my country, dawn is breaking in the skies.  
 Isle, once famed for saints and sages, to thine ancient grandeur rise !

We have run out our allotted space, but there is one little picture which we would not willingly omit. It is characteristic of a writer who is always realistic in the best sense, in the sense of describing only what she has seen and felt, and whose verses are the outcome of emotions too strong to be repressed :

“ MY OLD HOME.—LADY LODGE.

“ A poor old cottage, tottering to its fall,  
 Some faded rose-trees scattered o’er the wall ;  
 Four wooden pillars, all a-slant one way,  
 A plot in front, bright green amid decay,  
 Where my wee pets, whene’er they came to tea,  
 Laughed, danced and played, and shouted in high glee.  
 A rusty paling and a broken gate  
 Shut out the world and bounded my estate.

“ Dusty and damp within, and rather bare,  
 Chokeful of books, here, there, and everywhere ;  
 Old fashioned windows and old doors that creaked,  
 Old ceilings cracked, and gray-old walls that leaked.  
 Old chairs and tables, and an ancient lady  
 Worked out in tapestry, all rather shady ;  
 Bright pictures in gilt frames, the only colour,  
 Making the grimy papering look duller.

“ What was the charm, the glamour that o’erspread  
 That dingy house and made it dear ? The dead—  
 The dead, the gentle, loving, kind and sweet,  
 The truest, tend’rest heart that ever beat ;  
 While she was with me, ’twas indeed a home  
 Where ev’ry friend was welcome, when they’d come ;  
 Her soft eyes shone with gladness, and her face  
 Refined and beautified the poor old place.

“ But she is gone who made home for me there ;  
 Whose child-like laugh, whose quick step on the stair,  
 Filled me with joy and gladness, hope and cheer ;  
 To heaven she soared, and left me lonely here.  
 The old house now has got a brand-new face  
 The roses are uprooted, there’s no trace  
 Of broken bough or blossom—no decay—  
 The past is dead—the world wags on alway.”

Our readers will judge whether we have not introduced them to a pleasant acquaintance—a singer of simple songs true to nature and native feeling—songs which will long haunt the memory and often recur to the tongue.

“A fountain of sweet tears,  
And love, and thought, and joy.”

Let it be noted that there are no morbid fancies in her verses, no *tours de force*, no striving after effect, and no mimicry of the living or the dead; but they illustrate, in a way young writers may ponder on with advantage, how much may be accomplished with the simplest materials, by those who trust wholly to natural feeling expressed in natural language.\*

---

#### THE FRIENDLESS KING.

THE good King's voice, from His Throne each day,  
Came tender and low if a friend might heed;  
But His crown was wove of a thorny spray,  
His sceptre a trembling reed.

His Hands and His Feet had a crimson streak,  
And all His apparel was stained with gore;  
His Face was weary, His aspect meek,  
His sad Heart lonely and sore.

For a chalice was laid near His right Hand,  
With a draught that was drawn from the bitterest spring,  
That whoever chose by His throne to stand,  
Should drink for love of the King.

And many had tasted and walked away,  
Since 'twas hard and bitter as lees of gall,  
The drink that the King had drank that day  
He hung on the rood for all.

\* Sir C. G. Duffy's readers will learn with pleasure that Miss O'Leary's poems are about to be published in a small volume. Subscriber's names may be sent to Mr. C. H. Oldham, 116 Grafton Street, Dublin.

The first He called to Him were the poor ;  
Then one with the guileless heart of a child,  
He saw in a white robe down at the door,  
Who emptied His cup and smiled.

Then a sad-browed woman crept softly in,  
With her vesture soiled, and her proud head low—  
Her sorrowful eyes saw all of heaven,  
And washed her white as the snow.

Next one who had come from a grave drew near,  
To drink of His chalice with trembling hands,  
And a broken heart, for the dead so dear,  
Laid fresh in the dark grave-bands.

The white surf sobbed on the lonely shore,  
The seagulls cried where the breaker bends,  
And the storm and spray wept in at the door,  
For the King who had no friends.

There was rich red wine for whoever might thirst,  
And a royal board for each honoured guest—  
The poor, and the sad, and the white-robed first :  
Few heeded the King's behest.

His foes had many a dread snare laid,  
Their fierce hate breathed in every breath,  
But they fell themselves on the sword's sharp blade,  
And their wounds bled fast to death.

Then the King rose up before one could call,  
From His purple throne where His courtiers stood,  
And He washed their wounds, and He healed them all,  
In the bath of His own heart's blood.

The wild bird sang at the grey dawn's birth,  
And the moss-rose wept in the starlight dim ;  
But the treasure the King prized most on earth—  
Man's heart—was closed to Him.

ALICE ESMONDE.

## JEAN WILSON.

## A MEMORY.

A HARD-FEATURED, hard-working woman was Jean Wilson. She had served as byre-lass [dairy-maid] for nearly twenty years in the same farm-house, when she took it into her head to marry Sandy Mackay, a drunken old pensioner who lived in the Clachan.

Her relations and friends, including the minister, Mr. Balfour himself, remonstrated with her on the folly of such a step, "fair cleivin" her wi' their clatter," she told my grandfather, for whom she had a great respect, and to whom, as a last resource, they had sent her for a little advice.

Sandy's violent temper and drunken habits were notorious, and he did not bear the best of characters in other ways, as my grandfather in his capacity of magistrate had good reason to know.

"He wants your money, Jean," he said, when dressed in her "kirk-claes" [church-clothes], and seated stiffly on the extreme edge of one of the big library chairs, Jean had told her tale.

"Then he's no wantin' muckle!" was the dry reply, and indeed Jean could have laid but little by, for she had all but supported her guid-sister [sister-in-law] and her bairns for many a day as everybody knew.

"Well, Jean," said my grandfather, when he had exhausted every possible argument, "'a wilful woman mun ha'e her way,' you know, but you are far better off as you are, take my word for that."

"Aye, sir," answered Jean, deprecatingly, twisting the fringe of her black and green tartan shawl as she spoke. "Aye, sir, but he's aye a man!"

Jean had a woman's natural instinct for house and hame and "man o' her ain;" remonstrances were in vain.

She was "cried" for three successive Sundays in the little



parish church. Wull Gourlay, the miller, carted her hist [box] and wheel to Sandy's room one Monday morning, and she was quietly married to him that same afternoon.

In after years Jean often said that, "for her pairt, she thoct folks were as weel aff single," but while Sandy lived she never complained, and when he died I believe she sincerely mourned the old reprobate, and she sold all she had to give him the decent funeral in which our people take such pride. His coffin had a "plate," cookies and short-bread (a sweet, crisp cake made of flour and butter and sugar), and whiskey was handed to the bidden-folk [invited guests], and Mr. Balfour had a pair of the best black gloves the Clachan could supply. A heed-stane, too, was put up to his memory without loss of time.

Jean would have liked "a bit text on't," she told Mr. Balfour, but "whatten a text wud ha'e suited Sandy?"

Mr. Balfour acquiesced in thinking there might be some difficulty in finding the appropriate words.

"To be sure," she went on, "there's—

' Naked as frae the airth ye'cam'  
An' entered life at first,  
Naked ye to the airth return,  
An' mix wi' kindred dust.'

That fits us a', Mr. Balfour, an' Sandy, puir chiel, had nae objections to a paraphrase,\* whiles; but Phil Morrison wud be wantin' his handfu' for cuttin' that!"

So Sandy Mackay's tombstone only bears his name, with the dates of his birth and death.

Jean's old mistress at the Liggat-farm would gladly have taken her back again, but Jean shared the prejudice common to her country-women against widows taking service. She thanked the mistress "kindly for the compliment," and settled down to support herself by spinning and knitting and working out by the day, and when these failed, fell back on her "flowering web," the embroidery which agents from Glasgow and Ayr left every spring with the women in the scattered villages, and which, poorly enough paid, God knows, twopence or threepence a "strip" (a length about equal to a French metre), always brought in a little to help the rent, or pay the doctor's bill.

\* The paraphrases are hymns bound up with the metrical psalms at the end of the Bible.

Jean had the good memory her old mother had had before her. She knew the history of every family in the Clachan and Scaur, or in the county itself if it came to that. Not that Jean was a gossip, like her sister-in-law at the post office. That the minister's wife was "counted near," or that the tailor's wife had taken to drink, had no interest for her; but she liked to tell how such a family had come to the Scaur, "Dumfries-shire ways," a century, perhaps, ago; or how one of the Reids had been shot down by "bluidy Clavers [Claverhouse] himsel'," for upholding the solemn league and covenant; or how the Hays of Auchan, the great folk of the country-side, had been "out" in the '15, and had fled to Holland in the '45; and how Laird Carruthers' ghost still walked the Scaur, where he had foully shot young Hay of Auchan down.

She could repeat ballads, songs, and weather-saws that would have delighted any antiquarian's heart. She knew most of the Paraphrases and Psalms and whole chapters of the Bible by heart. She never forgot a sermon she had heard. Mr. Balfour liked to tell how, overtaking her on her way from church, he asked her how she had liked that day's discourse. "Deed, sir," was Jean's response, "it's an ill man that speaks ill o' an auld freen'!"

Mr. Balfour, with whom she was a favorite, had other tales of Jean.

It was the custom then—as it is now in many country parts—for the minister to make a yearly visitation of his flock, going through the parish house by house, catechising the household, masters and servants, old and young alike. Sometimes the gude-man or one of the elder servant-men would ask for instruction on some knotty point, free-will, free-grace, everlasting punishment, or, as it happened one day when Jean was at the Liggat-farm, predestination. She had listened to what she called their "havers" [foolish or stupid talk] till she could contain herself no longer. "Hoots," she burst out, "what ails ye a' at predestination? Div ye think yer Maker doesna ken whether ye'll tak' the braid or nairrow road? *But He'll gie ye yer choice, I'se warrant that!*" "Putting the case in a nutshell," as Mr. Balfour said.

It was after a bad accident of my brother Robert's that we first made Jean's acquaintance. She was sent for to help in nursing him, and proved so capable that in a few days she was left in full charge.

In those days nursing was not the art that it is now, but Jean Wulson—no one ever called her Jean Mackay—was a born nurse,

so far as intuitive sympathy with her patient could make up for regular training. She always knew when Robert would like his position changed, and always managed to arrange the pillows right, and it was she who devised the cushion against which he pressed his feet when seized with a sudden paroxysm of pain; and it was Jean, too, who scolded, coaxed, and made him laugh, and found the one dainty dish to tempt him with.

"You're a regular tyrant, Jean," the lad would cry.

"Weel, a' things ha'e their uses, Maister Robert," she would answer, watching the cup of soup or jelly down.

Robert and she had "taken to each other" at once, though the very first Sunday nearly brought a fight, Jean resolutely refusing to read him a novel, as she called "The Bride of Lammermuir," and Robert as obstinately refusing to listen to Law's "Earnest Call." A compromise at last was made, and Jean—not without a strong hint that a "chapter" would have been a deal better for him on the Sabbath day—consented to read "a full, true, and particular account of the Extraordinary Sounds and Apparitions heard and seen in the Family of the late Reverend J. Wesley"—a penny book produced from her pocket, and bought from some wandering chapman or pedlar a day or two before.

Her remarks and criticisms on what she read were an endless pleasure to the lad.

I can remember his delight when, reading "Othello" in her homely Scotch, she came to Desdemona's death. "Hech, sirs!" she cried, letting her spectacles drop. "Hech, sirs, an' whatten an' en'! Deed an' the puir lass was sair misguided when she took up wi' a sojer-nigger like yon!"

Jean's acquaintance with soldiers had been limited to her own worthless husband and a Clachan ne'er-do-well or two—lads who had 'listed and then disappeared, or had come back worse than when they went away; and as for niggers, Apollyon's portrait in her "Pilgrim's Progress" was, perhaps, the nearest approach to one that Jean had seen.

"Daniel's rural sports" interested her greatly, and so did an old copy of Marlborough's Wars, through which the pair read steadily, Robert planning the battles on a school-room tray, Jean sturdily refusing to take the vanquished side.

When tired of reading, they played, at draughts, "dam-boord" Jean called the game.

"Hush, hush," Robert used to say, pretending to be shocked, "no swearing, Jean!" "Me swear!" she would reply indig-  
dantly, till getting accustomed to the daily jibe she laughed good-  
naturedly or expostulated "Nane o' yer nonsense, Maister Robert,  
if ye please."

She was a great believer in ghosts, and why not? when her  
"ain mither" had seen auld Andy Paterson "walking" the peat-  
moss "wi' fiery e'en the nicht they fun' him chokit in his bed!"

She knew the story of the Auchen ghost as handed down from  
generation to generation at the Scaur. How Hay of Auchen—on  
a hint from the authorities—had taken refuge in Holland in the  
year '45, leaving his young Cumberland wife to look after the  
estate and the young heir. The husband and wife corresponded  
for long through the Dutch smuggling boats that ran in tobacco  
and spirits at the Scaur; then quiet times came and people were  
beginning to look for Auchen back when a rumour spread that he had  
married a great Dutch lady at the Hague. The young wife  
laughed at first, but her brother came riding night and day from  
town—he too had heard the tale, and from a sure source, an Irish  
Jacobite who had been living at the Hague.

There was only one way of settling such a matter in those  
days. He went to Holland, the two men fought, and Auchen shot  
Colonel Curwen dead. The poor young wife went back to her  
Cumberland home and refused to see or forgive her husband long  
as she lived.

"But it's a sma' heart that winna forgi'e," said Jean, "and  
the Lord forgi'es as we forgi'e; she cannot rest in her grave at  
nicht, an' she'll walk, folk say, to the Judgment day."

"She has a good long 'walk' every night, Jean," said Robert,  
"if she comes all the way from Cumberland to Auchen!"

"An' what div ye ken aboot speerits, Maister Robert?" asked  
Jean severely.

In the long winter months when work was slack Jean must  
have suffered from both hunger and cold, but the only charity she  
would accept was an occasional "compliment" of sugar and tea.

She fell on her feet—to use her own expression—when she went  
to look after Sallie MacGhie, an orphan lass, thought by her  
neighbours a "wee bit wantin'" [not all there], an "innocent  
God-fearin' crater," Jean called her, and could have given no  
greater proof of the love and respect in which she held her charge

than when she consented to go with her to the chapel, for Sally was a Catholic, and, "simple" in the world's eyes as she might be, loved and devoutly practised her faith.

Curiosity soon got the better of the Clachan's disapproval of this conduct of Jean's. When Sally and she came back from the little town where they stayed with the girl's uncle for the great feasts of the year, the neighbours were eager to hear her news, and she became a great authority on "Romans" and on Roman ways. That Father Daly was a "by-ordinar" [more than usually good] preacher she always maintained, and that Papists were sair misca'ed [much misrepresented] she often said.

"You will be going over, Jean," Mr. Balfour warned her more than once.

"Aye, when I fin' the Pope in the Scripturs," was Jean's short reply.

No one was more surprised than Father Daly when about a year after Sally's death Jean asked for a word wi' him, and without further preface announced her intention of becoming a Catholic.

Perhaps Jean read the priest's surprise in his face—for, fumbling in the pocket of her winy dress, she produced a well-thumbed penny catechism and poor Sally's worn "mass-buik."

"Ye can pit me thro' them gin ye wull," she said, handing them over and beginning with the catechism at once, giving question and answer in a breath.

"Stop, stop, Jean," cried Father Daly, trying not to laugh.

"Gin ye wull,"\* answered Jean, affronted, drawing herself up.

"Now, tell me, Jean," said the priest, "have you been thinking long of this?"

"Deed," said Jean, composedly, "an' that's mair than I can tell. Ye wadna ha'e oats come up in a day, Mr. Daly?"

Again the priest tried not to smile, but clear-headed old Scotch-woman as Jean Wulson was, she would have found it difficult to give any exact account of the conversion that had been so gradual, or how, one by one, old errors and prejudices had melted away.

"You have thought it well over?" asked the priest, looking keenly at the old woman.

"Thocht! 'Deed you'd ha'e said I'd a thecht gin you'd seen

\* As you like.

me at the cathechiz nicht an' morn, an' morn an' nicht, like ony schule-wean ! ”

“ Well, well,” said Father Daly, taking his pinch of snuff—  
“ and the neighbours, Jean ? ”

“ Neebors ! Gin I'd minded the neebors, div ye think I'd be here ? ” cried Jean, contemptuously.

“ Well, well,” said the priest again. “ Now, Jean, as to any doubts.”

“ Doots ! ” interrupted Jean indignantly ; “ an' what for shud I ha'e doots ? ”

“ The Pope ? ” said the priest slyly, remembering Jean's old bugbear.

“ The Pope ! Faith an' you'll no trip me there, Mr. Daly, when he's jist the *oot-come* o' it a' ! ”

Father Daly was satisfied. When Jean spoke again, it was in an altered tone. “ There's an ould proverb, ‘ Ye dinna want what ye never had,’ Mr. Daly.”

“ Yes ? ” said the priest, waiting patiently for her to go on.

“ Ech, sirs,” and tears were running down the wrinkled cheeks, “ what maur than ither folk wud I ha'e kenned had I no' fa'en in wi' Sally MacGhie ? ”

“ In God's great mercy,” said the priest, as the old woman paused again.

“ By the Lord's great maircy,” repeated Jean, reverently ; then looking up, a twinkle in her small grey eye, “ you'll no min' Rabbie Burns' mither's parritch pot, Mr. Daly ? I wudna say but mebbe that pot had a han' in it too ! ” alluding to a sermon of Father Daly's that had made a sensation in its day.\*

“ Well, well,” said Father Daly, laughing outright this time.

Jean came daily for instructions, and became a fervent Catholic, and even an apostle in her humble way, her clear head and good memory standing her in good stead among her Presbyterian neighbours.

Mr. Balfour came over to see her when he heard the news.

The meeting was stormy on both sides, Jean plainly telling him he spoke of what he knew nothing about, and Mr. Balfour assuring her that he would do the only thing he could for her, pray that the Lord might enlighten her before she died.

\* Reported already at page 19 of this volume.—Ed. J. M.

"One guid turn deserves another," quoth Jean, "an' faith I'll return the compliment!"

Mr. Balfour, a kindly man, with a strong sense of humour, laughed. The parting was amicable, but he never came again.

To the last Jean kept her faculties of body and mind. Tenderly cared for by poor Sally's relations, she lived to an advanced age, and when she died was laid by Sally's side.

FRANCES MARY MAITLAND.

---

DAISIES.

BLOSSOMED too soon, little daisies of Spring!  
Leaving the sheltering arms of the earth,  
The white tears of Winter unshed in the sky,  
And weary-eyed Sorrow to welcome your birth.

See, 'twas cold winter that woke you from sleep,  
Breathed upon you with summer's warm breath,  
Kissed your eyes open with lips of the spring,  
Waked you too early—to winter and death.

Where is the promise he whispered to you—  
The warmth of the sunshine, the cool of the breeze,  
The perfume of thorns all heavy with bloom,  
The linnet's sweet song from his shade in the trees?

Bird-songs are silent, and branches are bare;  
The snow makes a crown on the heights of the hill;  
And your stricken blossoms lie crushed on the ground,  
For the warm breath that wooed you to life groweth chill.

Ye white snowflakes, cover the spot where they lie,  
Scarce living the length of a winter's short noon.  
Oh! cover them whitely that no one may find  
The grave of my daisies that blossomed too soon.

DORA SIGERSON.

## THE FRUITS OF THE HOLY GHOST.

**S**T. Thomas Aquinas, immediately after the Beatitudes,\* treats of the Fruits of the Holy Ghost (Sum. Theol. i, ii, Q. lxx). The word "fruit" is used figuratively to signify a man's works. From its fruits a tree is known, that is, we make ourselves known by what we do. Literally fruit means the ultimate product of a full-grown plant, having in it a certain sweetness of flavour. This product is referred both to the tree or plant producing it and to the owner who gathers it. And so in the spiritual life fruit has a two-fold meaning. In the first place, fruits are free or human acts, and secondly the effects of those acts, what is obtained by them. Not everything one obtains conveys the notion of fruit, but only what is ultimate and possesses pleasurable qualities. Fields and trees are not called fruits; it is what is to be got out of them that is so called. In this second meaning the fruit of a man is his last end, in which felicity consists. If we mean by "fruit" what a man himself produces, then human acts are such. Human acts, as has been said, are, strictly speaking, those that proceed from the free will—acts which are completely in our power. All such acts, when in harmony with the doer of them, possess pleasureableness, for pleasure is unimpeded action; that is, wherever sentient or intellectual operations are free from obstruction or disturbing influences, pleasure necessarily accompanies them and results from them. If human acts proceed from merely rational and natural principles, they are called fruits of reason; but, if their principle is supernatural, if they are done in virtue of the power and influence of the Holy Ghost, they are called the fruits of the Holy Ghost, the fruits, so to speak, of divine seed implanted in the soul.

The beatitudes are the perfect fruits of the Holy Ghost, but not all the fruits are beatitudes. As was shown in previous articles, the beatitudes are the acts proceeding from the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost, and from the virtues perfected by the gifts. More is required for the beatitudes than for the fruits. These latter are all supernatural acts performed with any kind of spiritual facility and pleasure. But the beatitudes require in addition that such

\* See IRISH MONTHLY, Vol. xvi., pp. 499, 537.



acts should be perfect and excelling. Hence the beatitudes belong more properly to the divine instincts or gifts than to the virtues, which act more in the way of reason.

St. Paul (Gal. v., 22, 23) says :—"The fruits of the spirit is charity, joy, peace, patience, benignity, goodness, longanimity, mildness, faith, modesty, continence, chastity." Since that is called fruit which proceeds from some principle, as from seed or root, the distinctions to be made between the above are founded in the different processes according to which the Holy Ghost works in and supernaturally perfects us. These perfecting processes are to be looked on in this light, that, first, a man's spirit must be duly regulated in itself; secondly, with regard to its surroundings; and, thirdly, in relation to what is beneath it. Our souls are in due order in themselves when they are properly disposed towards good and evil. The first disposition of the soul regarding good is by love, which is the first of the affections, and the root or principle of all the others. And so charity is placed the first of the fruits, because in it the Holy Spirit is specially given as in His own image, since He Himself is Love. Hence it is said (Rom. v. 5) : "The charity of God is poured forth in our hearts by the Holy Ghost who is given us." We must remember that the names of the virtues or gifts are often put by a figure of speech, called metonymy for their acts. Thus St. Augustine says :—"Faith is to believe what you do not see, and charity is a movement of the soul loving God and our neighbour." Joy necessarily follows love. All who love rejoice in being united with the object loved. Spiritual joy we are now dealing with, of course, which need not be emotional or sensitively experienced. It belongs to the will, which being the rational appetite, has in itself no feeling properly speaking. Feeling or emotion belongs essentially and exclusively to the animal or lower nature. Well then, charity always having God present, always has as its attendant this spiritual joy. The perfection of joy is peace. Joy is perfected by peace in two ways. Exterior things must not disturb us. If they did, the possession of the object loved cannot be completely enjoyed. Besides, when the heart is quite tranquillized by its one object, nothing else can molest it, since all things else are accounted nothing in comparison. Therefore the Psalmist [Ps. cxviii., 165) says :—"Much peace have they that love thy law, and to them there is no stumbling block," and that because they

are no way prevented from enjoying God by external circumstances. The second way in which peace makes joy perfect is in the quieting of unstable desire. For there is no full joy when what causes joy leaves other things to be desired. So much for the perfecting of the soul in good things. In evils there are two requirements that we may be all that we should. First, not to be put out by the pressure of tribulations and trials, and this is patience; secondly, not to lose heart by reason of good deferred: this is longanimity, for being without it what is good and suitable is of the nature of evil.

In relation to what is level with and beside us, namely, regarding our neighbours, we are rightly disposed, first, by having the will to do good. This is benevolence or goodness; secondly, by carrying into execution that good will, which constitutes benignity. They are called benign whom the holy fire of charity makes zealous in succouring others. Thirdly, we must with equanimity put up with wrongs. So we are meek, for meekness restrains anger and indignation. Fourthly, not only are we to avoid doing any harm through anger, but also through fraud or cunning. This is faith in the sense of fidelity, that is, being all we profess to be. But if faith be taken for that by which we believe God's word, so a man is brought into harmony with what is above him, in this way, that he subjects to God his intellect, his noblest faculty, and consequently all that belongs to him.

External actions and internal concupiscences constitute the things beneath us. Modesty regulates external acts, observing the golden mean in all words and deeds. Continence and chastity are explained either in this, that chastity restrains from unlawful indulgence, while continence goes farther and causes abstinence from what is lawful; or thus, that one who is continent suffers temptation, but does not yield, while the chaste are free even from such temptation.

It is the working of the Holy Ghost in our souls which produces in us all that supernatural life means both as to state and operation. According as we get more and more under His influence we get filled proportionately with sense and understanding and wisdom. They who love God, for that very reason look on all things as God looks on them, and this is precisely wisdom. God is everything to such, and they themselves are nothing except through Him. They despise themselves and profoundly distrust

themselves, but under the influence of the Holy Ghost they are ready to do and dare all for God. We see the perfect effect and working of the Holy Spirit in what happened at the first christian Pentecost. Before that the apostles and disciples were comparatively weak, timid, influenced by earthly views and ambitions, and consequently ignorant or unwise. But immediately on the descent of the Holy Ghost their eyes were opened, their minds expanded, the meaning of all Our Lord's teaching became clear. Christ crucified, foolishness and weakness to the world, shone out before them as the power of God and the wisdom of God; their affections were purified from all that was merely of earth, their hearts and wills were perfectly healed and fortified, they were every way ready to wield the sword and spread the fire, which Our Lord had come expressly for. It is what the Church is still at. All christians are bound to lend a hand, and all do as long as and whenever they keep clear or get clear of grievous sin. But for those whose hearts God's grace has specially touched, they must apply to themselves in a very particular way and continually the lessons of Pentecost. By cherishing holy desires, by frequent aspirations earnest and persevering, they must implore of the Holy Ghost to take more and more possession of them, to fill them more and more with His gifts of wisdom, understanding, knowledge, counsel, fortitude, piety and fear, that so their lives may supernaturally bloom and flourish and bring forth golden harvests of heavenly fruits. "If any of you want wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men abundantly and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him. But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering. For he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, which is moved and carried about by the wind. Therefore let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord."—(St. James I., vv. 5, 6, 7).

WILLIAM SUTTON, S.J.

## SEALED ORDERS.

MY little violets, sweet and blue,  
 When you have reached the world's far end,  
 Go straight to—*some one* (you know *who*,  
 My little violets, sweet and blue!)  
 And tell him that I send by you—  
 Ah! well, *he'll* find out what I send,  
 My little violets, sweet and blue,  
 When you have reached the world's far end.

FRANCES WYNNE.

## SUNSHINE.

SUNSHINE would seem to be the universal want just now, in these days of leaden skies and down-pouring rain. Gloomy weather brings depression of spirits and countless other evils in its train, and everyone cries out for a little sunshine, moral as well as physical. What would the world be like without it? What a magical effect it has upon our work-a-day lives, and how it transforms the dull routine, and lends to commonplace events a brightness and a glamour not their own!

Physical sunshine, blue skies and balmy days of summer, it is not, alas, in our power to command at will; but each of us can; if we are so disposed, cast some rays of light across our neighbour's path, brighten the dark places in his life, and very often, by a kind word or look, change his sorrow into joy. We have more power to cast a gloom or brightness over the lives of others than we are ourselves aware. There are shadows enough and to spare in the world; let us, if possible, add a little to the brightness. Sunshine is a powerful magician: its fairy wand turns all it touches to gold, and gloom and despair fly at its approach, like evil visions of the night at the first rosy flush of dawn in the east.

That section of society—and it is a large one—who take a morbid pleasure in always looking on the seamy side of life, are in the habit of saying that it is only those who have no troubles of

their own that are invariably bright and sunshiny, and that consequently there is no merit in it. But is this altogether true? Does not our own experience constantly show us that these dispensers of moral sunshine are very often well acquainted with the dark side of the picture, but that they keep it to themselves, show a brave front to the world, and endeavour not to let their own private sorrows interfere with the happiness of others? This class of people have their reward even in this world, for those who make others their first thought have but little time for dwelling on their own sorrows, which gradually disappear into the background.

There is a great deal more unhappiness in the world than there is absolutely any necessity for. In nine cases out of ten people create their own miseries, and surely they must find some dismal satisfaction in them, or they would not cling to them as persistently as they do. They seem to take a mournful pleasure in pointing out how much worse off they are than their neighbours. Like Mrs. Gummidge, everyone felt it when the chimney smoked, but she felt it more than the others.

It very much depends on how we take life whether we shall find it mostly clouds or sunshine. "The world is a looking-glass," says Thackeray, "and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown on it, and it will in turn look sourly on you; laugh at it and with it, and it is a jolly kind of companion." There are many people who refuse to see the sunshine when it is pointed out to them. They fold themselves in a mantle of gloom, and look upon sympathy and their friends' well meant efforts to enliven them as so many personal insults. This doleful class sees no beauty in nature and her ever-changing moods; the glory of the sunset, the sweet songs of birds, and the perfume of flowers, lend no added charm to their barren lives. The simple every-day pleasures of existence they take as their due, and complain that they are not more frequent and varied. Those who hug sorrow are invariably discontented with their lot in life, and small wonder, with such a companion as one's sour, sickly self.

It is not difficult really to make those with whom you come in contact happy and contented. A very little does it. A few kind words of praise and appreciation to one who is desponding, a sympathetic manner, a pleasant smile, a little encouragement given just when it is most needed. All these are trifling in themselves, but what an untold difference they make in the lives of

those around us! If people would only realize the power that lies in pleasant words and a charm of manner, the world would be a much smoother place to live in.

It is, however, not always the best people, morally speaking, who possess this power. In many cases sympathetic ways often conceal a cold heart; and, on the other hand, many real warm-hearted and unselfish people are afflicted with a stern and repelling exterior. They say it is their nature and cannot be altered, but I think if they tried, the feeling of the pleasure they were giving would encourage them to continue. A really good man or woman, who cultivates a sunshiny manner, stands a much better chance too of their example being followed. Piety, accompanied by a long face and doleful manner, rarely attracts many followers in her train. We call this world a vale of tears and talk very poetically about its sorrows; but many of these could be banished with the help of a little sunshine. Life is far too short to be spent in useless repining. However dark and lowering the clouds may be, the sun is behind them, its brilliancy only obscured for a time. As snow and ice melt beneath its warm rays, so will gloomy thoughts, petty grievances, and every-day cares beneath the genial influence of the sunshine of the heart.

GRACE NOEL.

---

#### NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. The new book which imperatively demands to be mentioned first is "The Wanderings of Oisín and other Poems," by W. B. Yeats (London: Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.) These hundred and fifty pages are rich in poetic thought clothed in poetic diction of a very rare and subtle charm. Beside the Ossianic series placed first in the book and on its title-page, there are six dramatic poems, some of them of considerable length; there is another half dozen of lyrics dealing with the fairies, and then there are sundry ballads and verses on a variety of themes, the mere choice of which would go far to prove the chooser to be an authentic poet. One needs, perhaps, a special training to be able to appreciate fully "The Wanderings of Oisín and how a demon trapped him;" but an intelligent outsider cannot mistake the wealth of fancy and the eloquence displayed in the three parts of this great poem—the Island of the Living, the Island of

Victories, and the Island of Forgetfulness—in which the three metres are of evident purpose made as distinct as possible. This part of Mr. Yeats' work will be the subject of future study. The second of the divisions into which we have grouped the poems contains the dramatic scenes in blank verse, and here we think Mr. Yeats is at his best. Apart from its conventional theme, which was manifestly chosen for its dramatic capabilities, "Mosada" is a remarkable work; yet we almost prefer "Jealousy," and still more "How Ferency Renyi Kept Silent," and also "The Seeker." The fairy poems are delicate and fairy-like, but we should not like them to fall into the hands of some of our worthy Philistine friends. Indeed we suspect that this newest volume of verse might be proposed as a sure test of poetic sensibility; and we for our part refuse to accredit with the possession of that quality any reader who, after perusing this volume, will venture to doubt that Ireland can boast of another true poet in William Yeats.

2. A book written by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald and "inscribed to Frank C. Burnand"—dedicated by the author of "The Second Mrs. Tillotson" to the Editor of *Punch*—who would expect it to be a pious book that may be read on one's knees before the altar? Yet such certainly is "Eucharistic Jewels" (London: Burns and Oates). The title bears also the words "for persons living in the world," but the inmates of the cloister will relish the "many choice and possibly unfamiliar passages selected from the best sources" on which the modest preface bases the claims of the little book. Why is there no index or table of contents to show us at a glance that the divisions of the books are headed "The Tabernacle," "The Communicant," "The Holy Eucharist a Power on Earth," "Of Spiritual Dryness," "The Eucharist figured in the New Testament," and finally "Prayers of the Saints and Others?" The writers drawn upon in the course of a hundred pages are of all kinds and of all the centuries. Here are some of the names we notice in turning over the leaves: Lavater, Kenelm Digby, St. John Chrysostom, St. Laurence Justinian, Lacordaire, Father Faber, St. Thomas Aquinas, Cardinal Newman, Cardinal Manning, Father Bridgett, Bishop Butler, Chaucer, Bourdaloue, Father de Ravignan, Shakespeare, St. Francis de Sales, Lallemant, St. Bernard, St. Augustin, Keble, Massillon, and Sir Thomas More. This long list is by no means complete. But the solid and striking thoughts taken from so many are woven together very skilfully in this pious and pleasant book.

3. We only take notice of the books that are brought under our notice by the publishers. Novels and mere literature do not come in our way. This remark is made to excuse a certain want of variety in the subjects of these book-notes. For instance, we have again to

thank Messrs. Benziger Brothers for sending across the Atlantic the tenth and eleventh volumes of their fine Centenary edition of the ascetical work of St. Alphonsus. Both these volumes are given to "The True Spouse of Christ," with the addition of letters and small treatises bearing on the same subject. The edition is brought out with admirable care.

4. Sir John Croker Barrow is a Catholic baronet, like Sir Stephen de Vere, and, like him too, he is a man of cultivated poetical taste. But the small volume of fifty pages which Messrs. Burns and Oates have recently published prove him to be far more than this. It is the first of three parts of a "legendary poem" called *Mary of Namareth*. Though professing thus to be founded on legend, it adheres for the most part very strictly to the letter of the inspired narrative. We consider it to be a distinguished success in a very difficult kind of work. The unbeginning eternity of God, the creation, the Incarnation, the Divine Maternity—these high themes are treated with due reverence for the behests of theology and devotion, and we think the result is a fine poem. The metre employed is mainly the dignified measure which we call "heroic," the five-beat iambic line; but the poet was wise in avoiding the monotony of an unbroken succession of heroic couplets. The corresponding rhymes sometimes follow thus, but they also alternate with one another or are separated by two lines. The paragraphs at a first glance bear the appearance of so many sonnets; and we are not sure that it would not have been better to begin all the lines evenly from the margin, for at present they are not always arranged properly according to rhyme. Another mechanical point ought to be set right—the extraordinary use that is made of semicolons in page 20 and in a great many other places, where they are forced to serve the purpose of commas, dashes, and parenthesis in a very confusing way. The notes of exclamation are also employed injudiciously sometimes. These are small things, but they show at least that we have read carefully a book which we opened with considerable misgiving. Five hymns of four stanzas each relieve the solemn narrative at certain stages and improve the symmetry of the poem. We hope Sir John Barrow will complete his design with the same care that he has expended on this first part of his poem, which seems to us to be full of piety and full of poetry, though the inspiration is, as it ought to be, of a restrained and reverential kind.

5. "New Fairy Tales for Children young and old" come to us in English, excellently printed and well illustrated, from a German publisher (Donauwörth: Lewis Ruer, 1889). The stories are told by Aunt Emmy and translated by Emy Gordon—who restricts herself to



a single *m* while she gives the German lady a double allowance. There is plenty of variety, fancy, and incident in the stories. The translation has decided merit. The book ought to be very popular among our young people if it succeed in making its way among them.

6. Inspired by an excellent motive, written with care and skill and taste, "Brian Boru and the Battle of Clontarf," by Mrs. M. O. Hime (London: Simpkin and Marshall), ought to be welcomed by the boys and girls to whom it is specially addressed. This long ballad-poem is in the metre of *Locksley Hall*, but the long lines are broken in two with a uniformity of treatment and a rhythmical accuracy which grow somewhat monotonous when maintained through fifty pages, and which make us appreciate Tennyson's art in varying the metrical pauses. From another point of view, Mrs. Hime's spirited poem is an exquisite piece of typography, of which however Ireland cannot claim the credit. We are not in the front as printers, and perhaps because demand precedes supply. We are too easily pleased in some matters.

7. A second edition has appeared of the Rev. Dr. Frederick George Lee's "King Edward the Sixth" (London: Burns and Oates). This historical sketch is the fruit of much study and patient original research, the results of which are set forth in a clear and vigorous style. The thoroughness with which the work is done is exemplified at the beginning by the pages devoted to a minute enumeration of the existing portraits of King Edward and the other chief passages of the history. This work of the Anglican Vicar of Lambeth cannot be overlooked by any conscientious student who desires to understand the real course of events during a melancholy but very momentous period of the history of England. The book is thoroughly equipped with genealogical and chronological tables and a good index.

8. "Leaves from St. John Chrysostom, selected and translated by Mary H. Allies" (London: Burns and Oates), is a very beautiful volume in every respect. The introduction by the translator's distinguished father, Mr. T. W. Allies, prepares the reader to appreciate the Saint's writings by giving them their proper frame-work of personal circumstances. Miss Allies divides her specimens into three parts. The last she describes as "personal" extracts from his letters; and to the other divisions she gives the fanciful names of "The King's Highway" and "The King's House," meaning, perhaps, the path of Christian perfection and the Church of Christ. The headings given to the extracts are very happy, and it would have enlivened the book if these had run along the tops of the pages, which have a some-

what blank look without any indication of general or particular subject. We have to thank the daughter of the learned author of "The Formation of Christendom" for a new book of spiritual reading of a very attractive and solid kind.

9. The same publishers have produced with more than their usual elegance "Characteristics from the Writings of Archbishop Ullathorne." The editor is the Rev. Michael Glancey, but he assigns to the Rev. J. Caswell, Vice-President of Oscot College, the bibliography of the Archbishop's writings, which is an admirably executed piece of work. The book by its title reminds us of Cardinal Newman and Cardinal Manning. The selection from Dr. Ullathorne is in some respects more interesting and more useful. Few readers would otherwise have any chance of seeing these passages, which moreover are wise and pleasant in themselves.

10. Again the same publishers send us "Records of the English Catholics of 1715," drawn wholly from unpublished documents, and edited by Mr. John Orlebar Payne, M.A. Mr. Payne's introduction describes the sources from which the several series of documents are drawn and brings out some of the more curious facts in connection with English Catholics in the beginning of the eighteenth century, which are illustrated by the extracts from wills, reports, etc. An ample index of names guides the researches of those who may be interested in special families.

10. The Catholic Truth Society have published "The Catholic Annual for 1889," which besides the usual items of an almanac and calendar furnishes a vast amount of matter interesting to Catholic readers, whether of a practical, literary, or edifying kind. This is an excellent shilling's worth, and perhaps still better value is the six-penny edition without the pictures. The same indefatigable society and editor (Mr. James Britten) treat us to half-penny books, "Thoughts in Prose and Verse," "Rosary Verses," and "Verses for the Stations of the Cross," by the Rev. Albany Christie, S.J., etc.

11. We have again to express our pleasure in seeing *The American Catholic Quarterly Review* maintain its high standard of excellence. Certainly in the United States editors show more enterprise than personages of corresponding rank in these countries. For instance, the Christmas Number of *The Catholic Columbian*, published at Ohio, is quite a brilliant collection of full-page pictures, tales, poems, and sketches. *The Xavier* and *The Fordham Monthly* are spirited academic journals, conducted with great talent and enthusiasm by the students of two Jesuit colleges in the same district. But even from the United States nothing of its kind has come to us as good as *The Pacific Coast*

*Catholic Almanac* (Diepenbrock: San Francisco). For twenty-five cents we have a marvellous assortment of biographies of persons likely to interest American Catholics, those especially who dwell near the Golden Gate; excellent portraits of some dozens of them, besides sketches and pictures of churches and buildings likely to interest them also. Stories, poems, and paragraphs, besides the usual matter of calendars and almanacs: these and other items make up a sumptuous bill of fare.

12. "Efficiency of Irish Schools and their Superiority to English Schools, as places of education for Irish boys, proved and explained," is the title of a shilling abridgment of the larger work by the Head Master of Foyle College, published by Simpkin and Marshall, and by Sullivan, of Marlborough Street. Dr. Hime justifies fully the title of his book.

13. We do not know what difficulties have been overcome by Mr. John O'Dowd, author of "Lays of South Sligo" (Dublin: M. H. Gill); but, taking the verses on their own merits, we can hardly give them credit for more than a good spirit, good intentions, and considerable rhythmical fluency.

14. "Twelfth-tide and its Octave" (Burns and Oates) is a neat little book of Epiphany meditations, translated by Mr. Alexander Wood from the Italian of Father Ventura, once a familiar name in Ireland for his Oration over O'Connell. With it we may name "Catholic Worship" (Benziger Brothers), explaining by question and answer the sacraments, ceremonies and sacraments of the Church.

15. We have looked through "The Grey Lady of Hardcastle" (London: Burns and Oates), and we have not been very favourably impressed by it, except as regards the elegance of the type and paper. However, we shall try to induce an expert to give it a more careful examination. In this context we may direct the attention of our readers to a careful study of "Uriel," "Aroer," and the other lighter works of Mother Raphael Drane, which is to be found in the current number of *The Dublin Review* under the title of "A Dominican Story-teller."

MARCH, 1889.

---

MOLLY'S FORTUNES.

CHAPTER IV.

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL.

Molly found Miss O'Neill a more entertaining companion at dinner than she had proved herself at tea; the conversation turning on general topics, and being sustained by the old lady with unflagging cheerfulness.

Towards the end of the repast a curious ceremonial took place, which amused Molly as much as it surprised her. When the dessert had been placed on the table after the removal of the cloth, in good old-fashioned style, at a sign from Miss O'Neill (who had hitherto drunk nothing, though her guest had been accommodated with a tall wineglass-full of claret) the butler marched solemnly up to her, decanter in hand. He was followed by one of the footmen, who bore, on a curiously-traced bronze salver, a large cup or goblet, seemingly of pure gold, but which, on closer examination, Molly discovered to be inlaid with a variety of metals. It was completely covered with delicate tracery, and ornamented with precious stones.

"This is an heirloom," said Miss O'Neill, taking it from the tray when the butler had partially filled it, "one of the most valuable specimens of early Irish art in existence. Yes, look at it well, my dear, and be proud of your country. See what it could produce when other nations were sunk in barbarism."

"Do you drink out of it every day?" asked Molly, a little regretful that such a precious relic should be in common use.

"Of course I do," returned her hostess in dignified tones. "To what better use could it be put? The lips of an O'Neill carry no

desecration in their touch. Out of this goblet the kings of our house were wont to drink success to their troops before setting out for battle; in later times this was the 'loving cup' passed round from hand to hand in stately family gatherings. Now you and I are apparently the only representatives of our race. I drink to you, Molly."

She raised the goblet to her lips and slowly quaffed its contents, while the butler and footman stood by in solemn apathy.

"There, my dear," said Miss O'Neill, "you see I like to keep up the customs that were in use in our family from time immemorial. When I drink out of my old cup, I am carried back in imagination hundreds of years, and can fancy myself at one of the magnificent banquets of yore, at the close of which it used to be presented to the sovereign on bended knee. It is in memory of this custom that I make it a point of always drinking *after* dinner—besides, it is better for the digestion."

This practical conclusion to a somewhat grandiloquent speech was almost too much for Molly's gravity; and as the domestics paced majestically away with the empty goblet she had much difficulty in restraining a burst of laughter. The whole thing was so utterly incongruous; this beautiful old relic of bygone ages, the quaint, stately little ceremonial so punctiliously gone through—and then the butler with his white top-knot, the footman in his extremely modern livery, and, as an anti-climax, the old lady's impartial regard for both hygiene and romance.

On returning to the drawing-room after dinner, Miss O'Neill pulled a pretty work-table towards her, and drew therefrom, not the dainty lace-work or fanciful embroidery which would seem best suited to such delicate fingers, but a partially-made petticoat of coarse red flannel.

"I like useful work," she remarked, "and at this time of year the whole population of the district appears to stand in need of clothing. Now, as you don't seem to have anything particular to do, you might read me the newspaper."

"Certainly," said Molly, taking up her position beside her, and unfolding the paper which she handed to her.

"Begin with the births, deaths, and marriages, child, and then go on to the *summary*."

Molly complied, and the hostess listened, evincing the liveliest interest in the list of deaths, and groaning and shaking her head over the marriages, in what her guest considered an inexplicable manner.

"Shall I read the parliamentary news?" asked the latter, when she had exhausted the smaller items of intelligence.

"Certainly not," responded Miss O'Neill, decidedly. "Politics

don't interest me in the least now-a-days. They were worth giving one's attention to in old times, though. Dear, what a rebel I was once! I don't suppose any of the leaders of the movement in '48 took it more keenly to heart than I did."

"Then I should have thought you would have been a Nationalist now?" remarked Molly, diffidently.

"A Nationalist?"—with a shriek of horror—"by no means, my dear—do you want to mix me up with all the tag, rag, and bobtail in the country? The rising of '48 was a *very* different matter. With an O'Brien of Thomond at the head, a descendant of the great King Brian I., and no one, even of the first family, need have been ashamed to take an interest in it."

Here she laid aside her work and walked over to the fireplace, extending her transparent-looking hands to the blaze, but gazing over her shoulder at Molly.

"There was a noble object in view then, the re-establishment of ancient rights, the possible restoration of a throne long laid low. Many believed that an O'Brien of Thomond would again rule over the land as in former days. Now *this* is purely a movement of the people, and as such I cannot countenance it."

This was spoken with as great an assumption of dignified importance as though a *Magna Charta* were waiting for her signature.

"The tendency of the present day," she continued, "is to vest more and more power in the hands of the people, in point of fact to allow the people to govern themselves—a very dangerous expedient, let me tell you. The art of governing is not given to everyone; rulers are *born*, not made. '*Bon chien chasse de race*'—there never was a truer saying than that. My half-bred greyhound in the stable-yard is as good a mongrel as ever breathed, steady and faithful, aye, and swift too, to a certain degree; but do you suppose he would have any chance in a coursing-match? Certainly not; you must use blood and breeding and pedigree, if you want to excel in any particular line. Well," cried the old lady, enthusiastically, "if such a theory holds good in the case of animals, it is even more applicable to men. The leaders of the people should come of ancient stock, should be men who have inherited the right to rule, who have the blood of kings in their veins, who are, in a word, '*born*' to command. In the agitation at present seething over the country, the scum is too likely to come to the surface—in former days the cream used to rise to the top."

"But perhaps some members of the really old Irish families *are* mixed up with this movement," suggested Molly, laughing. She held no very pronounced political opinions herself, newspapers being amongst the luxuries tabooed by her aunt, but was desirous of pro-

longing the argument, being vastly entertained by the old lady's views.

"That depends on what you call 'old families,' child; the term is sadly misunderstood now-a-days. People who can trace their ancestry back for a beggarly three hundred years or so, set up to be of long descent—why, the Cromwellians will be calling themselves old families next! As for the mushroom aristocracy of these times, my dear, there is nothing angers me so much as their ridiculous pretensions—as if half their titles did not come out of the beer-vat or the whiskey-still! Really it would be laughable if it were not so annoying—the wife of any *ci-devant* publican or chandler, who has enriched himself by fostering the vices of the people, or who, on some auspicious occasion, has chanced to be Lord Mayor, styles herself 'my lady' and is entitled to walk out of a room before the scion of a princely race."

The warmth, not to say acrimony, with which this denunciation was pronounced, intimated that Miss O'Neill was smarting under the recollection of personal wrongs.

"There are few really old families in existence now," she went on, after a pause, "nearly all the blue blood has been drained out of the country, or else so much intermixed with the Saxon strain, or so muddled up with the 'roturier' element, that it is good for nothing. Why, that very list of marriages that you read just now, was enough to go to one's heart—O'Briens and O'Moores, and O'Tooles and McCarthys, allying themselves with Bradys, and Robinsons, and Birches. The old names have no meaning in them now—as for blood, it's my belief that with the exception of what flows in *my* veins, there is not a drop of undiluted blood in Ireland:"

After this modest announcement Miss O'Neill returned to her seat, but suffered her work to lie on her knee, while her hands were folded idly on the top of it.

"This is a subject that I have very much at heart," she resumed, looking suddenly at Molly, and detecting the ghost of a smile on her face, "in fact I may say that I have devoted my life to the consideration of it. The country is going to ruin. Old customs are forgotten, old relations broken, the old stock rapidly vanishing from the land; new wants and new grievances have arisen before the old ones were redressed, and with all this there seems to be a revolutionary tide spreading over the country which threatens to sweep away our few remaining landmarks. What is to be done?"—appealing to Molly, as though the fate of the nation depended on her response. "It seems to me that the only thing to save Ireland now is for the remnant of her ancient nobility to make a stand, to rally round their

country, to conquer existing evils, and restore former good. If there are grievances to be redressed, who so fit to inquire into them as these, whose ancestors have lived and died for Erin? If the people require leaders, let them be led by the descendants of the chiefs who marched their forefathers to battle? Let these, their lawful rulers, live amongst them, and interest themselves for them and teach them."

"Yes, but will they?" asked Molly, as the old lady paused for breath, her cheeks flushed, her eyes flashing, her delicate nostrils dilated with excitement.

"Ah, there you have touched the root of all our evils," she replied. "Many of them will not. They are foolish, careless, degenerate—they do not see things in the light that I do. Even my own father, though there was no alien element in his composition to interfere with the traditions of our race, even he spent nearly all his life abroad, and cared little for either people or property. But when I succeeded to the estates, I swore I would devote my life to them, and I *did*. I resolved never to marry unless one who, with a name as noble as my own, was imbued with like principles. None such coming forward, behold me—a spinster to this day! My life has been full, however, and indeed I have been glad many a time not to be hampered by family cares. I have been unusually lucky too, I must own, for a year or two after I inherited the property I was left a large fortune by—someone I should perhaps have married, had he been my equal in rank. With this money I cleared off all incumbrances, improved the condition of the people, and in fact was enabled to carry out my favourite plans. You will judge for yourself of the working of them. As you may see, I live in a certain style"—glancing round the luxurious room—"perhaps too much so, you may say, for a single old woman; but I have a two-fold object in view. Not only do I keep up the style necessary to uphold my position and add weight to my influence and authority, but I give employment and benefit the community at large. Nothing comes inside my doors but what is of Irish manufacture, or at least procured from an Irish firm. I have taught my people to apply to me in all their difficulties, to refer to me in all their disputes; I make myself acquainted with the circumstances of the very poorest amongst them, I sift their grievances, I enquire into their woes; and I entertain largely, that my country-folk of higher rank, encouraged by my success, and led on by my example, may be induced to put the like plans into execution."

The old lady sank back on her cushions somewhat exhausted by her own eloquence, and Molly sat gazing into the fire marvelling at her alertness and vigour, and struck by the same sense of incongruity



which she had been conscious of before. The whole speech was such an odd mixture of common-sense and absurdity, that Molly was puzzled under which category to place it. There was something noble, pathetic, almost heroic, in the notion of this one old woman endeavouring to work the redemption of her country, something touching in her implicit faith in her theories, and, moreover, an under current of truth in much that she said, an earnestness and sincerity which almost carried conviction with it. And yet, even putting on one side her more palpably untenable theories, could these projects be carried out in this turbulent nineteenth century? Was not their originator a living anachronism, and were not her plans for the regeneration of Ireland conceived just a couple of hundred years or so too late?

Molly pondered much over her new experiences during the evening, and, even after retiring to her four-poster, could not rid herself of the impression produced by the strange, vivid, puzzling personality of her hostess. So much, indeed, was she under this influence, that on at last falling asleep, Miss O'Neill pervaded her dreams in the guise of a queen with a gold crown on her silver locks, and wearing a regal mantle of red flannel.

•

---

## CHAPTER V.

### NEW EXPERIENCES.

Molly awoke shortly after daybreak on the following morning, and lay still for some moments watching the sunlight filter in through her unshuttered window, and listening to the gleeful twittering of the birds without. After indulging for a short time in this unwonted luxury, she sprang up, and, hastily dressing, crept down stairs and out upon the terrace. Turning to the left, she betook herself to the shrubberies, amid which she lingered a little gazing at the dense growth on either side, but at last remembering that time was passing, hastened on, eager to make fresh discoveries. All at once the path narrowed to a mere moss-grown thread, and Molly found herself in what appeared to be a vast green cathedral. A double row of immense yew-trees, with gnarled trunks and wide-spreading branches, stretched out before her, the sunbeams that managed to steal through the leafy gloom making a sort of mosaic-work on the ground. At the furthest end of this long aisle was an open space dazzlingly bright and green, and cool-looking, unshadowed by the shrubberies which widened at

this point, and went clambering up a low bank surmounted by a wall with an arched gateway in the middle, up to which led a flight of rustic steps.

Molly walked carefully, almost reverently, through the dark colonnade, and drew a long breath of relief as she emerged at length into the sunshine. She mounted the time-worn steps, marking the wealth of delicate pink monthly roses which nodded over the archway, and the thick coating of ivy which covered the old stone wall. Crossing the mossy plateau on the top of the steps and approaching the low gate—a quaintly-wrought structure of iron which had once been gilt—she peered over it into the enclosure within.

What enchantment was this? Surely this must be fairy-land itself, for never in all her wildest dreams had Molly imagined anything to compare with it. Smooth green terraces, bordered with a profusion of many-coloured flowers, descended to a hollow that, even at this season, was a perfect blaze of colour. Velvety ribbon-like grassy paths wound among the quaintly-shaped beds, and in the middle plashed a fountain. Further away there were groups and bowers of rare shrubs, amid which marble statues gleamed whitely, and behind a high box-hedge, cut into all manner of fantastic shapes, rose a green slope crowned by a ruined castle. Yes, here it stood in the sunshine, gazing down on the placid beauty beneath, Castle O'Neill, a grim, melancholy relic of the past, its thick, grey, ivy-mantled walls riven in bygone ages, black here and there with the traces of long-extinguished fires, marked in many places with the signs of God's wrath and of man's hate. Once an important centre, teeming with life, echoing to the sound of laughter and strife; now silent, deserted, forlorn, with its noble banqueting hall thrown open to the winds of heaven, welcoming the rooks to the guest chamber, holding out desperately against more insidious enemies than Dane or Saxon—all-conquering Time, subtle, treacherous Decay.

Molly caught her breath with a little gasping sigh. This solemn, melancholy presence impressed her at first almost painfully; the contrast between its mouldering walls, its crumbling battlements, and the brightness and beauty around, shocked and sobered her almost as though she had suddenly stepped from a gay ball-room into a death-chamber.

She descended the flight of steps at the end of the terrace, and slowly took her way amid the blooming flower-beds, under the quaintly-shaped box-tunnel, out on the green slope beneath the ruined walls. Her countenance cleared as she wandered round them: a nearer view showed her so much that was beautiful, and softening, and consoling, even amid the general decay. Time and weather had tinted the old

walls with a thousand tender, harmonious hues, soft mosses and delicate tendrilled plants crept over the rugged stones and peeped out in their interstices, snapdragon and cranes-bill blossomed in jagged fissures and crumbling window-seats, and within the roofless banqueting hall, amid the pile of rubbish that had fallen in by-gone years, ferns and creepers had made their home; fruit-laden blackberry-brambles flourished amain; a young elder, sown by some passing wind, strove upward with its bright-hued branches as though to reach the blue.

*Rubbish* did I say just now? There is so much that we scorn and reject as worthless, but that nature, kindly, beneficent mother as she is, is fain to cherish still. Because a thing is old, saith she, it need not be unlovely; because it has done the work appointed to it once, there is no reason why it should be useless now. And so, after her own fashion, she repairs our destructiveness, she gathers up our waste, she restores and renews and vivifies with untiring energy and inexhaustible bounty, utilising the foulness from which in our ignorance we turn shuddering away, to foster new worth and beauty, causing our very graves to bud and bloom.

After her tour of inspection, Molly felt soothed and comforted, and wandered blissfully about, making new discoveries at every step. The undulating ground behind the castle had been laid out as an orchard many years before (as was testified by the gnarled and twisted trunks of the fruit-trees), and beyond a low hedge corresponding to the one on the other side was a wide stretch of kitchen-garden, the glass roof of a line of green-houses glittering in the morning sun.

The whole scene was a medley of the antique and the modern, of beauty and homeliness, of vitality and decay, but all softened, harmonised, blended together with a certain indescribable charm, something of which, as it appeared to Molly, appertained to Miss O'Neill herself and all her possessions.

The gong was sounding for breakfast when Molly returned to the house, and her hostess was already seated before the large silver urn, making tea, and looking as bright, and almost as fresh, as the girl herself.

"Now begins my day's work," she said, at the conclusion of the meal. "I am a very busy person, as you will see, and can hardly find time enough for all I have to do."

She slung a neat little key-basket over one slender wrist, and taking Molly's arm, conducted her down a long, tiled passage which led to the servants' premises.

"The kitchen first," said the old lady, as they passed through a swing door, opening into a large square hall, at the further end of

which stood a stout, comely person in a neat print gown, and white cap and apron, evidently expecting her approach.

"Another in my place would dispense with many of the duties I impose on myself," said Miss O'Neill, pausing to emphasize her words, "but the most essential part of my programme is the inculcation of thrift by word and example; therefore I keep no housekeeper, and look after everything myself."

Followed by Molly and the cook, she sailed into the kitchen, being received with sundry respectful curtseys by some half-dozen demure-looking maids who stood in a semi-circle near the fire. It was a huge room, with floor flagged and raddled, high wainscot and rafters of polished oak, the upper portion of the walls being ochre-coloured; the flames which leaped up in the immense fire-place casting a ruddy glow around, and gleaming on crockery and kitchen utensils with most cheering effect.

Larders, sculleries, and dairies, all on a large scale and "kept" to perfection, were duly inspected, after which Miss O'Neill, returning to the kitchen, wrote out her orders for the day. She then repaired to the store-room followed by the whole domestic staff, male and female, to each of whom was doled out such household goods as were required for the day; the cook being obliged to apportion the exact quantum needed, and being somewhat sharply called to order when in one instance she measured out rather more than her mistress considered sufficient.

At the conclusion of these operations the latter desired Molly to put on her hat, as she now intended to begin her out-door work.

Though the girl used all possible despatch in equipping herself, her hostess was beforehand with her, and stood awaiting her at the foot of the stairs, her dress tucked up, her dainty feet stoutly shod, and her white hair crowned with a "Rubens" hat and feathers which a woman forty years younger would have hesitated to wear, but which suited her picturesque antique beauty to perfection.

They were met on the threshold by the steward, with whom, as they walked along, Miss O'Neill discussed farm-matters with so much zest and apparent wisdom that Molly wondered more than ever. Stables and cowhouses, poultry-yards and piggeries, were visited in turn, Molly hardly knowing whether to admire most the twenty pure-bred Kerry cows kept for the dairy, or the sleek "stall-feds," or the baby pigs, or the Connemara pony which pranced about next the fine carriage horses in a loose box all to himself. Everything was scrupulously neat and clean, and admirably managed; indeed it was evident that "the mistress" would tolerate nothing else, the smallest oversight, the least slovenliness, being immediately detected and earning for the luckless defaulter a sharp reprimand.

At one o'clock they went in for luncheon, at which meal Miss O'Neill appeared still in her out-door garments, "to save time" as she told Molly, for she intended to drive through the village immediately afterwards.

The pony-carriage duly came round at the termination of the repast, the lady taking the reins herself, and relegating the groom to the back seat; and off they set, at a good brisk pace down the long avenue, and out at the great gate.

A very pretty village was this of Miss O'Neill's, and almost, if not quite, unique of its kind, retaining all the old-world picturesqueness of many an Irish hamlet, but with an air of prosperity, a neatness, a spotless cleanliness, not often, alas! united therewith. The houses were all thatched, and their walls, as much of them as could be seen through the luxuriant growth of creepers which overspread them, washed over with faint tints, ochre or pink, with now and then a white one intervening. The little gardens in front were bright with flowers, while in the rear of each cottage was a high plot of cabbages and potatoes. Miss O'Neill slackened speed, interchanging not a few kindly words with the neatly clothed women, the chubby-faced children, who stood curtsying at their hall-doors to watch her pass.

All at once she reined up her pony, beckoning one of the former to approach, which she did, evidently in no small trepidation, for "the lady," as they called her, was as much feared as beloved by her people.

"I see your husband has not cut his wheat yet," said Miss O'Neill, waving her whip towards the large field at the back of the cottage, which gleamed out bravely golden amid the surrounding greens and browns. "It is over-ripe, and he will lose half of it if he leaves it much longer."

"Aye indeed, my lady," in doleful tones, "troth it's ourselves has had the bad luck this year, glory be to God. Me poor man is not gettin' his health at all ever since he got that fall in the spring, an' sure he's waitin' till the little boy comes back from harvestin' in England before he begins at ours."

"What, has your son gone to England?" said the old lady wrathfully. "You have the face to tell me so when you know it is against the rules! He will be picking up all sorts of strange customs, or marrying some low English girl, Mrs. Brady, if you don't take care; and, mark my words, if he does that, you may say goodbye to him. I'll have no English settlers in *my* village."

"Oh, save us an' bless us, sure he wouldn't do the like o' that!" whimpered the woman. "Sure his father alone 'ud be murtherin' him if he so much as looked at any of our own girls, let alone a stranger—"

"How does his father know what he does over there?" interrupted Miss O'Neill severely. "You shouldn't have allowed your son to go without asking my leave, Mrs. Brady. Why didn't you come to me if you were in trouble? Don't you know I'm always ready to assist you?"

"Ah, we didn't like to be annoyin' yer ladyship so often, an' the poor boy says to his father, says he, 'I'll just slip over the say, an' airm a bit o' money agin' the winter,' he says—he's the rale good little boy, ma'am. 'Do,' says the father, an' he wint, an' he'll be back in another fortnight, so he will, an'——"

"Another fortnight!" cried the lady. "The crop will be ruined by that time. Dear, dear! how hard it is to instil sense into these people. Don't you see, woman, that you will lose more than your son can possibly earn by his absence? What is to be done? I suppose I shall have to send some of my own men to cut it for you. It is too bad, you know, most unreasonable of you, Mrs. Brady"—sternly ignoring the latter's voluble thanks—"and, remember, Tim must never attempt to go to England again—never."

She drove away leaving Mrs. Brady standing in the middle of the road, equally grateful and abashed, hardly knowing whether to be more overcome by the unexpected favour or by "the lady's" evident displeasure.

They drove slowly onwards, stopping every now and then; Miss O'Neill constantly referring to a little pocket-book which she held in her hand, and in which she entered various items, and checked others already seen to. She listened to everyone who showed symptoms of desiring to converse with her, received various petitions, visited sundry bed-ridden or infirm old people, commended now and then, reprimanded pretty often, gave directions and inquired into grievances, all in the shrewd, calm, matter-of-fact manner to which Molly was now becoming accustomed, but which, in one of her conductress's sex<sup>d</sup> and years, was none the less astounding.

They came home through a back entrance, Miss O'Neill pulling up her pony at the gate-way, and severely accosting the lodge-keeper, a middle-aged, one-armed man, who stood bareheaded to let her pass.

"What is this I hear about you, Keogh? You are thinking of marrying, they say; why have you not consulted me?"

"Bedad, ma'am, I was turnin' it over in my mind," returned Keogh, stepping up to the carriage, and uplifting a bashful, comical face, covered with blushes. "Sure it's a wretched way the way I'm now—no wan to cook a bit o' dinner, or to sew on a button for me. It's more than flesh an' blood can stand, so it is."

"I don't at all object to your being married," said the old lady.

"though I'm surprised that you did not acquaint me with your intentions, but I do object very much to the girl you have selected. You know quite well that Ellen Richardson was discharged from my service. She was dirty, untidy, and lazy; the worst kitchenmaid I ever had."

"Was she now, me lady?" responded Keogh, with a pleasant smile. "That's a poor case! To think o' the like o' that now!" clicking his tongue against his teeth, and looking at his mistress compassionately.

"The very idea of choosing her!" cried the latter severely, "the last girl in the world to suit you—a stranger, too. Why, you know nothing whatever about her."

"Throth an' that's the thrute, yer ladyship," responded Keogh, promptly. "Not a thing do I know about her at all, but sure it's lost I am altogether now, livin' in the heighth o' hardship, so I am, not wan to look afther me, an' sure"—edging a little nearer, and lowering his voice confidentially—"won't she do as well as anybody else?"

"Oh if you look at the matter in that light," said Miss O'Neill, heaving a deep sigh of relief, "I have no doubt I can settle it for you quite satisfactorily. I'll find a wife for you, my poor fellow, who will suit you far better than that creature. Leave it to me, just give me time to think a little and look round, and I am sure I can choose a girl who will be everything you could wish."

Keogh, far from appearing astonished or alarmed at the idea, fell to thanking his patroness with an effusiveness which would have disgusted Molly (already somewhat shocked at his novel views of matrimony) had she not detected a sly twinkle in his eye which seemed to belie his words.

"Poor, ignorant, helpless creatures, what would they do without me!" ejaculated Miss O'Neill, as they drove on. "I have had to bring up their children for them for many a year, and now it seems I must actually choose their wives! See, my dear, how unfit they are to be entrusted with their own affairs. They haven't the least idea of what is good for them. That man would have been miserable for life if I had not interfered."

The perfect seriousness and good faith with which she spoke, her genuine compassion for the bridegroom-elect (the latent grin on whose face was still fresh in Molly's mind), and unshaken belief in her own right to exercise absolute authority, even in such personal matters, struck the girl as so comical, that she with difficulty prevented herself from laughing, and thus offending the gentle old despot past hope of pardon.

The sequel to Keogh's romance may as well be stated here. About

a week after this episode he accosted Molly who chanced to be strolling in the neighbourhood of the lodge, requesting her to be so kind as to "step inside," for he had something to show her. Molly complied, finding the kitchen already occupied by a stout, rosy-faced girl, who curtsied deeply as she entered, after which she and Keogh fell to giggling immoderately.

"Well?" said Molly, gazing from one to the other in some amazement.

"Well, miss, that's what I wanted to show ye," returned Keogh, "that's herself, so it is, that's the bride. We was married yesterday." And, waving his solitary arm towards his newly-made wife, he chuckled again.

"What, the girl you spoke of before?" asked Molly, half in amusement, half in alarm. "What *will* Miss O'Neill say?"

"Aye, indeed, that's what we do be sayin' ourselves," said Keogh apologetically, "but sure I hadn't the heart to be disappointin' the crathur an' me promisin' her so long, an'"—gazing at her appraisingly—"I'd as lief have her as any one afther all, so I would."

"Aye, an' as I used to be tellin' him, he'd no call to be lookin' too high," chimed in his partner. "Him and his wan arm——"

"Go 'long and don't be throwin' that in my face," interrupted the man somewhat nettled. "Before the lady! I'm ashamed o' ye! We was wonderin', miss, if ye'd kindly spake a word for us to the mistress. Ye might tell her that herself here wouldn't lave me in pace or quiet"—gazing apprehensively at Ellen, whose colour rose ominously—"an' that she was breakin' her heart intirely afther me"—his voice increasing in loudness and thus drowning the latter's indignant expostulations—"an' that, bedad, miss, it was the ould story—I couldn't get shut of her at all till I married her."

With this he darted out of the house, leaving Molly in fits of laughter, in which, after various blushings and bridlings, the bride was fain to join.

Miss O'Neill's indignation was extreme, and the Keoghs received notice to quit immediately; but the new-made wife was so profuse in promises and protestations, the lodge-keeper made so many appeals, and Molly interceded with so much persuasiveness, that she was at last induced to relent, and to add no further punishment to that which she opined the rash act would prove in itself.

M. E. FRANCIS.

(To be continued.)



## A FRIEND OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

## I.

GOD'S glory was the end of all his days,  
God's poor he held his next most tender care ;  
His life was sweet with sanctities and prayer,  
His ears were closed to sounds of human praise.  
His treasures were in heaven : sure fixed his gaze  
On jewelled crowns that none defiled may wear ;  
He saw the world unveiled, stripped true and bare,  
False and deformed, with changeful hollow ways.  
Too humble still to hate the thing most low—  
Its case he pitied, and well understood ;  
Too noble to allow his own pure soul  
To be content with less than perfect good,  
With single aim he sought a single goal—  
More and more like his Master's self to grow.

## II.

He made no flowery pathway for his feet,  
He tarried not in any pleasant place ;  
Yet was he happy with a native grace,  
God and long self-control made strangely sweet.  
A frightened lamb or little child would greet  
His steps, instinctive trusting to his face ;  
And thinking out your thoughts, you could not trace,  
Where love for him would highest reverence meet.  
Of all you loved you'd love him far the best,  
And grieve for slightest loss of his esteem—  
The rare, unconscious greatness of his mind  
So won all hearts, all hearts in God to bind ;  
Broad, common sense was his, to weigh and test  
The gold from clay, the duty from the dream.

## III.

In that fine soul no room for little things  
Was found—envy, or vain display, or pride :  
The splendour of his gifts he strove to hide,  
Smiling at fame and the frail crown it brings.  
He had that gentleness in strength which flings  
Round manhood such rare charm. As ebb'd the tide

Of his rich life, I knelt his bed beside,  
(The room that night had stir of angels' wings).  
" 'Tis sweet to die as live," he softly said,  
So sweet, though few were ever loved like him,  
So sweet, though few could ever love as true,  
So sweet, as all earth's sights were waning dim  
And Heaven had burst on his enraptured view :  
Ah ! Death indeed grows sweet since he is dead.

ALICE ESMONDE.

---

## LANDSCAPE PAINTING AND AMATEURS.\*

### FOURTH PAPER.—OF THE CHIEF TRUTHS OF "TONE."

I promised that I would conclude in this paper what I have to say on General Truths—treating of Tone and Light and Shade. Like every amateur, I did not estimate the difficulties before me or I would never have made so rash a promise: no sooner had I undertaken the task of explaining the meaning of and truths contained in the word "Tone," than I began to be aware that that subject would fully take up the entire space of this paper, and the further fact that light and shade, though left last to be studied, is the most important relatively of all the general truths, further convinces me that I must secure for it the full space of the paper which follows this present one. The chief difficulty which besets me at the outset of this paper is how to express in words that which is more a matter of feeling and education than any other of the general truths connected with painting. For an artist may colour correctly, as hundreds do, whereas twenty out of that hundred will fail completely in the quality of "Tone." As for us amateurs, scarcely any of our pictures approach correctness of tone: the perpetual hard work and study required to master it being mostly too severe for our limited powers of application. But none the less is it necessary for us to know wherein we are wanting, and though I cannot tell you how to obtain correctness of tone, I can, with the help of Mr. Ruskin, at least tell you what tone means; the word

\* Continued from the last page of the preceding Volume of this Magazine.

that artists always strive to express in their pictures, and that connoisseurs are always talking nonsense about.

By the word "Tone" two things are to be understood. First, the right relation of objects in shadow to the principal light. Second, the *quality* of colour which they possess in their lights compared with that in their shadows; and the accurate relation between the illuminated parts themselves to the light which illuminates them, whether warm or cold. So that the whole picture (or, where there are several tones united in one picture, those parts which are under each) may be felt to be in one climate, under one kind of light, and in one kind of atmosphere. This is entirely dependent on the peculiar quality of each colour laid on, so that we feel at once what is its actual local colour, and what is the apparent pitch of tone to which this is lowered or raised by the quality of the light which falls upon it. A very bright brown may be exactly the same shade of colour *out of sunshine* as a very dead or dull brown *in sunshine*, but it will be totally different in *quality*; and that quality, by which the illuminated dead colour would be felt in nature different from the unilluminated bright one, is what artists are perpetually aiming at and connoisseurs talking nonsense about, under the name of "tone." "Want of tone" in a picture, therefore, means that objects look bright in their own positive hue, and not by illumination, and that there is a consequent want of sensation of the raising of their hues by light. I want to warn you against confounding the meaning of "Tone," in its first sense, with "aërial perspective," it is often so confounded in art text-books. "*Aërial perspective*" is the expression of space by any means whatever, such as sharpness of edge, vivid colours assisted by greater or less pitch of shadow as the objects advance or retire, requiring only that they should be detached from each other by degrees of intensity in proportion to their distances from *each other* without requiring that the distance between the farthest and the nearest should be in *positive quality* the *same* that nature has given. But what I have here named "Tone" requires that there should be the same sum of difference, as well as the same division of difference.\*

I have said already that in effects of "Tone" the old masters have never been surpassed, if indeed they have ever been equalled,

\* This, with a few abridgments, is the statement on "Tone" in *Modern Painters*, Vol. 1, Part II., § II., Chapter I.

and it is nearly the first and last concession that can be made them so far as concerns the truth in their landscapes. You will find that as regard tone in its first sense, their pictures are some of the notes of nature played two or three octaves below her key. The dark objects in their middle distance bear precisely the same relation to the light of their sky as they do in nature. But as the highest light of paint is infinitely below nature's light, so the mass of shadow which they place in opposition to it is deepened in the same degree. Think, then, what must be the result of such a rendering. If this principle could be maintained throughout the picture, and all the notes of Nature given in this way, an octave or two lower down, it would be the only right and necessary way of rendering her scale of colour and tone by means of pigment. But we cannot do this. Not only is Nature's highest light far above that of paint, but also her power of obtaining deep dark infinitely surpasses that of the blackest paint. For remember that her deep darks are void spaces from which no light whatsoever is reflected; whereas the blackest patch of paint you can lay on a picture will always reflect light; and would, in fact, placed against nature's deepest dark, tell out as a distinct piece of light. How can we then, with white paper or paint for our highest light, and reflecting black paint for our deepest dark, imitate in their full strength Nature's sunlight and the gloom of her vacuity? She can well afford to throw her distant objects dark against the sky, and yet leave a thousand notes of tone unplayed, to express the thousand intermediate shades of darkness that lie between the distant objects dark against the sky, and the complete night that exists in some vacant hollow in the foreground. We cannot render this: and if with our poor paint we insist on having this exact relation between her material object and highest light we descend to the bottom of the scale at once—"put out the light—and then"—well, then, for the sake of gaining this one small truth we murder the rest of the picture. Long before we have reached the foreground we have touched our lowest note—pure black; and we therefore cannot render the various degrees of darkness that lie between the distant objects and the foreground. It is evident that to gain one truth we have sacrificed a hundred others, not a whit less important or less marked. This is what the old masters did. They were foolish prodigals who used their whole means to get one truth, where they should have seized a thousand. And, therefore, we cannot call

their pictures truthful on this very account. A vast history was put before them to relate, to the fulness of which neither their means nor language were adequate; but instead of striving to give all these truths *abridged* in the order of their importance, they omitted or denied the greater part of them in order that they might dwell with verbal fidelity on two or three. They took the obvious fact that appeals to the slowest intellect—namely, that distant objects are a certain darkness against the sky: the hundred subtle truths of gradation of tone between them and the foreground by which solidity, retiring effect, and sunlight are expressed, they left out; and their pictures are all the more false; for the one truth to which the rest are sacrificed becomes a falsehood through the absence of the rest—the relation of the distant objects to the sky becomes impossible, through the want of relation in its parts to each other. The mass of trees against the sky had to be painted so dark that no tone was left sufficiently dark to express their details: they remain mere flat masses of colour; and the lowest truth being uttered, no room was left for expressing the thousand subtle and elusive ones which it must always be the aim of great art to achieve.

Now, if we look at Turner's method we find the opposite and completer one of rendering by our finite means the first meaning which we have given to the word "Tone." He takes pure white (the sign of the most intense sunbeams) for his highest light, and lamp-black for his deepest shade; and between these two he makes every degree of shade indicative of a degree of distance; giving, thereby, each step of approach to Nature's high light, not the exact difference in pitch which it has in nature, but a difference bearing *the same proportion* to that which his sum of possible shade bears to nature's shade. So that an object half-way between his horizon and his foreground will be exactly in half tint of force, and every minute division of intervening space will have just its proportionate share of the lesser sum and no more. Hence where the old masters expressed one distance, his paintings express a hundred; where they say furlongs, he says leagues.

I believe it is not easy to grasp the truth of this principle all at once. But a glance at the accompanying table will make things plainer. I have here represented the scale of Nature's "tones" by eighteen letters, choosing those of the pianoforte notation. These in no way represent the infinite sub-division in

intensity which they possess in Nature—music divides her tones into halves—Nature divides hers into millionths: but for simple illustration sake let us think of each tone as a full tone in music. I have therefore distinguished each octave downward in the scale by one dash over the letter in the second octave, and two dashes in the third. B I take to represent Nature's highest light, and E'' her deepest dark.

NATURE.	THE OLD SCHOOL.	TURNER AND PIGMENT.
High Light—B .....		
C .....		
D .....		
E .....		
F .....		High Light F White Paint
G .....	High Light—G .....	G
A .....		A
B' .....	Omitted {	B'
C' .....		C
D' .....		D'
E' .....		E'
F' .....		F'
G' .....	Deep Dark—G' .....	Deep Dark G' Lamp Black
A' .....		
B'' .....		
C'' .....		
D'' .....		
Deep Dark—E' .....		

Let us now suppose we are looking at a mass of trees against a bright sky. And let us suppose that their gloom might be named by the letter D' and that F represents the light of the sky behind them. This includes six tones of colour (it would probably contain far more but the illustration will serve). An old master comes upon this scene: how does he render it? He possesses one colour that can come up to the light of the particular sky before him (it is only a dull sky for nature)—and that colour is white paint. But the sky is not white, it is blue—or yellow—let us say, and so he paints it a fine toned yellow and down goes his light one tone, viz., to G (the high light of the old masters is nearly always a finely toned yellow). Then he finds that the tone of the mass of trees in the middle distance is five tones below Nature's sky—therefore he must paint it five tones below his sky, and he paints it E' in consequence, and has lost one tone of Nature's already. But now observe that between this mass of trees so painted and his deep dark, G' (Lamp-black), he is left only *one* tone of colour, whilst nature is left eight tones between the tone

of those trees and that of her deepest dark—E". Thus he has to paint all between the trees and his foreground in the one tone, F". He has, in fact, exhausted his resources at the very outset, and has no means of saying the hundred truths that lie between those trees and the foreground in Nature, for the sake of uttering one truth—viz., the relative pitch of tone of those trees against the light of the sky.

Now, how did Turner grapple with this problem: how is it that he gave the leagues of varied tone between his middle distance and the foreground—what was the principle of his work? Like all great workers, its greatness lay in his recognition of the finiteness of the means at his disposal. He saw that Pigment could neither render Nature's brightness, nor Nature's shade, but in a relative manner. For high light he took white paint—the sign of the most intense sunbeams; for deep dark he took lampblack: both of these he saw were far below Nature's power, and left but a comparative limited range of tones with which to work. But he also saw that it was more important to render the multiplicity of Nature's tones than to give the absolute differences between them, and he consequently perceived that by sub-dividing the tones at his disposal in pigment he could give the same sum of differences in a painting as existed in Nature's tones, though he could not give the same strength of difference. Supposing that in our table from B to E, we have Nature's tones given—then Turner's method would have sub-divided the nine tones of pigment each into half, thus bringing up the sum total of his tones to the sum total of nature's, and so wasting none of his means and uttering all that pigment could tell. In the particular case we have supposed the old master to be rendering instead of painting the trees E', Turner would have rendered them with B' and would have left himself as many semitones below this in his scale of colour to work with as nature herself possesses. He would not, nor did not, pretend to nature's strength of tone, nor strength of difference in contrast of tones, but he did, through this wonderful logical method of using his means, allow himself the same *sum* of differences as Nature's tones exhibits, and so, where the old masters said yards, he says miles, where they said miles, he said leagues.

I must warn you that it is absolutely necessary for you to grasp the full truth and meaning of this principle of tone in Landscape painting if you hope to be ever able to translate nature's

tones into the limited range of your colours. Remember, in painting a mountain or clump of trees against the sky, you are not called upon to render the difference of tone which it bears to the light of the sky in nature with the same difference in your picture. It can only bear the same proportional relation to the light of your sky which the light of your sky bears to nature's sky, or which your deepest dark bears to nature's deepest dark. If you paint the objects of the middle distance as strong against the light of the sky as they are in nature, you sacrifice for that one truth the possibility of stating hundreds of others far more important. You can render no intermediate differences or gradations of tone between the middle distance and your foreground, for you will have descended too near the lowest notes of your scale of colour, and nothing will be left you of those means which at their fullest are far too inadequate to render the infinity of nature. I know that among the landscape portions of some of the greatest paintings in the world—the “*Bacchus and Ariadne*” of Titian, for instance, there are passages of tone that are impossible, viewed from the standpoint of truth, yet beautiful and entirely noble as elements of feeling and beauty. To begin with, the landscape of Titian is but an accessory to his figures and the human element, and consequently we must not look on him as a landscape painter. The mind that paints clouds but as the chariots and thrones of God's Spirits may produce great and ennobling work, though those clouds may be but poorly drawn: it will not be the bad cloud-drawing that will render the picture great in any way, but if the angels that they bear be divine and strong and tender, we shall forgive the shortcomings of the clouds. But if we landscape painters are to do any good it will not be through following these errors of the old master's renderings of nature, but through drawing the clouds so thoroughly that there will be no need to place the angels upon them, since the presence of the great Spirit will be felt in every aspiring rush of vapour or quiet solemnity of their long lines of repose. And in such pictures as the “*Bacchus and Ariadne*” of Titian there are, as I have said, solecisms of tone that are yet so exquisite and beautiful as masses of pure and brilliant colour that the unnaturalness of them must be forgiven. Where the sentiment of such a picture depends much upon our feeling the joy of returning life and love after the long night of despair and desertion, such gorgeous masses of colouring help out the sentiment.



But this is only right as an accessory to the human interest, and for us landscape painters it forms no just precedent to treat nature likewise. Gorgeous as Turner's colour always is, yet it is always subservient to the far more important truths of Tone and Chiaroscuro.

All modern artists, in more or less degree of excellence as their powers have allowed them, have consciously or unconsciously followed Turner's method of rendering Tone in this first sense. I will briefly repeat his method before I pass on to discuss Tone in its second meaning. He takes pure white for his highest light, and lampblack for his deepest shade: and between these he makes each degree of shade indicative of a separate degree of distance, giving each step of approach, *not the exact difference of pitch which it would have in nature*, but a difference bearing *the same proportion* to that which his sum of possible shade bears to nature's shade. So that an object halfway between his horizon and his foreground will exactly be in half tint of force, and every minute division of intermediate space will have just *its proportionate share of the lesser sum*, and no more. You must fully master this principle and get it clearly into your minds first; and then you must face the fact that it will take you long and patient study to enable you to become thoroughly acquainted with the limits of pigments compared with nature's tones, and so rightly expand the scale of your colour to meet nature's. Think always that your means, being of a limit far smaller than nature's, which they must represent, must therefore be subdivided and husbanded to meet the required sum of divisions which nature's tones exhibit. Put out of your mind at once the possibility of giving the real contrasts in point of force which nature's tones possess; aim rather at giving the *number* of differences and contrasts. Your work will then approach nearer to nature's exhaustless infinity, the main test of greatness here as in all else, the element which we have seen Mr. Ruskin considers inseparable from all great art.

It is not, therefore, in this, the first meaning of the word Tone, that the old masters excelled the moderns—it is in the *second* meaning, namely, the peculiar quality of the colour laid on; that nameless something which makes us at once recognise that it is a comparatively *dull* colour illuminated and so brought up to a high pitch of tone by warm sunlight, and not a warm bright colour in comparative shade. As a matter of colour, the two may be exactly

the same. Rubens could paint you two patches of red—seemingly from the same brushful of colour, and yet one he could make you *feel* to be a cold red warmed by sunlight, and the other a warm red in ordinary cold daylight. In oils, whether through loss of knowledge in the management of the material, or through degeneracy of feeling on the part of moderns, it would seem that this great charm of the old masters is completely a lost art—and the futile efforts after it made by some of our greatest artists now living, through their very approaching sometimes the goal of their desires exhibits the impotence of moderns in this direction even more than if they let it alone altogether. In his paintings\* Turner did not seek after this quality; he knew he could not reach it, and he always sacrifices it to some higher truth: but in his *drawings* we have some of the finest passages of Tone in this second sense of the word that art, whether ancient or modern, has produced. If you will look at the vignette “The Garden,” in the third series of the lithographs, you will have an excellent instance of what I mean in the passage of warm breathing sunlight all through the stonework of the balustrades and terrace. Hide all the rest of the picture but this portion, and the sunshine will be felt none the less intensely. It is not only the perfect shadow drawing (I shall notice that in the next paper) that achieves this: it is the peculiar quality of the colour, as you will find if you set about copying it. You may get it perfectly correct in tint, but if you do not succeed in laying it on as Turner (or rather, in this case as the great artist lithographer, Mr. H. M. Long) has done, you will lose the effect of the cold stone being warmed by the sunlight, however you may succeed in rendering the force of the light through correct copying of the shadows. One of the most wonderful pieces of tone, perhaps, throughout all these lithographs is the quality of the colour of the green baize satchel of the schoolboy in “Going to School,” second series. I cannot say wherein it lies, but if you will hide the green bag with your finger, half the brilliancy of sunlight dies out of the picture. It is a great triumph (only those who know the difficulties that beset lithography can say how great) for this artist to have seized the most elusive beauties of Turner’s drawings and placed them within the reach of everyone.

\* “Paintings” should always be understood to mean works in oil, and “Drawings” refer to the water colours.

I do not think that further words would be of any use in amplifying this second meaning of the word *Tone*. I think I must leave my readers to the study of the subject in nature and the best paintings they can find, always reminding them that in these lithographed vignettes they have priceless stores of wealth if they will but patiently seek them out: beauties often that will not be noticed until the eye, through the act of copying them, is forced to a closer and more keen analysis of the different parts of each, or until the seemingly simple under the manipulation of the great master becomes, when tried by the hands of amateurs, elusive, infinite, and baffling.

MONTAGU L. GRIFFIN.

---

### MY MOUNTAIN HOME.

#### I.

WE dwelt upon the mountain side,  
Sweet Hope and I;  
Beneath us spread the valley wide—  
Above, blue sky.

There at our feet the wide world lay,  
The world of woe;  
Yet dimly seen, as far away  
And long ago.

We heeded not its busy hum  
And ceaseless strife,  
And care's dread warning voice was dumb,  
So calm our life.

Ah, in our little world, how fair  
Were all things then!  
And Hope and I were happy there,  
Away from men.

We watched the white clouds silent glide  
Across the plain,  
And on the mountain hurrying stride  
The summer rain;

We watched the sun all glorious die  
Behind the hill,  
The shadows darkening o'er the sky  
Till all was still.

II.

She told me oft of that strange land,  
Her kingdom sweet,  
Where friends walk ever hand in hand,  
And lovers meet ;

Where are no pains, no griefs, no sighs,  
No vague dull fears ;  
Out of the busy world it lies,  
Beyond the years.

There men do dwell whose love is pain,  
But still love on ;  
In vain—ah, no ! 'tis not in vain,  
Hope is not gone.

And more than all the pain they prize  
Her vision bright,  
That tells a fairer day shall rise  
When flown the night.

There women dwell who anxious wait  
The loved one's tread ;  
What though it come and all too late  
Find but the dead ?

Even as upon the brink they stand,  
Hope lingers there ;  
Even there she stretches forth her hand  
And bars despair.

Her kingdom—'tis afar, apart,  
Beyond earth's ken.  
Seek it within a wounded heart  
Unknown of men.

III.

One day she left me :—" Do not fear,  
I come again !  
Go thou below, tarry not here—  
Heed not the pain.

" There lies thy way—the world for thee—  
Thy dream has flown !  
Do thou thy work, nor grieve for me  
When I am gone.

"'Tis not for ever. I return  
 Again some day :  
 Thou must thy joys in sorrow earn,  
 Hard is the way !"  
 I watched her slowly climb the hill  
 Steadily on ;  
 She turned and on the brow stood still,  
 And then was gone.

## IV.

Wearily pass the years away  
 In toil and strife,  
 Each creeping hour, each dreary day,  
 With sorrow rife.

Sometimes my heart is clouded o'er  
 With dull despair,  
 Sometimes the burden seemeth more  
 Than I can bear ;

And then I leave the hated plain,  
 The hill to roam,  
 I seek the loved spot once again,  
 My mountain home.

Some day fair Hope and I shall meet  
 On the hill side,  
 And there again in union sweet  
 Shall we abide.

And so be brave, be brave, my heart !  
 'Tis not for aye :  
 The moment's pang, the hourly smart  
 Shall pass away.

'Tis not in vain this poor sad earth,  
 'Tis not in vain ;  
 Not all our grief dies, nothing worth,  
 But lives again.

A day shall dawn, a glorious morn,  
 As the night closes,  
 When we shall find the crown of thorn  
 A crown of roses.

## DARK MARY AND THE GOOD PEOPLE.

HAS the name of the O'Neill country a glamour that makes its folklore\* as attractive as its history? Or if other less famous counties have as wondrous fairy traditions, will they command as wide and attentive a circle of listeners? I say listeners, for if you wish to hear, I will give you a seat here at the fireside, and you can yourself listen to Dark Mary telling one of our tales, or, if you please, more than one. We shall let the firelight have dominion yet awhile. Watch how it seizes on everything in the room with the smallest pretension to brightness, and dances to the rapid measure of its own life, a dance as wild as any fairy frolic. And watch how, in all its haste, it yet stops to shine on the content of Mary's worn face, and on the patience of her poor closed eyelids.

Mary can preach as sound theology as Dr. Walsh himself, but she can tell a fairy story too. For "the exuberance of her faith" has overflowed in a thousand curious beliefs and traditions. They do not hollow out the firm channel where the broad stream of the Church's doctrine flows, fertilizing her whole life; but they bubble in little, shallow, sparkling streams, making beautiful what was already fruitful. But we must get her to tell us the story.

"Mary, will you tell us that story about Tom Connor and the fairies?"

"About Tom Connor? Ah, sure it's time for me to be goin' home. I'm in the way here."

"Nonsense, Mary. You know you're welcome as the flowers of May. And here's a strange lady that never heard the story, and wants to hear it now."

"Oh, troth then I must tell it to her. She didn't know Tom Connor, of Knocktimony? Well, no matter. I suppose he was before her time. He was a fine-lookin' boy, anyway, and a sthrong farmer, an', to be sure, when his mother died, he began to look for a wife. He got a fine, good girl, Mary MacMahon, from near Moyra, with a tidy little fortune. Well an' good, they lived happy for ten long years, and had three purty childher, an' all

\* See "Legends and Ballads of Tyrone," by Miss Rose Kavanagh, in our number for last November; *IRISH MONTHLY*, Vol. xvi., page 646.

sorts of good luck ; an' why would'nt they, for they never turned any poor craythur empty from the door. But at long and at last, throuble came, for one mornin' when Tom wakened he found poor Mary, as he thought, dead beside him. Ay, indeed, God rest her sowl, poor thing, for if she wasn't dead then, it's likely she is now. Well, of course, he put a dacent wake on her, and she was buried in Faughart. Time passed on, an' the place an' the childher were goin' to desolation for want of a woman to look afther them, an' Tom made up his mind for marriage again, and wasn't long till he made a match with a widdy woman from about his own counthry. He brought her home, an' she was a very good manager, an' it all fared very well till one mornin', when Tom was ploughin', who did he see standin' before him but Mary, that every one thought was lyin' content in Faughart churchyard, because for all that she was took away sudden', there was no talk about her appearin'.

" 'Tom,' says she, beginning to speak to him, 'Tom, you buried one you thought was me, but she was only put in my place. An' them that took me are all goin' to China this night, an' if you don't relase me, I'll have to go with them. Will you lose one joint for me, Tom, an' I'll be relased ?'

"She looked at him so pitiful, you'd think it would melt a stone, but whatever came over Tom, he was harder nor a stone, an' he only said—

" 'No, I won't,' and turned to go on with his work. She turned too, an' walked to the end of the plough, an' then she looked back an' says she again—'Tom, will you lose one joint for me, an' release me? Will you not do that much for me, Tom? I know you're married, an' I'll never be a throuble to you as long as I live,\* if you'll only do that much for me.'

" 'No,' says he again. She went away another bit, an' then she turned again, an' she asked him the same question, an' says she this time, 'Tom, if you do it, you'll have the height of good luck every day you rise, an' there'll be a blessin' on you, an' everything 'ill prosper you put your hand to, an' I told you before you'll never be throubled on account of me. But, Tom, if you refuse me, you'll never have an hour's luck, an' everything 'ill go against you, for all that I don't wish it to you. It's the last time I'll ask you,' says she, 'will you relase me?'

" 'No,' says he.

\* This resembles too much the dubious theology of "Enoch Arden."—*Ed. I. M.*

"An' with that the poor woman went across the field, an' out at the haggard gate, an' never throubled anyone afther.

"But from that day Tom Connor went from bad to worse, an' never was out of some throuble till God called him. His childher died one afther the other, his wife died, the cattle got sick or wor killed, or if nothin worse happened them, they got dhry, an' when they were sould an' new bastes bought, the same thing went on wit' them; the horse ran away comin' from the fair, an' killed itself, an' left him on crutches till the day of his death. Pigs, goats, fowl, an' everything else melted away, crops failed, an' when his own time came, the priest had hardly time to overtake him, an' he hadn't a friend to say 'the Lord have mercy on his sowl!'

"An' there it's all for you now," concluded Mary, "an' get me my stick, or they'll be out lookin' for me."

A general outcry from the juniors followed this remark.

"Tell us the story of the horns, Mary," petitions one little favourite, and Mary begins, after some more persuasion.

"There was a woman one time, an' she went to look for spinners an' she spent the whole day goin' round the country, and had a lot of girls promised to come the next mornin'. But when she came home, she was that greedy for the world that she set to to the spinnin' herself, late as it was. Well, she wasn't long about it when the door opened an' in came a woman with two horns.

"'Give us a rock,' " says she.

"'Oh, here's a rock,' says the woman of the house, standin' up. Well, sure, in five minutes more doesn't the door open again, in comes a woman with four horns this time, an' says she, like the other one, 'Give us a rock,' says she. 'Oh, with all my heart, here you are,' says the woman of the house. Well, to make a long story short, they kept comin' till the house was full of them, an' every new one had two horns more than the last. So at last says the woman with the two horns—'Put on a pot there, an' boil us a pot of praties.' The poor woman did as she was tould, an' when the praties were on she slipped out an' over the fields to where a wise man lived, an' she asked him what would she do with the houseful she had beyant.

"'I'll tell you what you'll do,' said he. 'Go up aisy to the door now unbeknownst to them within, an' shout in 'Oh, such a moat's\* afire, such a moat's afire' (of course he told her what moat

\* "Moat" is the name applied locally to a fort or rath.



to name, the one thèy came from, God speed them). ‘An’ when you get them out,’ says he, ‘shut the door up tight an’ stuff every hole, an’ get the tongs an’ put its head in the fire, an’ take down the crook an’ put its head in the fire, an’ do the same with the pot-hooks an’ the lids an’ everything made of iron in the house, an’ then take an’ turn the plates an’ the dishes an’ everything else upside down. An’ when they come back don’t let you say one word, no matter what they say.’

“Away home with the woman, an’ up she crep’ to the door, an’ shouted in what the man tould her. The words wern’t right out of her mouth when they near took the roof off the house with the shouts.

“‘Oh, my house an’ home!’ ‘Oh, my father an’ mother!’ ‘Oh, my sister an’ brother!’ Oh, my friends an’ relations!’ ‘Oh, my house an’ home!’ an’ away wit’ the whole of them shoutin’ like murther, an’ all in Irish. The woman went in an’ shut the door, an’ did everything as the wise man tould her. It wasn’t long till she heard a great whillabaloo goin’ on outside, an’ then they begun to call her—‘Open the door. Let us in. Let us in.’ What a notion she had to let them in! She never let on she heard one of them, an’ afther a while they stopped callin’ her an’ began—‘Let us in, tongs.’ ‘Oh, throth I can’t,’ says the tongs, ‘I’m here with my head in the fire.’ ‘Let us in, you, crook.’ ‘Oh it ’ud be hard for me, an’ my head in the fire,’ says the crook. ‘Then you let us in, pot-hooks.’ But the pot-hooks an’ everything else had the same story, an’ at last one of them outside gave a shout louder than the rest, an’ says she—‘Ha, you ould witch, if you hadn’t to do what you done, it’s your head would be in the pot instead of the praties.’ An’ afther that she heard no more of them.

“An’ here now, get me my stick, an’ don’t keep me any longer, like good childher.”

An’ Mary went home, praying God “to keep them in the state of grace, poor childher. That an’ the health was the great thing.”

K. Mc G.

## THE MAGDALEN.

THEE at thy Master's feet, though weeping sore,  
 Men envy, Magdalen! for at His word  
 The pulses of thy loving heart were stirred  
 To beat for none but Jesus evermore.  
 And when thou didst the odorous spikenard pour  
 Upon His head, how great the grace conferred!  
 For wheresoe'er the Gospel truths are heard,  
 Thy name with His is linked whom all adore.

When flowed in sight of thee the crimson tide  
 From piercé hands and feet, from thorn-crowned head,  
 And from the heart in mercy opened wide:  
 Ah! when thy trembling limbs beneath thee bent,  
 For Love was on the Cross and Hope had fled—  
 Would I had been with thee, true penitent!

E. G.

## OUR POETS.

## No. 22.—JOHN TODHUNTER.

AMERICA—and that means, of course, the United States—does not do things by halves. Even in literary matters she does things on a large scale. For instance, her Magazine for children, *St. Nicholas*, is the biggest and best in the world, and costs a round shilling a month. She is going to devote a periodical to the subject of poetry alone, and this “Magazine of Poetry,” which began its career at Buffalo, in the State of New York, on the first day of the present year, is quite a large affair, a dignified quarterly review. We shall let our readers know more about it hereafter; but it will soon be plain why the thought of it has occurred to us in beginning to write about the works of Mr. John Todhunter. In the prospectus of this American Review the editor gives a pretty full list of the poets who will be discussed in the early numbers. Counting up, we find fifty Americans and thirty-six English writers among the living; and amongst the dead on both sides of

the Atlantic thirty-four. It would be interesting to analyse these lists, and this may be attempted some other time; but the point at present is that among the English poets living and dead, that is, among the writers of verse in the British Isles for the last thirty years or so, the only natives of Ireland mentioned by this American editor, who has made poetry his special study, are (not to include John Boyle O'Reilly, who fairly enough is put down among the American authors) John Todhunter, Rosa Mulholland, and William Allingham. Only these three: Davis, Clarence Mangan, Aubrey de Vere, Samuel Ferguson, Denis Florence MacCarthy, and a hundred others utterly ignored! One is even surprised to find the author of "Vagrant Verses" included in the catalogue, in which, indeed, she has a good right to be. But the object of the present paper is to show cause for the compliment paid to Mr. Todhunter; and we must crush into a footnote sundry names that have a right to be classed with his in any enumeration of Irish poets.\*

John Todhunter was born in Dublin, at 19 Sir John Rogerson's Quay, December 29th, 1839. His parents being members of the Society of Friends, he was educated at Quaker schools at Mountmellick in the Queen's County, and at York. He graduated at Trinity College in 1867, and took the degree of M.D. in 1871, after a course of study in the hospitals of Vienna and Paris. He practised his profession for seven years in Dublin, but gradually made literature more and more his profession. Since 1874 he has resided chiefly in London. All his books,

\* Lest we should be unable soon to return to the more general subject, we may transcribe here a list, drawn up hastily for transmission to Buffalo, of Irish poets since Thomas Moore. The first place is due to those who have persevered so far in their vocation as to have their poems collected into volumes. Of these there are among the dead, Denis Florence MacCarthy, Sir Samuel Ferguson, Thomas Davis, James Clarence Mangan, Gerald Griffin, Edmund Armstrong, Francis Davis, Robert Dwyer Joyce, D'Arcy M'Gee, Richard Dalton Williams, George Darley, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, Richard Chenevix Trench, Fanny Parnell, &c. Among the living, the following have published volumes of verse: Aubrey de Vere, Sir Stephen de Vere, Thomas Irwin, Alfred Perceval Graves, Lady Wilde, T. D. Sullivan, Edward Dowden, Edmund Holmes, William Allingham, John Todhunter, George Francis Armstrong, Arthur Geoghegan ("Monks of Kilcrea"), Oscar Wilde, William Wilkins, Rosa Mulholland, Katharine Tynan, Helena Callanan, William Yeats, Bishop Alexander and his wife, Justin Huntly McCarthy, and others. Among those whose poems are scattered through various collections are Lady Dufferin, Edward Walsh, J. K. Ingram, Sir C. G. Duffy, Judge O'Hagan, Martin MacDermott, and a great many others whose names will at once occur to the reader.

which are numerous, but some of them rather slim—have been brought out by Kegan Paul and Company, except the first, which bears on the title-page the name of H. S. King, to whom Mr. Paul succeeded. This circumstance, and the nature of the themes chosen by his muse, account for the fact that Mr. Todhunter is comparatively unknown in his own country. But we shall see that his latest and best volume is intensely Irish.

His first publication was "*Laurella, and Other Poems*," in 1876, but his preface stated that most of the pieces had been written many years before. *The Athenæum* at the time pronounced these poems to be "spirited and flowing, and full of clever descriptions," while *The Academy* discovered in them "very considerable powers of verse, and thought, and culture, together with careful workmanship." "*Laurella*," which is placed first, and deserves that post of honour and danger, is a tale of southern Italy, told in a hundred-and-fifty stanzas of the Beppo pattern, very prettily and pathetically told, and very cleverly versified. Indeed in the mechanism of metre, Mr. Todhunter is a very skilful artist, and in his first volume especially he seems to have aimed at as great variety as possible. One of his cleverest pieces of workmanship is "*Hertha*," in hexameters which remind one less of *Evangeline* than of Clough's *Vacation Pastoral*. It ends admirably. The lyrical pieces in Mr. Todhunter's first volume are full of melody and colour, such as those that are inscribed to August and September. Of his earliest batch of sonnets we like best "*The First Spring Day*," which we have already transferred to our pages in one of the many papers devoted to the discussion of the Sonnet. Another of them questions the questionable assertion which Lord Tennyson adopts from an earlier bard:—

"This is truth the poet sings,

That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

Mr. Todhunter calls his sonnet "*Nessun maggior dolore*," from the passage of Dante referred to in *Locksley Hall*:—

"No greater grief! Is it then always grief  
Remembering happier times in times of sorrow?  
Does one day of delight ne'er bring relief  
To the sick soul on a despairful morrow?  
Past joys are a possession. Oft we borrow  
Strength for our present pain from out the brief  
Bright moments garnered long in memory's sheaf—

August's rich grains make glad December's furrow.  
 Have once mine eyes beheld in visions blest  
 Beauty's dread form or Love's death-conquering face,  
 My heart leaped up transfigured, as she sung,  
 Who raised to life my life, whose gentle breast  
 From the world's rush was my one resting place,—  
 Blind, deaf, and old,—I see, hear, still am young.

But let us give a brief sample of the descriptive power which *The Athenæum* singled out as a characteristic of Mr. Todhunter's first poems. Here is the very first page of all, the opening scene of *Laurella* :—

“ 'Twas morning in Sorrento ; voiceless lay  
 The sea, beneath the dim grey eyes of dawn ;  
 Vesuvius' breath, low-looming, crept away  
 O'er town and town, to where white Naples shone ;  
 On misty peaks still wandered the young day,  
 Yet void was every house, the townsfolk gone ;  
 The beach was all alive where by the cliffs  
 The fishers hauled their nets or launched their skiffs.

“ Like gulls awaked by morning's earliest coming  
 From ocean-haunted sleep, woke that wild clan ;  
 Like gulls upon the shore they clustered, screaming  
 Harshly their guttural Neapolitan.  
 With gull-like greed their eager eyes were gleaming,  
 O'er shuddering heaps of fish ; even children ran  
 To swell the concourse mustering there, to reap  
 With clamorous toil the harvest of the deep.

\* \* \*

“ Not a red-kerchieft crone, who, bent with age,  
 The twirling wool from breast-borne distaff twitched,  
 But gossiped shrill with true Calabrian rage,  
 News-tingling tongues discharged in ears that itched.  
 Like household Fates they plied their labour sage,  
 Spinning the daily fleece of life, enriched  
 With crimson threads of scandal—bits of colour  
 In the dull yarn which without these were duller.”

The “shuddering heaps of fish” in the preceding passage is a touch from nature, as also the following :—

“ Here impish boys tumbled in boisterous glee,  
 And there small girls sat gravely on the ground,  
 Motherlike nursing their live dolls of brothers,  
 Or drinking wisdom from their fathers' mothers.”

One of Mr. Todhunter's best sustained lyrical efforts is the

‘Hymn for a May Morning,’ but it is much too long for quotation. We fear that it is only by accident that his Muse addresses the month which the Indians call the moon of the flowering hawthorn in terms which suit it best under its devotional consecration as *le Mois de Marie* :—

“O virgin-cheeked and mother-hearted May,  
Madonna of the months !”

Not taking Mr. Todhunter’s works in order, we may now pass on at once to the year 1881, which gave us “Forest Songs, and other Poems,” only one-third the size of his first volume, and perhaps all the better for that. A great many of the poems in this volume, as also in his latest of all, dispense with rhyme, while striving to be lyrical without its aid. Mr. W. E. Henley, in his delightful “Book of Verses,” makes a similar experiment, but in a way that shows him more under the influence of Walt Whitman—Whitman a little tamed and civilized. We must not quote anything longer than this rendering of the old *Tota vita desiderium* :—

“When the sun flamed fiercely on me,  
Longed I for the rain ;  
When the rain beat cold upon me,  
For the sun again.  
All our life is but a longing,  
Joy’s but one sweet sigh.  
All our life is but a longing—  
Cease to long, we die.”

We do not know how far Mr. Todhunter has contributed, anonymously or otherwise, to the periodical literature of the day. His only prose work that we are acquainted with is “A Study of Shelley,” published in 1880. We cannot sympathise much with the tone which it is the fashion to assume towards Shelley, as if he were not a man accountable to his Creator, nor are we much impressed by “the pure and beautiful soul of Mary Wolstonecraft.” But Mr. Todhunter’s analysis of the poems of “the poet’s poet” is very interesting and very useful. Probably the authorised Life of Shelley, by Mr. Edward Dowden (another Irish poet), has rendered necessary considerable modifications in Mr. Todhunter’s work, which, nevertheless, can never cease to afford help and delight to the conscientious student of Shelley. The brief extract that follows is not meant as a specimen of what we attribute to the book.

It refers to the two bits of Shelley which everyone is acquainted with, even those who do not know another line of his poems.

"*The Cloud* is just the kind of poem to be popular in a *Golden Treasury*, where readers might get it by heart, and fancy they knew Shelley. All Shelley's genius cannot make musical this sing-song metre, with its monotonous recurrence of clashing rhymes. A violinist might as well attempt a solo on the banjo. As a piece of natural science prettily poetized, it is a delicate morsel enough. *To a Skylark* is a song of an immeasurably higher strain, full of the rapture and aspiration of that 'unbodied joy' whose flight it sings. The very metre suggests the dizzy ecstasy of this flight, with its fluttering pauses, and sidelong swervings and upward gyrations. It is 'a rain of melody,' showered on us from the sky of poesy, to which the world *does* listen now, as the poet was listening then."

Perhaps there is no part of Mr. Todhunter's "Study of Shelley" more satisfactory than his examination of his dramatic work, original and translated. He has himself published three dramas, each in its own thin octavo, without any appendix of miscellaneous poems: "*Alceste*" in 1879, "*The True Tragedy of Rienzi, Tribune of Rome*," in 1881, and "*Helena in Troas*" in 1886. The last of these is a play in English verse, but in Greek form, on a Homeric subject, namely, the Death of Paris. This play was very successfully performed in May, 1886, in London, drawing large and appreciative audiences to the eight matinées which constituted its run. It was produced under the direction of the late E. W. Godwin, F.S.A., who transformed Hengler's Circus into the most perfect representation of a Greek theatre that could well be devised. We have heard that such scholars as Professor Jebb, and such archæologists as Sir Charles Newton (late Director of Classical Archæology in the British Museum), bore warm testimony to the beauty of the *mise en scène*. The movements of the chorus, as they sang the choric odes, gave a particular charm to these performances. The principal parts were taken by Miss Alma Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, and Mr. Hermann Vezin, who entered with enthusiasm into the spirit of this classical drama.

In all the volumes that we have referred to we do not remember a single phrase that would betray the poet to be an Irishman. So much the worse for him, for all these conventional and classical themes can hardly stir the pulse unless when handled by such an inspiring poet, such a true Greek, as Keats. But suddenly Antæus touches his native soil, and gains fresh vigour by the contact.

Mr. Todhunter's last volume, "*The Banshee and Other Poems*," is in many respects his best. An Irish poet's *raison d'être* is his

nationality, unless one should happen to arise of the rank of a Shakespeare or a Dante : such a one could afford to be cosmopolitan. But for lesser wearers of the laurel, they cannot too soon or too well learn the lesson that in singing of the faith that is in them, be it religious, rational or social, they make their reason, and they find their audience. In this volume, which Mr. Todhunter has called after the short poem beginning it, he sings the old Gaelic stories, "The Children of Lir," and "The Children of Tuireann," in a strange, unrhymed, chanting measure, which has much fitness, though no warrant of precedence. The swan-story is given with great truth and faithfulness, and its reading gains in beauty from its sincerity. The modern note is so entirely absent from the Irish poems that one must find a certain incongruity in the few present-day poems tacked on to the end of the volume : they seem somehow out of place, however good in themselves. On none of these, therefore, shall our choice fall, but on "The Banshee" itself :—

"Green, in the wizard arms  
Of the foam-bearded Atlantic,  
An isle of old enchantment,  
A melancholy isle,  
Enchanted and dreaming lies ;  
And there, by Shannon's flowing,  
In the moonlight, spectre-thin,  
The spectre, Erin, sits.

"An aged desolation,  
She sits by old Shannon's flowing,  
A mother of many children,  
Of children exiled and dead ;  
In her home, with bent head, homeless,  
Clasping her knees she sits,  
Keening, keening.

"And at her keene the fairy-grass  
Trembles on dun and barrow ;  
Around the foot of her ancient crosses  
The rye-grass shakes and the foxglove swings ;  
In haunted glens the meadow-sweet  
Flings to the night wind  
Her mystic mournful perfume :  
The sad spearmint by holy wells  
Breathes melancholy balm.

"Sometimes she lifts her head,  
With blue eyes tearless,  
And gazes athwart the reek of night  
Upon things long past,  
Upon things to come.



" And sometimes when the moon  
 Brings tempest upon the deep,  
 And roused Atlantic thunders from  
 His caverns in the west.  
 The wolf-hound at her feet  
 Springs up with a mighty bay,  
 And chords of mystery sound from  
 The wild harp at her side,  
 Strung from the heart of poets;  
 And she flies on the wings of tempest  
 Around her shuddering isle,  
 With gray hair streaming,  
 A meteor of evil omen,  
 The spectre of hope forlorn,  
 Keening, keening.

" She keenes, and the strings of her wild harp  
 Shiver on the gusts of night :  
 O'er the four waters she keenes—  
 Over Moyle she keenes,  
 O'er the sea of Miledth,  
 And the strait of Strongbow,  
 And the ocean of Columbus.

" And the Fianna hear, and the ghosts of her cloudy hovering heroes,  
 And the swan, Fianoula, wails o'er the waters of Innisfail,  
 Chanting her song of destiny,  
 The rune of the weaving Fates  
 And the nations hear, in the void and quaking time of night,  
 Sad unto dawning, dirges,  
 Solemn dirges,  
 And snatches of bardic song ;  
 And they dream of the weird of kings,  
 And tyrannies moulting, sick  
 In the dreadful wind of change.

" Wail no more, Lonely one !  
 Mother of Exiles, wail no more !  
 Banshee of the world—no more !  
 Thy sorrows are the world's,  
 Thou art no more alone—  
 Thy wrongs, the world's."

Mr. Todhunter has learned well in this strong unconventional book how to reproduce that Celtic atmosphere which has no glamour of splendour or colour, but is like a Twilight of the Gods wherein loom barbaric heroes and barbaric heroism, vast and misty ; and there is a wild, somewhat inconsequent network of witchcraft and giants, of spells and enchantment, mixed with human action. But

the strongest poem in the new book is a savage, fine ballad of later days, "Aghadoe :"

"There's a glade in Aghadoe, Aghadoe, Aghadoe,  
There's a green and silent glade in Aghadoe,  
Where we met, my love and I, love's fair planet in the sky,  
O'er that weet and silent glade in Aghadoe.

"There's a glen in Aghadoe, Aghadoe, Aghadoe,  
There's a deep and secret glen in Aghadoe,  
Where I hid from the eyes of the redcoats and their spies,  
That year the trouble came to Aghadoe.

"Oh! my curse on one black heart in Aghadoe, Aghadoe .  
On Shaun Dhuv, my mother's son, in Aghadoe !  
When your throat fries in hell's drought, salt the flame be in your mouth,  
For the treachery you did in Aghadoe !

"For they tracked me to that glen in Aghadoe, Aghadoe,  
When the price was on his head in Aghadoe ;  
O'er the mountain, through the wood, as I stole to him with food,  
Where in hiding lone he lay in Aghadoe.

"But they never took him living in Aghadoe, Aghadoe ;  
With the bullets in his heart in Aghadoe,  
There he lay, the head—my breast keeps the warmth where once 'twould rest—  
Gone, to win the traitor's gold, from Aghadoe !

"I walked to Mallow Town from Aghadoe, Aghadoe,  
Brought his head from the gaol's gate to Aghadoe,  
Then I covered him with fern, and I piled on him the cairn,  
Like an Irish King he sleeps in Aghadoe.

"Oh! to creep into that cairn in Aghadoe, Aghadoe,  
There to rest upon his breast in Aghadoe !  
Sure your dog for you could die with no truer heart than I,  
Your own love, cold on your cairn in Aghadoe.

A strong book in every way, virile and unconventional, and asserting well Mr. Todhunter's claim to our pride in him and our praise of him as a true Irish poet.

## MIXED METAPHORS.

BEING a child that's playing by the sea,  
 Picking up pebbles on the shores of time,  
 This placid fishing for the evasive Rhyme  
 Is sure as good as other playthings be.  
 You who have toiled so much still weep, while we  
 Reproached are with joy as with a crime :  
 When I consider "every man's a mime"  
 What part I play is quite the same to me.

If only you, O mighty audience!  
 That in the soft deep-cushioned stalls do sit,  
 Clap your thin hands and make a vain pretence  
 Of praise for that which tires—I laugh at it.  
 I seek the plaudits of *your* keener sense,  
 Beer-drinking Demos—people in the pit!

HILAIRE BELLOC.

## SOME MISTAKES CORRECTED.

What is the use of tables of errata? What reader will consult them in order to set right the errors of the press? It is partly for this reason that nowadays we so seldom see a regular table of errata appended to a volume. Mistakes are still committed, but they are left to the ingenious reader to correct for himself.

How many of our readers were ingenious enough to see that John Francis O'Donnell, at page 691 of our last year's volume, quoted, not Dr. Cairns, but Shakespeare's Dr. Caius? In the next page of that article on "The John Francis O'Donnell Memorial Committee" Dr. Waller's *nom de plume*, "Jonathan Freke Slingsby," has the middle name transformed into "Areka."

The article in which these mistakes occur corrects in a footnote appended to page 696 the mistakes which had crept into a previous page of the same number, in the printing of Mr. Daniel Crilly's sonnet on Thomas Davis. But that paper on No. 19 of "Our Poets" contained other mistakes, not merely such verbal errors as

*foretastes* for *forestals* in page 671, but errors of fact. In spite of a subtle argument which went to prove that the poet was left a motherless orphan at an early age, we are glad to learn that his mother is still in the enjoyment of excellent health.

A blunder of another kind was committed at page 634 of the same volume by the Editor himself, who tried to correct it by this note, which appeared in *The Freeman's Journal* on the 5th of October:—

"SIR—The letter of the father of John Dillon, M.P., which your notice of the current *Irish Monthly* characterises as 'of historical importance,' was written to William Smith O'Brien, whose name has been omitted by a curious oversight, as you remark. Your wish for 'plenty more' of those 'Young Ireland' documents will be gratified.—Yours faithfully,

"THE EDITOR OF 'THE IRISH MONTHLY.'"

Those mistakes of the press are particularly irritating which no ingenious guessing on the part of the reader could possibly correct, and these blunders are still more irritating when they mar some production of the *genus irritabile vatum*. At page 94 of our issue for last month, one stanza of "A Friendless King" was utterly destroyed both as to rhyme and reason. It ought to have run thus:—

"Then a sad-browed woman crept softly in,  
With her vesture soiled and her proud head low—  
His sorrowful eyes saw all of her sin,  
And washed her white as the snow."

Again, in our opening number of this year we professed to give from the author's own manuscript the authentic text of Sir Samuel Ferguson's "Loyal Orangeman." One of the additions that we made to the copy before printed in our pages from the memory of a faithful friend, was this couplet at the top of page 58 of our current volume:—

"Well, what div'ye think my buffer sly,  
Had the impudence for to reply."

In the first proof-sheet the printer changed the epithet to *shy*. The reviser, of course, substituted *l* for *h*; but, alas! the word finally appears as *say*. How many readers have skill enough to discover, in spite of the printer, that the rhyme for *reply* is *sly*?—and, lower down in the same clever squib, that "brave John Pitt" rhymes with *yit*?

In a previous article of the same number the third sentence in page 28 is more than improved by a change in the last verb. "Wherever he turned, a scene of beauty met his gaze, something suggestive struck his fancy."

By accident, just before putting these notes on paper, my eye fell on page 53 of our thirteenth volume, where this remark occurs in a short notice of "Our Contemporaries." "The article is full of minute condition which is evidently the fruit of a careful, loving study of the subject; and fortunately the condition is set forth to the best advantage with the aid of a lively imagination," etc. This is an illustration of the work that the editor of a Latin classic or an old English play has sometimes to do. With so many writings and copyings and printings, errors must creep in. What did the writer say originally? The present writer was the writer also of the sentence just quoted, and in reading it after three years he saw there was something wrong. Is the ingenious reader able to detect and then to correct the mistake? What about that word *condition* occurring twice in the passage? Of course it is a printer's blunder for *erudition*.

Running through our volume for last year is a mistake which may puzzle future generations of readers. We had occasion to refer to the "Letters of Thomas Davis," at page 261 of that volume, and were startled to find that page immediately preceded by page 252. Some student of the twentieth century, consulting this venerable old tome (as it will then be) in the British Museum or in the Public Library of Chicago—to mention two institutions which we know keep complete sets of this Magazine—such a reader will imagine that there is a gap in his copy. He will be mistaken; for this is only a blunder in the pagination, or we should rather say, the paging of the volume. The printer numbered with the rest the advertisement pages which are cut away by the binder. Therefore, in spite of the breaks in the numbering of the pages, the volumes are complete. But these apparent gaps will be avoided in future.

In the pathetic elegy "In Memory of Annie," at page 36 of our present volume, the moon, in the fourth stanza, was originally qualified by an epithet more pointed than "waning." But neither "hasty" (which is degraded out of its etymological meaning, and confined to *tempers* and *conclusions*), nor yet "hasting," would be understood in the sense intended by the young poet, who had

before his mind's eye a sky at night, when neither cloudless nor altogether overclouded, when the wind is high and drives the clouds rapidly over the face of the moon, which is only seen for a moment or two, and seems to speed across the heavens and hide itself from view. Would any part of this meaning be conveyed by the epithet "storm-chased?"

---

### WINGED WORDS.

Men and times change, statesmen and parties pass away; but the aspirations of a people are imperishable.—*John O'Leary.*

It is an effect of God's mercy not to deliver wholly from temptations and imperfections.—*St. Bernard.*

In youth one has tears without grief; in old age, grief without tears.—*Abbé Roux.*

The safe conservatism which never moves lest it fail, I abhor: it is the dry-rot in the Church, and my heart goes out to the man who never tolerated it in his calculations. Safe conservatism would have left the Apostles in Palestine.—*Archbishop Ireland.*

Self confidence is the first requisite to great undertakings.—*Dr. Johnson.*

He that is pleased with himself easily imagines that he shall please others.—*The Same.*

One little thought aids in forming our character. If each thought be pure and right, the soul will be lovely and happy; but if impure or wrong, there will be deformity and wretchedness.—*Anon.*

The appreciation of poetry is so subtle a thing that even ethical disagreement will generally disturb it.—*Weekly Register.*

Every evil to which we do not succumb is a benefactor. As the Sandwich Islander believes that the strength and valor of the enemy he kills pass into himself, so we gain the strength of the temptation we resist.—*Emerson.*

Wasting time is the fault of almost numberless varieties of lives. Nearly every man has his own way of wasting time. Idling, dawdling, frittering, gossiping, dreaming, procrastinating, playing with our work, trivial activity—these are only some of the common forms of wasting time. Yet wasted time is a vengeful thing, and stings terribly at the last.—*Faber.*

Of what a hideous progeny is debt the father! What lies, what

meanness, what invasion on self-respect, what cares, what double-dealing! How in due season it will carve the frank, open face into wrinkles! how like a knife it will stab the honest heart.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

Is there a greater link between this world and the next than God's blessing on the young breathed from the lips of the old?—*Edward Lord Lytton.*

---

### THE SONNETS OF AN IRISH NUN.

DENIS Florence Mac Carthy—and it will presently be apparent that there is a certain fitness in beginning this paper with his honoured name—Denis Florence Mac Carthy, at one of those public banquets which were, perhaps, more common formerly\* than nowadays, was called upon to respond to the toast of “the Literature of Ireland.” The poet-orator, who was very much more a poet than an orator, referred to “the Petrarchan delicacy of Shannon, and the ballad power of Ferguson.” Samuel Ferguson, instead of being forgotten, has, we hope, become better known since his death; but E. N. Shannon, author of “The Deserted College,” is utterly unknown to our generation. Yet in an early number of *The Nation*, one of the “Answers to Correspondents,” while it discountenanced the writing of sonnets, added: “except Mr. Shannon’s, we have hardly read any sonnets with pleasure since Wordsworth’s.”

If “Desmond,” as is quite possible, was the author of that note, he changed his mind afterwards. He wrote few sonnets himself, but he certainly read with great pleasure the sonnets of an Irish Nun. This is unfortunately not the name of a book, but the collective name which we have thought fit to give to certain compositions of our own contributor, Sister Mary Stanislaus, scattered over fourteen or fifteen volumes of *The Irish Monthly*, or printed on private leaflets, or hidden still in manuscript.

We may begin by naming some of the Irish Nun’s sonnets which have already graced our own pages. It is significant—some

\* What is now done or attempted by a Charity Sermon, was then, or some twenty years earlier, effected by a public speech-making breakfast, with O’Connell in the chair. The funds for a school at Clondalkin, for instance, were thus procured.

would use the sterner word, "ominous"—that the absolutely first poem in this magazine, so early as the tenth page of No. 1, in July, 1873, took the sonnet-form; but those sonnets were written by Aubrey de Vere, not by Sister Stanislaus, whose first contribution is an exquisitely tender "Rebuke for Mourning the Death of a dear Child." Our second volume has her sonnet "On an unusually fine day in December;" and the third has few things more graceful than "My Three," and none more pious than "A Eucharistic Thought," to which last I shall for a certain reason refer later on, as also to her sonnet in our fifth volume "Make Sure of Prayer." Volume Five has a sonnet, "The Dead," marked by the initials S. M. S.; but much more her own is the sonnet in the sixth volume "addressed to S. M. S. by her brother Florence"—the poet's gifted son, called by his name of predilection, not long separated from him by death. At page 350 of our ninth volume will be found three sonnets full of affectionate reverence, "On Cardinal Newman's 80th Birthday"—and as they are dated February 21, 1881, this beloved and venerated man must now have just completed the eighty-eighth year of his illustrious life. This enumeration has missed two sonnets on St. John the Evangelist, and probably some others. We must now find room for as many as possible of the Irish Nun's Sonnets which have not already made their home in *The Irish Monthly*.

Some of these might be grouped together under the heading of "Thoughts from Faber;" and those who are able to appreciate skill in sonnet-writing will not think less, but more, of the merit of these compositions when they are allowed to see this pious Muse in the actual process of translating into this form the animated prose of the saintly Oratorian. Thus, at page 158 of the first volume of his "Notes on Spiritual Subjects," this remark is found: "Easter is a happy day, but I think our true Easter will not be till we look that first time on the beautiful welcome of His Easter Face." Mark how simply and naturally this is developed into the swelling and ebbing of quatrains and tercets:—

" Oh, what a joyous feast is Easter Day!

All Nature risen hails her risen King;

The air is sweet with the fresh scents of Spring,

The pale green boughs announce the coming May,

And the young birds, with life's strange newness gay.

Their raptured joy at living loudly sing,

While the freed church-bells alleluia ring

And Lent gone by makes brighter the sun's ray.



Thus after life's all-sanctifying gloom—  
 That Holy-Week that ends but with the tomb—  
 The purple veil of earthly grief gives place ;  
 And, like the birds, our happy souls set free  
 Pour the glad song of immortality  
 And read the welcome on God's Easter Face.

The sonnet by S. M. S., at page 528 of our fifth volume, is but a skilful versifying of these words of Frederick Faber, which may be found at page 159 of the second volume of his "Notes on Spiritual Subjects." "If you are young, and look forward to the opening trials of life; if you desire to find yourself strong in God's grace, and established in holiness, you must be sure of prayer. If you are middle-aged, and not so holy as you feel you should be, and look on to old age and its peculiar difficulties, you must be sure of prayer. If you are old and look on to death, etc., be sure of prayer. Let us all look up to the bright heaven above us. Are you to be there? Is it to be your everlasting home? Be sure of prayer." And the passage ends with this pithy warning: "You have only two things to be frightened at—your great grace, and your little prayer." The holy Irish primate, Dr. Joseph Dixon, used to repeat constantly in his sermons: "We want faith in prayer—we want faith in prayer!" The practice of prayer revives our faith in prayer; and therefore we shall give here in another form this earnest exhortation to prayer: for who could be expected to find it in a magazine published in 1877? Father Faber's admonition is none the less forcible for being thus "bound within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground."—

"Art thou still young, and dost thou glance along  
 Life's opening pathway with a timid dread?  
*Make sure of prayer*, thence be thy courage fed,  
 And in the midst of strife thou shalt be strong.  
 Or do the cares of middle lifetime throng  
 In all-absorbing force round heart and head?  
*Make sure of prayer!* Our Master erstwhile said:  
 'One thing sufficeth, over-care is wrong.'  
 Or hast thou reached old age's twilight drear?  
*Make sure of prayer*, the die is not yet cast,  
 In sight of port sank many a vessel fair.  
 If thou dost hope—and hope supposes fear—  
 If thou dost hope for God and heaven at last,  
 In life, in death, *make sure, make sure of prayer!*"

"A Eucharistic Thought," which we have already mentioned

as appearing in an early volume of THE IRISH MONTHLY, re-appeared in an appendix to "Emmanuel, a Book of Eucharistic Verses," under the title of "The Prisoner of Love." It was preceded by Denis Florence Mac Carthy's fine version of the *Lauda Sion*, and a note informed the reader that "the author of the sonnet was related to the Translator of *Lauda Sion* as closely as Adelaide Procter to Barry Cornwall"—which needlessly mystical way of expressing the relationship of father and daughter amused one ingenious reader considerably. The same note stated incorrectly that the thought occurs in Faber's *Blessed Sacrament*; whereas it is to be found at page 167 of the first volume of his *Notes on Spiritual Subjects*.

"Ah, my brethren, you know, each of you in your hearts, how you treat the Blessed Sacrament. Jesus does not look you visibly in the face now; He shrouds His face in the white veils of the Sacrament. But if we saw His look, would it not be a look of reproachful sadness? Oh, can you not picture to yourself the piercing look of tenderest reproof which He will cast upon us as He reminds us of all this at the Judgment? Truly, if we go straight to heaven, it will be no little purgatory to pass into the gates of the Golden City under that dear and intolerable look!"

With difficulty we refrain from giving our Irish Nun's beautiful setting of the English priest's idea; but this is already in print, while there are other sonnets beside us that have never yet emerged from their manuscript state. For instance, this is how Sister Mary Stanislaus translates into sonnetese the following thought of Father Faber at page 399 of his *Spiritual Conferences*. "God does not look at us merely in the mass and multitude. As we shall stand single and alone before His judgment-seat, so do we stand, so shall we always stand, single and alone before the eye of His boundless love!"

"Not in the mass God views us things of clay.  
As one by one we each shall stand alone  
Clad in our works before the Judgment-throne,  
So singly 'neath his eyes from day to day  
We heedless live our puny lives away.  
Men could but loathe the best of us thus known:  
But with *Him* sight is love in service shown—  
'All mine, mine only!' each of us can say.

"Lord, from my path thy glance has never swerved,  
And, spite of all, Thy love remains unmoved—  
My very servant, Master, Thou hast been!  
That I may serve as I each day am served,  
That I may love as I each day am loved,  
Oh, make me see as I each day am seen!"

The accomplished reader will have perceived that our *P* belongs to the strictest sect of sonneteers, a very Pharisee correctness of form—as in this last instance conforming rigidly to that best metrical scheme indicated by the letters : *abba, abb cde, cde*.

Here we may break the monotony by a sonnet which is not by an Irish Nun, but by an American Nun, whom we shall call Sister Pauline, and who calls her little poem, “The Heart’s Need.”

“ High up among his frescoes, half-divine,  
Wrought Angelo, in busy solitude  
Watching each grand conception from the crude,  
Rough germ, till, new created, line by line,  
A world majestic o’er his head did shine.  
Alone the wonders of his hand he viewed—  
He whom the gifts of thousand minds endued—  
The lofty, high-souled, and he saw that shrine,  
The magnet of a world for ages; yet  
The heart’s deep cry for present sympathy  
O’ermastered him, and, failing human word,  
He seized his Crucifix—his amulet—  
And, wild with rapture, raising it on high,  
He cried ‘ Is not that beautiful, my Lord ? ’ ”

Another American Nun, with an Irish heart, sends this improved version of her sonnet, signed “ E. G.,” at page 252 of our volume for 1887. Sister Ellen thus addresses a “ Luminous Crucifix ”—one, namely, which shines out brightly in the darkness. She has written the last line thus :—

“ Till all who know and love Thee not are Thine.”

A better ending, but it strikes me that the reader would be apt to misinterpret the phrase that I have altered, and to connect the *not* with only the second of the verbs :—

“ O radiant image of the Love supreme,  
With arms outstretched on cross so silver-bright,  
Most sweet consoler thou, in sleepless night.  
For seemingly the moon’s resplendent beam  
Through sudden crevice in the wall doth stream,  
And midnight darkness swiftly maketh light.  
Shall prayer speed heavenward my spirit’s flight,  
Or must I lose thy presence in a dream ? ”

" Dear Lord, I would 'twere only in my sleep  
Thy patient love holds not this heart of mine :  
Too often shadows o'er my pathway creep.  
Oh ! bid the glory of Thy cross to shine  
In darksome vale and on the hill-top steep,  
Till all who love Thee not are Thine, are Thine ! "

Before going back to the sonnets of our Irish Nun, let me stray still further from my subject by slipping in a little poem which is not by any Nun on either side of the Irish Ocean, nor even a sonnet, though of almost the same length. It appeared in *Temple Bar*, April 1886, and was signed, "Attie Pigot-Carleton." All the three names may belong to an Irishwoman, or indeed to an Irishman; and perhaps the only other Attie known to our readers is the Author of "The Carradassan Family." The lines are addressed "To the Liberator," and Death has seldom been apostrophised to better purpose :—

" How wilt thou come to tell me I may go ?  
Athwart acacia-bloom ? Across the snow ?  
Wilt come when slip the swallows to their eaves ?  
Or will thy step draw near on russet leaves ?

" Chilled to the heart, I sigh that aught should stay  
The feet I listen for, by night, by day ;  
Thrilled to the soul, I cry, ' This hour, this year.  
Must bring thee nearer, and may bring thee near.' "

" Life is not life, and love scarce love can be  
Before from pain and stain by thee made free :  
Whom thou hast healed, with him all things are well,  
O mightiest, tenderest angel, Azrael !

" Timed by God's dial shall thy shadow fall  
On each incarnate spirit's prison wall—  
Thy long kiss hush all moan—thy strong hand press  
Back the last bar that holdeth in durèss."

This little piece seems to me to discuss with remarkable energy, and concentration of phrase, the possible circumstances of death. Does not the first stanza give considerable freshness to the rather commonplace query—shall death come for me in summer or winter, spring or autumn ? The third line is justified as an allusion to Spring, by the Greek form of the common proverb about one swallow not making Summer. Like the House of Commons, we have forsworn Greek quotations, but even under the clumsy disguise of the Roman letters—*Chelidon ou poiei ear*—it is plain that

not summer but springtime is associated with the appearance of the swallow. I have never seen the name "Attie Pigot-Carleton" anywhere else; but the memory of his or her lines "To the Liberator," would make me read carefully anything to which this name might be attached.

Returning to our Irish Nun, I give without note or comment a twin pair of elegiac sonnets unpublished till now :—

## I.

"She dreaded death, she put the thought away—  
 'She would get better, she was not to die.'  
 Yet, when the time drew near, she pined to fly  
 At once to God, nor brooked an hour's delay.  
 He came Himself to clear the clouds away :  
 He suffered her to gaze upon His face .  
 For one ecstatic moment's fleeting space,  
 And Death's grim terrors melt like ocean's spray.  
 Oh ! it is ever thus with those that serve  
 This all too bounteous, all too loving Lord :  
 More, ah ! far more than all their needs deserve  
 He gives in life—and then the great reward !  
 And, should they tremble when the last hour's come,  
 He comes Himself to guide their footsteps home.

## II.

"Yes, lay these snowdrops and these immortelles  
 Upon her grave, for fitting types are they  
 Of that sweet, gentle spirit passed away ;  
 Pure, innocent with much of childhood's spell,  
 And yet possessed of qualities that well  
 May keep her memory as a guiding ray  
 To those who still toil up the darksome way  
 In the same paths where once her footsteps fell.  
 Unfit was she for this low world of ours,  
 Yet so unstained its dusty paths she trod  
 That, pure as one of Springtide's early flowers,  
 Her happy soul went back again to God,  
 Bearing nought earthly to the angel's sphere  
 Except the thought of those she loved while here.

Earlier in our present number, in a note on page 146, we have given a hastily compiled census of Irish poets since Moore. We may compare with this a similar attempt made recently by a correspondent of *The Catholic Times*, with regard to the Catholic poets who during this nineteenth century of ours—soon no longer ours, even if we are to see the end of it—have uttered their souls in Shakspeare's tongue. Taking "English" in its narrower local

sense, this writer begins with the Catholic writers of verse who were natives of England: for Scotland with its two or three undistinguished names does not yet deserve to be grouped apart.

"Without aiming at chronological order or any order, the English Catholic poets that occur to me are Cardinal Newman, Father Faber, Coventry Patmore, Father Edward Caswell, Adelaide Procter, Kenelm Digby (better known for his prose), Alice Meynell, Rev. H. I. D. Ryder (of the Birmingham Oratory), Augusta Drane (Mother Raphael, author of 'Songs in the Night'), John Charles Earle, Henry Oxenham, Rev. J. A. Stothert, Rev. R. S. Hawker, Clement Scott, Frank Burnand (for the editor of *Punch* has written verse before his new dramatic cantata, 'Pickwick'), Sir John Croker Barrow, Wilfred Scawen Blunt, Rev. Albany Christie, S.J., Lord Braye, Bessie Rayner Parkes (now Madame Belloc), Rev. H. A. Rawes, J. S. Fletcher, Rev. K. D. Beste, Matthew Bridges, Rev. A. D. Wackerbarth, Robert Monteith, Charles Kent, Emily Bowles, Provost Husenbeth, Lady Catherine Petre, Canon Oakeley, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, Miss Emily Hickey, Miss E. M. Clarke, &c. The two last-named gifted women ought rather to be reserved for the next division.

"The Irish Catholic poets of this century are Thomas Moore, Gerald Griffin, J. J. Callanan, John Banim, Rev. F. Mahony (Father Prout), Thomas Furlong, Edward Quillinan (Wordsworth's son-in-law), Francis Davis, Arthur Geoghegan ('Monks of Kilcrea'), Clarence Mangan, D'Arcy M'Gee, R. D. Williams, Ellen Downings, Denis Florence MacCarthy, Aubrey de Vere, Sir Stephen de Vere, Robert Dwyer Joyce, T. D. Sullivan, Rosa Mulholland, Mr. Justice O'Hagan ('The Song of Roland'), John Francis O'Donnell, Katharine Tynan, Francis Fahy, Ellen Forrester, Fanny Forrester, Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J., Mrs. Hope Connolly, Mrs. Kevin O'Doherty, Charles P. O'Connor, Michael Hogan (the Bard of Thomond), Rev. James Casey, Rev. M. J. MacHale, Mrs. Ralph Varian, Helena Callanan, John K. Casey (Leo), Michael Joseph Barry, &c.

The Catholic poets who have flourished on the other side of the Atlantic are John Savage, John Boyle O'Reilly, Rev. Abram Ryan, Eleanor Donnelly, Catharine Conway, Maurice Egan, Rev. William J. McClure, Eliza Allen Starr, Richard White, Mary McMullin, Rev. B. H. Hill (now a Passionist, Father Edmund, of the Heart of Mary), Harriet Skidmore, Charles Warren Stoddard, Mrs. Mary Blake, &c.

"This list, which might be extended, especially in the third division, is confined to those who have persevered so far in their vocation as to produce each at least one volume of verse. We have not included the writers of merely a poem or two, such as Dr. Lingard ('Hail Queen of Heaven, the ocean star'), Cardinal Wiseman ('God bless our Pope'), Sir C. G. Duffy, with his many vigorous ballads, Martin M'Dermott, the Rev. Michael Mullen ('The Celtic Tongue'), Dr. Murray of Maynooth, &c. I might have added to the Irish division Miss Ellen O'Leary, for a volume of her poems is about to be published.

"A writer in *The Weekly Register* of February 9, eloquent enough and thoughtful enough to be taken for the author of *Preludes*, claims Dante Rossetti as a Catholic poet from the spirit of his writings; and he certainly was not an Anglican like his gifted sister, who was brought up in the religion of her English mother."

The Irish Nun, to whose sonnets we are calling attention, does

not figure in the Irish division of this list which is confined to the authors of volumes of verse. There is one volume on which we venture to confer the advantage of linking it with the name of Sister Mary Stanislaus—"The Birthday Book of Our Dead," published two years ago by Messrs. M. H. Gill and Son, of Dublin. It is incomparably the best book of its kind, a marvellous combination of literature and piety. A religious community which would duly enter the dates of the deaths of its members, of their friends, of Catholics even only known by name in various ranks and in various countries, would be constantly reminded of holy and wholesome thoughts, and the mere turning over of the leaves of a copy of the book, thus gradually filling up, would be beneficial both to the living and the departed. Some time or other we may illustrate our meaning by referring to a copy of this beautiful work with regard to which the rule of a certain Order about *ne notam imprimat* has certainly not been observed. But St. Ignatius, who took almost all things into account, had not before his mind such a work as "The Birthday Book of Our Dead."

One hardly thinks of Manzoni as a poet; but the author of *I Promessi Sposi* was the author also of *Il Cinque Maggio*, and of much beautiful sacred poetry, of which the following eucharistic lines are a sample:—

“ Chi dell' erbe lo stelo compose ?  
 Chi ne trasse la spiga fiorita ?  
 Chi nel tralcio fè scorrer la vita ?  
 Chi v'ascese dell' uve il tesor ?  
 Tu, quel grande, quel santo, quel buono  
 Che or quel dono il tuo dono reprimi,  
 Tu che in cambio, qual cambio ! ci rendi  
 Il tuo corpo, il tuo sangue, O Signor !  
 “ Anche i cor che t' offriamo son tuoi,  
 Ah ! il tuo dono fù guasto da noi :  
 Ma quell' alta bontà che li fea  
 Li riceva, quai sono, a mercè,  
 E v' ispiri col soffio che crea  
 Quella fede che passe ogni velo,  
 Quella speme che more nel cielo,  
 Quell' amor che s'eterna con te.”

A certain venerable Archbishop *in partibus*, wishing for an English version of these lines, sent them many hundreds of miles to the daughter of Calderon's great Translator, who performed the task in two ways—in the form of a sonnet, and also in a lighter and more fluent measure. The sonnet was probably an

afterthought, for the other is necessarily more literal, and a sonnet is naturally translated by a sonnet, a lyric by a lyric. We therefore give precedence to the lyrical version :—

- “ Who framed the tender grassy blade  
And drew from thence the fruitful ear,  
And through the vine's dry tendrils made  
The rich life-giving juice career?  
'Twas Thou who now in barter strange  
Takest back thine own, O great, O good,  
O holy One ! and in exchange  
Bestowest Thine own flesh and blood.
- “ These very hearts we bring are Thine,  
Thy gifts—but injured in our care ;  
Yet Thy creative Love divine  
Accepts them as an offering rare :  
And with the same creating breath  
Gives Faith that through all veils can see,  
And Hope that finds in heaven its death,  
And Love that ever reigns with Thee.”

The youthful student of poetry may, with interest and advantage, see the same ideas crystallized by the same artist into the strictest sonnet-form, as follows :—

- “ O Lord, we bring Thee gifts already Thine !  
Thy hands have stored each bending ear with grain,  
And sent the rich, fruit-teeming juice amain  
Through every branch and tendril of the vine ;
- “ Yet, when we offer Thee this Bread and Wine,  
As gifts Thou takest Thy good things back again,  
And in exchange, O what exchange ! dost deign  
To give us Thine own Flesh and Blood divine !
- “ And so, though these our hearts belong to Thee—  
Alas, Creator, injured in our care !—  
Thou dost accept them and enkindle there  
Faith that through every veil of sense can see,  
And Hope that meets its death in vision fair,  
And Love that lives and reigns eternally !”

All the themes of these Sonnets of an Irish Nun, and especially this last of them—for we must sheathe our sword, not “ for lack of argument”—are completely at home in a convent of that illustrious Order whose greatest Saint sang the *Lauda Sion*. Sion ! An auspicious word wherewith to close this unwelcome, unauthorised, and intrusive tribute, for which a tardy half-forgiveness is the most that we expect from the sacred Muse of Sion Hill.



## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. The Rev. Daniel William Cahill, D.D., was a gifted Irishman, who ought not to be forgotten. A large volume of his Letters, Lectures, and Sermons has recently been compiled by Mr. Patrick Cahill, and published by P. C. D. Warren, Dublin. The editor has prefixed a sketch of Dr. Cahill's life, ending with an account of the removal of his remains from the United States, where he died, to Glasnevin Cemetery, near Dublin, where a lifelike statue of the eloquent preacher stands above his grave. Many of us still remember the brilliant courses of scientific lectures, chiefly on astronomy, which Dr. Cahill delivered in many towns of Ireland, under the auspices of the Royal Dublin Society, and which his fine delivery, clear, resonant voice, and commanding stature (six feet five inches in height) made still more effective.

2. "St. Alphonsus' Prayerbook" (Benziger: New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago) is a collection of most devout prayers selected from the works of St. Alphonsus Liguori, by a Redemptorist Father, St. Omer, and translated into English by G. M. Ward. It is a complete prayer-book in itself, containing a great variety of devotional exercises for almost every occasion; and the contents of the book are made available by several full and exact indexes.

3. The same indefatigable Publishers have reprinted, by permission, Father Meyrick's translation of Father Genelli's *Life of St. Ignatius Loyola*. It is an admirably full and exact biography, and all the more likely to please the readers of this American edition for being written by a German, from whom we expect (not in vain) more exact and painstaking erudition, and a stricter historical sense, than from a French or Italian writer. The letters of St. Ignatius and many original documents are employed in this work.

4. One would take "Genelli" for an Italian name, whereas it is the name of a German; and on the other hand, who could recognise a Frenchman under the name of Von Lehen? Yet this is the name repeated several times as that of the author of the next book on our list, which comes also from the Benziger Firm. Why did not the religious who made this excellent translation of an excellent and eminently practical spiritual treatise, entitled "The Way of Interior Peace"—why did not she, in translating the German version of the work, perceive that a French Jesuit, born in Brittany and dying at Angers, could not be Von Léhen? As a fact, his name was Le Léhen.

He had great experience as master of novices, and his book will be found a specially valuable addition to the library of a religious community.

5. Among the very many valuable books that English-reading Catholics owe to the literary skill and extraordinary industry of Father Coleridge, S.J., there is one which I suspect has not received anything like the amount of patronage it deserves. It does not come under the category of "New Books," having been before the public for more than ten years. The book is "The Christian Reformed in Mind and Manners," by Father Benedict Rogacci, S.J. It is an old book newly translated. Father Coleridge has only edited the translation, but, as it stands now, it seems to me admirably done, far beyond the average of our translations of ascetic works. It is a regular Eight-Day Retreat, giving, however, a somewhat greater number of meditations and instructions than are required for one retreat. These are most full and solid. The summaries prefixed to each meditation increase greatly the practical utility of the book. Many would find here a help in preparing their meditations in the course of the year. Communities who need an additional spiritual book of this kind will not, I think, be disappointed in Rogacci. Well for him to have left such a memorial after him when he died in his seventy-third year, in 1719. No doubt it helped to increase his everlasting stock of merits, it shortened his purgatory, and has since added to his accidental beatitude. A fair share of these rewards must also fall to the lot of a good translator. Perhaps even a mere reviewer may come in for something.

6. The January number of *The American Catholic Quarterly Review*, which comes to us with its wonted punctuality from Philadelphia (Hardy and Mahony, Publishers), presents a fine array of interesting subjects, treated by very able writers, such as Dr. Gilmary Shea, Boyle O'Reilly, Monsignor Bernard O'Reilly, etc. We do not remember noticing before the name of the Rev. M. A. Walsh, S.J. His excellent style and his freshness of thought are destined, we suspect, to make themselves felt in Catholic literature. The Rev. Thomas L. Kelly gives a very full account, from many original sources, of the consecration in Lulworth Castle of Dr. John Carroll, ex-Jesuit, as Bishop of Baltimore, on the feast of the Assumption, 1790—the first bishop where now, after just a hundred years, there are bishops and archbishops by the score. The Church might with truth alter George Canning's boast about calling a new world into existence to redress the balance of the old. Some parts of the Old World are not going on quite as well as might be desired; and it is a comfort to think of the marvellous progress of Catholicity in the United States.

7. Another American periodical which visits us with edifying regularity is *Book Chat* (New York: Brentano), which gives brief crisp accounts of new books and indexes month by month, the contents of the magazines and literary papers on both sides of the Atlantic, including *THE IRISH MONTHLY*. But why do the conductors put down three dollars as the yearly price of our Magazine in the United States, whereas it goes post free to our American subscribers for one dollar and seventy-one cents? *Good Words* is set down on the same terms, and so is *Longman's Magazine*, etc., but the postage of these is higher. Would not two dollars be fully sufficient?

8. A critic in *Merry England*, who will be readily recognised by some, and whose competence makes itself felt apart from the writer's personal authority, gives the following discriminating opinion of a book which we introduced to the readers of our book-notes of last month:—

"To Sir John Croker Barrow's 'Mary of Nazareth' (Burns and Oates) we can give the praise of a pious intention and spirit, and of correct versification. Nor do we doubt that many will profit by having religious thoughts presented to them in the guise of this legendary poem. The lines run off easily, and there is no halting in the metre, which is more than can be said for some volumes of greater pretension. The first part, opportunely given to the public for the holy season lately past, is intended to form one of three. The second will probably deal with the 'Hidden Life' at Nazareth, which constitutes so important a topic in the 'Spiritual Exercises' of St. Ignatius. It will be interesting, for those who have leisure, to compare the treatment of these great topics by Sir John Barrow and by Father Christie respectively. 'Every bullet has its billet'; every pious book will be found, at the Day of Account, to have done its allotted amount of good: and this will be the highest and truest reward of those who take pen in hand to glorify God, and to benefit their fellow-men. To one who writes with so pure an intention it cannot be otherwise than kind and respectful to suggest, that in the following parts, or a second edition of this first, Sir John Barrow should be on the watch against a system of parallelism which is consonant rather to Hebrew than to English poetry. He has been perhaps led into this by a facility in versification, which has maintained the balanced character we speak of, at a certain amount of sacrifice of vigour, and of that originality which is of the essence of all true poetry."

APRIL, 1889.

---

MOLLY'S FORTUNES.

CHAPTER VI.

LIFE AT THE CASTLE.

MOLLY soon became used to her new surroundings; the quiet, regular life, the routine of daily duties, the quaint and primitive customs so carefully kept up, being full of charm for her, though to many another girl of her age they would have proved tedious and distasteful. Two or three times a week the big old-fashioned carriage, drawn by two bay horses, and driven by a fat, imposing-looking coachman, took them to one or other of the neighbouring estates where Miss O'Neill was on visiting terms, an outrider invariably preceding the equipage, to the rear of which clung a brace of footmen in gorgeous livery, but without powder, this being disdained by their mistress as too modern an institution to be worth adopting. These expeditions made a break in the monotony of the life, and conducted not a little to Molly's enjoyment. She speedily made friends with the younger section of the community, was initiated into the mysteries of lawn-tennis and Badmington, and was universally voted an acquisition.

With her humble neighbours she was also soon at home, her bright face and simple, straightforward ways endearing her to the village folk, whose worshipping devotion to their liege lady was intermixed with a considerable amount of awe. With lowered voices and many cautious glances round, as though to make sure the latter was out of sight and hearing, they sometimes confided difficulties and confessed peccadilloes to Molly that they would have feared to bring directly under the notice of "the lady—God bless her." Not infre-

quently, however, Molly was requested to do so for them in a diplomatic way, her tact and discretion being as much valued as her intercession was relied on. "I'll leave it to you, miss—it's yourself that'll manage it for me," being repeated with a confidence which the girl sometimes found embarrassing, though it is but due to her to own that her clients seldom had cause to repent of having placed their trust in her.

It was with "the lady" herself that, as Molly was not slow in finding out, she made least way. Though treated with invariable kindness and courtesy, allowed full liberty, and encouraged to converse familiarly with her patroness, she was conscious of a secret, unaccountable conviction that she had not made much progress in the latter's affections. Miss O'Neill was glad to have this young, bright personality constantly beside her, acknowledging the kinship between them just in so much as it gave her the right to claim her cousin's presence, was proud of her beauty, and amused at her wit and cleverness; but there it ended. To Molly this was a keen disappointment. On first arriving at Castle O'Neill she had entertained certain vague dreams of endearing herself so much to her dainty, whimsical, fascinating kinswoman, that the latter should look on her as a daughter, and lean upon her, according to the universal custom of old people in such circumstances, as the prop of her declining years. In a very short time, however, she discovered that the admiring, almost worshipping affection which she lavished on her hostess was in no way counterbalanced by the friendly liking she received in return; that the latter was not disposed to lean upon anybody, and would, in all probability, have been highly indignant had Molly volunteered her services as a "prop." Miss O'Neill had too high a notion of duty, and led too self-sacrificing a life to be termed selfish, but like most *one-idea-ed* persons, was so much absorbed in what appeared to her to be right, so constantly striving after a particular end, as to trouble herself little about all persons and things not directly concerned with it. Molly sometimes doubted if she was capable of any strong affection, any womanly tenderness; she certainly never gave proof of such, yet was withal so bright, so clever, so courteous, so "charming" as Mr. Burke had truthfully called her, that during her seven odd decades of life she had universally been admired and beloved.

Molly's reverent affection received occasionally, it is true, a severe check, and she was forced to own that some of the old lady's actions were not altogether admirable. When the new footman, for instance, procured by Mr. Burke at considerable trouble and expense from Dublin, was sent flying back again within an hour, because he happened to have red hair, Molly was inclined to think the hereditary

dislike to that colour which Miss O'Neill put forward in explanation an insufficient excuse for an almost childish caprice. But a more serious difference of opinion between them took place on the occasion that Miss O'Neill asserted that Irishmen of all denominations were bound to show greater reverence to St. Columbkille than to any other saint, including St. Patrick; the former being of Celtic birth and, moreover, of the royal Hy Nial or O'Neill race. Then Molly was not only indignant but scandalised, and ventured to assert in unequivocal terms that she held such a proposition to be unorthodox—a boldness which her hostess condemned as a further proof of the radical tendency of the day.

Such little eccentricities on the part of Miss O'Neill invariably caused Molly a shock of surprise; there was so much that was great and noble in her character, and the working of her "system" was in many respects so admirable. The manner in which she, by birth, education, and position so far removed from her people, managed nevertheless to identify herself so completely with them, acknowledging a community of interests, and casting her lot irretrievably with theirs, while at the same time abating no jot of her dignity and keeping them under absolute control, was in Molly's eyes little short of marvellous. There was no agent, no intermediary of any sort; all appeals were made directly to "the lady," all statements verified by herself. It was a sight to see her every Saturday in her office, perched on a high stool at her desk, with sundry great books open before her, casting up her accounts, interviewing her tenants, and herself handing over the weekly payments (less certain fines regretfully imposed and humbly submitted to) to the array of labourers drawn up to receive them. Her affairs seemed to go by clockwork, her books were models of precision and neatness, her mind appeared to grasp the most complicated details of business with the greatest ease. To Molly, however, she was never so attractive as when, periodically visiting the school, she gathered the children round her, and examined for herself their advancement in the various branches of the sound, practical education she had decreed for them. Her manner on these occasions, if not exactly tender, was admirably gracious; and there was to Molly's mind something infinitely charming in the condescension with which this old chieftainess would guide with her delicate fingers the small, sunburnt hands that were struggling with pen or needle, or join with the sweetest little thread of a voice in the Irish hymns.

Yet with all this there was still the underlying strain of oddity, the something strange, incongruous, unlooked-for, that would ever and anon make itself felt—a little jarring note amid the general har-

mony; an unexpected caprice, marring much generosity and kindliness; a sudden display of childishness, amazing in one of such force of intellect.

The people as a rule were less disturbed by these manifestations than might have been supposed, and were less afraid of their mistress in her flighty than in her business-like moods. Indeed it was evident that in the former case they understood how to manage her quite as well as she understood how to manage them. A little judicious temporising, a crafty evasion of the subject under dispute, the surreptitious accomplishment of their own designs (as in the case of Keogh), followed by confession, profuse professions of repentance, and appeals for mercy, having generally the effect of "getting round" her. They were one and all on the most excellent terms with their mistress, in whom they had unbounded confidence, and whom they regarded, in spite of her little failings, as a prodigy of wisdom and power. The working of her theories certainly left nothing to be desired in so far as she was concerned, though whether anyone else would have carried them out with the like success was a question not readily answered.

This doubt appeared occasionally to cross her own mind, fond as she was of citing her example as an encouragement to others.

"No other woman could do what I am doing," she said once, with a regretful sigh; then, turning to Molly, "Why are you not a boy, child? You would have been a pretty fellow."

She parted the curling dark hair on one side, surveying the girl a moment, and then pushed her away a little impatiently. "There, go along—you are good for nothing now but to look nice."

This was the solitary allusion which she made to Molly's possible future; indeed her avoidance of the subject was somewhat remarkable, considering the circumstances under which the latter had been invited to the Castle. Molly herself was well content that it should be so, her natural delicacy and ever-increasing affection for her kinswoman causing her to dread the idea of appearing calculating or mercenary. As weeks went by, however, she did occasionally wonder how long her visit was supposed to last, and whether she ought not soon to think about returning to her aunt, who, as she knew, must miss her sorely. And when Christmas drew near, and still Miss O'Neill, though uttering no word of her own intentions appeared to take it for granted that Molly had permanently taken up her abode at the Castle, the girl felt emboldened to speak.

"Are you not happy with me?" asked the old lady, who appeared both aggrieved and astonished when Molly intimated her desire to return.

"Oh yes, very happy—happier than I have ever been before. But my aunt misses me so much, I don't think I ought to leave her alone for Christmas."

"Pray don't let that trouble you," returned Miss O'Neill eagerly; "I shall be delighted to have her here, I assure you. Write and ask her at once; or stay, I had better write myself—it will be the more polite thing to do."

A cordial little note was accordingly despatched, and in a few days Molly, who was as much puzzled about her future plans as ever, had the pleasure of welcoming her aunt to Castle O'Neill.

That the pleasure was not altogether reciprocal was evident before Mrs. Mackenzie had been ten minutes in the house. She was nervous, flurried, and ill-at-ease, aggressively humble and at the same time painfully independent, positive one moment that she would be very much in the way, and asserting in the next the great inconvenience at which she been to come. Molly's discomfort and annoyance were great, as she watched her relative perched on the extreme edge of her chair, partaking of tea, keeping her gloves on, and allowing her veil to stick out at right angles to her nose in the most unbecoming way, while she responded with the worst grace in the world to all Miss O'Neill's civilities. The latter surveyed her calmly the while, broaching one subject of conversation after another with unvarying politeness, and submitting to the repulse of her advances without testifying either astonishment or annoyance, though both, as Molly was convinced, she must secretly have felt.

When the time came for Mrs. Mackenzie to retire, the old lady, according to her custom, proceeded to show her to her room, pausing as usual in the doorway to allow her visitor to pass first. Molly, when this ceremony had been gone through in her case, had submitted with instinctive good breeding, and had in all simplicity acceded to her hostess' evident desire; not so Mrs. Mackenzie. The bowings and scrapings, the head-shakings and drawings-back, the repeated protestations and entreaties to Miss O'Neill to walk first, were prolonged until the latter, with cheeks flaming with exasperation, was fairly hustled out of the room by her officious guest.

Sorely vexed and mortified, Molly followed the couple upstairs, Miss O'Neill going first at an accelerated pace, but with a vast amount of stateliness, her head very erect, her skirts rustling with the rapidity of her movements. Along the passage she sailed in dignified silence, pausing when she reached the room allotted to Mrs. Mackenzie, the door of which she threw open, but made no attempt to pass, being evidently determined to avoid the former embarrassing predicament. Designating the apartment to her guest with a sweeping wave of the



hand, she turned and walked demurely away, the patter of her high-heeled shoes echoing along the corridor, even the swish of her skirts being distinctly audible in the silence that intervened.

Once alone with Molly, Mrs. Mackenzie became herself again, and on witnessing her affectionate delight in their reunion, and talking over subjects of mutual interest, the former forgot her previous vexation. But on sound of the gong announcing dinner, her aunt's face became suddenly grave again, and her manner stiffened almost as much as the fearfully befrilled and bestarched plaster of white embroidery which she was fastening by way of additional adornment round her throat.

"Molly," she observed, "I am going through this ordeal for your sake. It is an ordeal, for I feel thoroughly out of place. I am not used to great people, you know. I have never been in—in marble halls in my life before, and I really don't know how to conduct myself here. But let me tell you one thing: I may be humble——"

"Yes, yes, do come along," urged Molly. "The gong has stopped, and Miss O'Neill can't bear to be kept waiting."

"Listen to me first, Molly. I may be humble, I say, but I have my own little independence. While acknowledging Miss O'Neill's prerogative, and insisting (as you may have observed) on offering her the respect due to her rank, I distinctly decline to be patronised."

"Very well, dear, all right," agreed the girl, hastily putting her arm through her aunt's and drawing her out of the room.

"I shall say," remarked the latter, pausing on the landing, and holding up her finger impressively, "exactly what I feel, and do in all cases as I judge right, while I am in this house."

"Just as you please, dear aunt," returned Molly, dragging her downstairs, too impatient to think of stopping to argue with her. But Mrs. Mackenzie came to another standstill in the hall below.

"I hope Miss O'Neill will distinctly understand that beneath her as I may be in rank, I have too much self-respect to ——"

"Miss O'Neill is waiting for you in the dining-room, Miss," said a footman appearing at this juncture, and addressing himself to Molly. "She desired me to tell you that it is five minutes past seven."

All Mrs. Mackenzie's fine sentiments were forgotten on hearing this, and she proceeded at a most undignified scuttle to the dining-room, where the mistress of the house was already seated at table; having thus not only evinced her displeasure at the visitor's tardy appearance, but avoided all disputes as to the order of precedence.

The two first courses had been partaken of before Mrs. Mackenzie in any degree recovered her self-possession, her profuse apologies

wearying her hostess beyond measure, while Molly, on pins and needles, made futile attempts to change the subject. But worse was yet to come; her aunt's nervousness subsequently taking a somewhat aggressive form.

When Miss O'Neill, for instance—who, though too well-bred to boast, had a way of making little remarks relative to herself or her possessions from which flattering inferences might readily be drawn—observed that it had taken her two hours to walk round the park that morning, the impression obviously intended to be conveyed was: “How large the park must be!” Instead of perceiving this, however, Mrs. Mackenzie, fixing a pair of round, astonished eyes upon her hostess, returned: “Dear me, how slowly you must walk! I'm quite sure *I* could get round in twenty minutes.”

After this the old lady preserved a dignified silence for some time, during which Molly, wildly throwing herself into the breach, let fall a series of disjointed remarks, all of which were either flatly contradicted, by her aunt, or else yet more speedily disposed of as “nonsense.”

When the gold cup was brought as usual to the mistress of the house at the close of the repast, Mrs. Mackenzie's astonishment knew no bounds. Molly, who had been vainly endeavouring to distract her attention in the hopes of this little ceremony passing unnoticed, watched her in horror as she laid down her dessert knife and fork, and stared as though she never could stare enough. Whether it was that Miss O'Neill was touched by the agony of inquiry in her visitor's face, or that she could not resist trotting out her favourite hobby even to so unsympathetic a listener, cannot be defined; but she forthwith launched not only into an explanation of her motives for keeping up this custom, but into a general dissertation on the virtues of old blood, the force of hereditary influences, and the value of transmitted characteristics with even more than her usual relish.

At last she paused, and her auditor, who had for some moments been wagging her head in vigorous dissent, observed that she certainly could not agree with any of Miss O'Neill's theories.

“It seems to me such nonsense,” she continued bluntly. “There's my grandfather, now—do you suppose his character had anything to say to mine!”

“Really, as I never heard of the gentleman,” returned the other, provoked into a sort of suave impertinence, “I cannot undertake to say.”

“Well *I* don't believe it had, anyway,” went on Mrs. Mackenzie. defiantly. “As to all that you say about blood, you know, really”—here she laughed sarcastically—“I can't help being amused. Do you mean to tell me that the red fluid which flows in my veins can *possibly* influence my disposition?”

She spread out two large hands, of a complexion which would have left no doubt as to the colour of the fluid aforesaid, even had she not been at the pains to define it. Miss O'Neill gazed at her disdainfully and gave an expressive little sniff for all rejoinder.

"I don't believe a bit in inheriting qualities from people you have never seen," continued the visitor, charmed at having, as she thought, put the old lady in a corner. "I think it all depends on education. If you are brought up well, you'll be good; and if you're brought up badly, you'll be bad. I don't believe ——"

"You don't believe in the doctrine of original sin, I suppose?" interrupted her hostess tartly. "I am not aware that any of us have seen Adam, and yet we are certainly taught that we inherit something from *him*," and she glanced round, evidently thinking she had got hold of a conclusive argument.

"Come, now, you aristocrats can't have much to say about Adam!" cried Mrs. Mackenzie in shrill triumph. "'When Adam dived and Eve span, who was then the gentleman?' you know."

The recitation of this couplet, though perfectly irrelevant to the matter in hand, appeared to afford her the most unmixed satisfaction; she repeated it two or three times, chuckling and rubbing her hands in a manner which would have been trying even to a less irascible temper than Miss O'Neill's. But the latter, with a great effort, managed to preserve her self-possession.

"I think, my dear," she said, rising majestically, and addressing Molly, "it is now time for us to retire to the drawing-room—that is to say," turning to the senior guest, "if you have *quite* finished, Mrs. Mackenzie."

---

## CHAPTER VII.

### MRS. MACKENZIE'S DIPLOMACY.

During the next fortnight Molly had frequent opportunities for judging of the sensations caused by that uncomfortable experience—a fall between two stools. The constant misunderstandings between the elder ladies, the perpetual state of irritation in which they appeared to live, the offences which one offered to the other being invariably retailed to her in an aggrieved and somewhat reproachful tone by either or both parties, who evidently considered the girl to be to some extent responsible.

"Your aunt seems very uncertain in her temper," Miss O'Neill would say, in her politely disdainful way, "and appears to have quite

a passion for contradicting people. When *I* was young it was considered rude to contradict; but no doubt things have changed since then."

"Your friend is certainly *very* odd," Mrs. Mackenzie would assert, rubbing her chin, as was her habit when annoyed, "and so exceedingly conceited. How you can listen in patience to the rubbish she talks passes my comprehension. Then her airs and graces—I must say I find them very trying, Molly, though you appear rather to enjoy being looked down upon—not to say walked over. However, I am determined not to let anyone walk over *me*."

To do Miss O'Neill justice, she had not the remotest desire to indulge in the exercise aforesaid, and indeed at the outset was most graciously, not to say cordially, disposed towards her guest. It was really not her fault that her manner so irritated the latter; the little queenly ways, the slightly patronising speeches, which were viewed as so many deliberate insults, being from long habit so thoroughly natural to her, that she could as soon have dispensed with them as with a knife and fork at meal-times. Mrs. Mackenzie was, moreover, so bristling with independence that her hostess found it hard even to approach her without, to use a common saying, "rubbing her up the wrong way." There was really no pleasing her, as the latter complained more than once. Did she invite her visitor to drive with her, her well-meant hospitality was curtly declined, Mrs. Mackenzie begging she would not put herself out of the way to entertain *her*. Miss O'Neill on the next occasion would suggest that Molly and her aunt should go out alone, and was naturally hurt to find that the civility was supposed to cover a lurking superciliousness. "I know I am not such company as you have been used to," Mrs. Mackenzie would return, with indignant humility; "but I am sorry that you should deprive yourself of your drive on my account." And when the old lady, much ruffled at these constant rebuffs, left her guest to her own devices, the latter was still more offended at being, as she said, evidently considered unworthy of notice.

"Dear aunt, if you would not always be on the look-out for affronts," pleaded Molly on one occasion, "and if you did not think it necessary to argue *quite* so much —"

"Oh, of course, if you take her part against me!" retorted Mrs. Mackenzie with a snort of indignation. There was a good deal of secret jealousy at the bottom of her grievances; it seemed to her that the old lady monopolised Molly far too much, and that the latter was not ill-pleased to be so appropriated.

But Molly this time effectually silenced her with a vigorous hug, and then continued in a wheedling tone:—

"She is very old, remember, auntie, and if she is a little eccentric I don't think she can help it. Could'nt you?"—slipping her hand through the other's arm and smiling appealingly—"could'nt you sometimes let a thing pass, even when you don't agree to it?"

"Molly, that would be double-dealing. It goes against my principles to say what I don't think. I am not a hypocrite."

"You needn't say a single word if you don't like, but you might—just for my sake, you know—allow Miss O'Neill to make what statements she pleases without contradicting her."

"Well, I'll try, Molly," returned her aunt with a deep sigh. "For your sake, since you put it in that way; but it will be a struggle."

Molly's self-congratulations over her victory were short-lived, for her well-meant endeavours to promote peace and harmony resulted in disastrous failure. The next time the old lady somewhat defiantly advanced one of her much-combated propositions, Mrs. Mackenzie, who had been opening her mouth to disagree, suddenly remembered her resolution, paused, closed her lips with a snap, and swallowed down her repartee with a gulp, as if it were a particularly nasty pill.

Miss O'Neill, who had expected an argument, gazed at her in silence, but with her colour slowly mounting, took note of the expression of her face, and then, rising in high dudgeon, stalked out of the room.

After a pause of blank dismay, Molly ventured to follow her, and found her pacing up and down her bedroom, evidently in a towering passion.

"Come in, child," she cried, as Molly's crimson face came peeping round the door. "I want to speak to you. Perhaps you can explain your aunt's behaviour, for I confess I am at a loss to understand it. I can submit to a good deal, but there are some things that I do not think I am called upon to put up with, and I must say I do object to *grimaces* being made at me in my own house."

"Grimaces!" gasped Molly. "You don't think surely ——" "My dear, I saw her ——" pausing to stamp her foot, and then resuming her angry progress up and down the room. "Your aunt distinctly grimaced at me—at my own table. I will not bear it. There, don't deny it. I cannot disbelieve my own eyes, though it certainly is a new experience—*very* new. You may leave me, my dear, and try to entertain your aunt as best you can for this evening. I don't think I can see her again to-night."

In vain Molly pleaded and protested almost tearfully that Miss O'Neill must be mistaken, and that her aunt was incapable of the act imputed to her. The old lady remained of the same mind, and treated

her guest for some days with marked coolness, being subsequently disposed, however, to overlook the offence, for, as she told Molly, on consideration it occurred to her that Mrs. Mackenzie might not be "quite accountable." An opinion which the girl was careful to keep from her aunt, who would, as she knew, have infinitely preferred war to the knife to forgiveness on such terms.

When Christmas was over, and the time which Mrs. Mackenzie had fixed for her departure drew near, she naturally desired to find out Miss O'Neill's intentions with regard to her niece.

"Why can't she speak out?" she would say impatiently to the latter. "If she does not mean to do anything for you in future let her say so, and we should know where we were. If this is to be merely an ordinary visit, I think you have been here quite long enough, and had better prepare to return with me. You know you really cannot afford to waste time like this, and if you are to earn your bread in future, this idle, luxurious life is the worst thing possible for you."

Molly felt the justice of this reasoning, and yet her heart sank at the prospect of leaving her Eldorado, and returning to the life of drudgery so ill-suited to her youth and frolicsome nature. However, she stifled her regrets, and obediently promised to ask Miss O'Neill's permission to depart with her aunt. But as the days passed, though the latter gave Molly several opportunities for private conversation with their hostess (from whom she hoped this announcement would elicit some explanation), in return to her expectant "Well?" she received invariably the same response: "Dear auntie, my courage failed me; but I really will speak—to-morrow."

At last Mrs. Mackenzie determined to take the matter into her own hands, and herself to broach the subject to Miss O'Neill; being careful, however, to keep this resolution from Molly, who would, as she well knew, disapprove of it.

"I daresay, on the whole, it will be as well for me to settle it," she said to herself. "The matter must be dealt with very carefully—it will require great tact and discretion, and Molly is rather young."

Here Mrs. Mackenzie nodded her head, and drew herself up as though to imply that she herself was every inch a diplomatist.

To Miss O'Neill's astonishment, therefore, that afternoon, when she suggested that the visitors should go out for an airing, adding that she herself, being rather tired, would stay at home and rest, Mrs. Mackenzie also pleaded fatigue, and declined to leave the house.

"Molly must go out for a run, though," she said eagerly. "Yes, you really must, child, or you will have a headache."

When the girl, in some surprise at this unusual anxiety about her

health, had departed, Miss O'Neill, who had been fidgetting about the room and eyeing her guest furtively, remarked that, if the latter would excuse her, she would retire to her bed-room.

"There is nothing that rests one so much as to lie down when one is really tired, you know," she added sweetly, and having provided her visitor with a variety of magazines and papers wherewith to while away the time, flitted up the stairs to her own apartment, congratulating herself on having escaped the dreaded tête-a-tête.

However, her fortress was not so impregnable as she had imagined, and she had not been long installed in her cosy arm-chair by the fire—having apparently changed her mind about lying down—when a footstep was audible in the passage without. Miss O'Neill laid down her book, keeping her forefinger between the pages, and listened. Yes, there was no mistaking the peculiar, ponderous tread—the enemy was approaching. Inwardly anathematising the latter, Miss O'Neill sprang from her chair, ran across the room on tip-toe with surprising agility, scrambled on to her bed, and pulled the silken coverlet over her, just as by a series of muffled, irritating little knocks Mrs. Mackenzie craved admittance. "Come in," said the old lady, in languid, sleepy tones.

The door slowly creaked open, and the unwelcome guest entered, making unwieldy efforts to walk lightly, and speaking in a loud whisper, which the other found almost unendurable.

"I thought I would come and sit with you a little, just to keep you company, you know. It is so dreary to be alone when one is not well."

"Oh I don't in the least mind being alone, thank you," was the somewhat uncompromising response. But Mrs. Mackenzie was not to be rebuffed; when Miss O'Neill peeped cautiously round the corner after a pause, she found her seated in her own particular chair by the fire, thoughtfully contemplating a pair of large flat feet encased in black merino boots with shiny toe-caps (sale price, 3/11), which she had planted on the fender.

"I wonder where dear Molly is," observed Mrs. Mackenzie tentatively all at once in the same stage-whisper, adopted out of regard for her hearer's exhausted condition.

"You needn't whisper," retorted the latter irritably. "I do not feel inclined to sleep. I suppose Molly is somewhere about the place."

"Yes, I suppose so,"—with oppressive cheerfulness. "Dear child, she is so happy here. She will feel very dull and lonely when she goes away."

Miss O'Neill turned over on her back, that she might listen with both her ears.

"Why need she go away?" she returned sharply.

"Oh, of course there is no absolute necessity, but still she has been here a long time, and as I am leaving the day after to-morrow, she might as well come too. Don't you think so?"

"No," answered the old lady promptly, "since you ask me—I don't."

There was a pause, Mrs. Mackenzie being rather at a loss how to proceed. She cleared her throat, fidgetted a little, and finally continued:—

"Well, the fact is—I think for many reasons it would be better for Molly to return. You see our means are small."

"Oh, indeed?" said Miss O'Neill, with polite interest.

"Yes, and of course the loss of Molly's salary is a loss ——"

"Yes, but, dear Mrs. Mackenzie," interrupted the other, with her most winning smile, "you see she costs you nothing while she is here, and when at home her presence must entail a certain amount of expense. She can't live upon air, dear child, can she? And I should *think* she must cost you quite as much as she earns, eh?"

"I am the best judge of that, I think," returned Mrs. Mackenzie with some irritation. "Besides, after all, the child is *my* child, Miss O'Neill; I brought her up, and I have the most right to her. I want her back."

"Well, I want to keep her," said the old lady, sitting bolt upright and nodding her head. "The girl is an O'Neill by blood, remember that. If she is happy here, why shouldn't she stay here? If she were to come and tell me of her own accord that she really wished to leave, it would be a different matter, but ——"

"As it happens, that is just what she means to do," interposed the other triumphantly. "She and I have talked the matter over, and she has fully made up her mind to speak to you."

"Oh, she has, has she?" said Miss O'Neill, falling flat on her pillows again, and speaking in an altered tone. "I imagined that she was quite contented here."

"Well, you see, she is in such a false position," explained Mrs. Mackenzie, forgetting her exasperation, and speaking confidentially. "Taken out of her natural sphere, you know, and kept hanging on without knowing what to expect."

There was a pause, the visitor in her turn cautiously peeping round at the old lady, and quickly averting her eyes again on meeting the latter's sharp, inquisitive gaze.

"It is rather hard for the girl," resumed Mrs. Mackenzie. "You know she has given up her situation and left her home—after all, it is her home, and 'be it never so humble, there's no place like home,' you know."



Miss O'Neill lay motionless and still silent, even this poetical outburst having apparently no effect on her.

"Another question is, is it *good* for the child to be here?" went on Mrs. Mackenzie, her voice insensibly assuming a plaintive tone.

"I am not aware that there is anything catching in the neighbourhood," returned the old lady snappishly, "and it is considered a healthy place."

"I am speaking of moral health," the other was beginning with some dignity, when a fresh interruption arrested her.

"Is my society so contaminating then? Thank you for the compliment!"

"Miss O'Neill!" cried Mrs. Mackenzie, jerking her feet off the fender and wheeling round in her chair, "you know quite well what I mean. The long and the short of it is, I won't have the girl kept dangling on here on false pretences. If she is to earn her bread in future, this sort of life is not a good apprenticeship for her. She sees that herself, and so, I am sure, must you. You know your own plans"—suddenly remembering her intention of being diplomatic, and endeavouring to speak calmly and dispassionately—"and of course it is all right. There has been nothing said, and whatever we may have thought does not matter. Molly is not worse off than she was before, and has enjoyed her holiday. The pleasure was mutual, I am sure, for she has been most attentive"—here the aggrieved note would come creeping back into her voice again against her will—"most attentive, poor dear child, and so cheerful and agreeable. I think you'll miss her."

She fixed her eyes inquiringly on Miss O'Neill's face, thinking that this speech must extort some expression of her views from her, if only a promise to make it worth Molly's while to stay a little longer, but, to her surprise, it had no such effect. The old lady yawned gently, and partially closed her eyes.

"I think," she observed sweetly, after a pause, "if you would be so very kind as to ring the bell for my maid to draw down the blinds, I could take a little nap. Oh"—as Mrs. Mackenzie flounced over to the windows—"I couldn't *think* of troubling you to do so yourself. How very kind of you! Thank you so much. Au revoir till tea-time. I have no doubt I shall be quite refreshed by then. I really *think* I can take a little nap now—goodbye."

As the door closed after her discomfited guest, however, Miss O'Neill jumped up like a jack-in-the-box, her eyes flashing with anger.

"The little, sly, calculating puss!" she exclaimed. "Was 'most attentive,' and 'so cheerful and agreeable,' was she? Thought she

would make herself indispensable, I suppose, so that she could drive a hard bargain. Has been talking it over with her aunt, and is surprised there has been 'nothing said?' Oh, you mercenary little sinner!" cried the old lady, giving a vicious dig to her pillow as she apostrophised the absent Molly, "that I should be so deceived in you! Never mind! Perhaps you'll find me a match for you after all!"

M. E. FRANCIS.

[*To be continued.*]

### THE MEMORIAL TABLET.

Near the Ostian Way in Rome is (or was until very lately) a tablet inserted into the wall, to mark the spot which tradition points out as the place where the Apostles Peter and Paul were separated previous to their martyrdom. They were brought so far together, according to the local tradition, and there Paul was beheaded, but without suffering any indignity, as he claimed—not for the first time—the privilege of being a Roman citizen; but Peter, being a despised Jew, was dragged further on for crucifixion, a death reserved by the Roman law for slaves and atrocious criminals. The exact place where Peter suffered is not now known.

HERE pause awhile and let me lead thy spirit  
 Back to the deeds and men of olden time,  
 Men from whose lives and teaching we inherit  
 A hope immortal and a faith sublime.  
 Here bend thy head in reverence profound,  
 For this is holy ground.

Holy though centuries have passed away,  
 Printing upon history's page their trace,  
 Moulding this world of ours like plastic clay,  
 Yet never able wholly to efface  
 The memory of that scene of steadfast faith  
 And love more strong than death.

For here they parted, those two aged men,  
 Apostles of the Gentile and the Jew—  
 Not evermore to meet on earth again—  
 The headsman's sword, the cross alike in view,  
 As midst the Roman rabble's frantic cry  
 They were led forth to die!

Here did they stand together face to face,  
With courage high and eyes that never quailed ;  
They knew the parting was but for a space,  
And He they served would surely never fail  
To keep his promise to each faithful son,  
Saying, " Well done, well done ! "

And from this place where last those two did stand,  
Their work was done, and Heaven seemed very near,  
No word they spake, but clasped each other's hand,  
With eyes that lighted up with joyful cheer,  
And burning hearts within whose inmost chords  
Were thoughts too great for words !

Is this the coward who denied his Lord  
In His sad hour of direst misery ?  
He of the craven heart and lying word,  
And quailing nerve—can this indeed be he ?  
This man, who, strong in patience, love and faith,  
Goes joyfully to death !

Is this the fiery zealot ? he whose hand  
Of yore was raised to smite the saints of God,  
And like a pestilence throughout the land  
Had scattered woe and death where'er he trod ?  
This holy, meek old man, can this be he,  
Saul, the fierce Pharisee ?

Already do they hear the music streaming  
From the bright land that lies beyond the veil  
So far and yet so near ! They see the gleaming  
Of the saints' crowns like drops of shining hail—  
They see no more the block, the sword, the cross—  
They count these but as dross !

Outwards from Rome a thousand noises come  
Rising and falling on the sweet June breeze,  
The turmoil and the strife, the endless hum  
Of the great city—yet they heed not these.  
Rome with her pride and pomp had not the power  
To move their souls that hour.

Cæsar then held in Rome imperial sway,  
His soaring eagles gorged with victory,  
Yet not of Cæsar do we think to-day,  
But of the men condemned by him to die  
Who freely, joyfully their lives laid down  
To win the martyr's crown.

M. W. BREW.

---

## LANDSCAPE PAINTING AND AMATEURS.

### FIFTH PAPER.

We now come to consider the last of the general truths—Light and Shade, or as it is termed in artistic phraseology, Chiaroscuro. I must commence by warning you that, though it is the most important of all the truths connected with painting, I shall not be able to do more than draw your attention to the main facts connected with it, as an entire book might be devoted to this one fact of Nature alone, and yet leave many points untouched, since it may be considered as that truth in art which contains all others. It is, as I have said, the most important truth for us artists—far more important than Colour. For colours are but the *words*, as it were, by means of which Nature expresses herself in *form*, “form” being altogether dependent upon what we know as “Chiaroscuro,” or Light and Shade. By “form” I do not mean “outline”—a term often confounded with it: I mean the substantial appearance of things created by the first beam of light that smote the world—“dividing light from darkness”—the living record of the Master's hand. “Et lucem vocavit diem, tenebrasque noctem:” lift your eyes to the first object before them, it has a bright side and a dark, so long as you can see it, and by that brilliance and darkness alone can it be seen. Therefore, remember that “outline,” the thing you must strive with all your endeavours to obtain correctly, is, in the end, to be obliterated in your *finished* work, the true appearance of things being due entirely to their chiaroscuro. Therefore, compared with it, colour is of secondary importance. One man is black, another is white, yet we recognise both to be men owing to the resultant form of their chiaroscuro.

But, you will say, this contradicts the previous advice you gave us—to proceed to the study of the colours of things, having mastered the subject of outline, and not to go to the study of light and shade. I admit the seeming contradiction : but wait a little before you condemn. How did you learn to read ? You were not asked to give out leading articles in the newspapers before you had mastered your words of two syllables—were you ? Now colours, as I have said, are but the words—the syllables, by which Nature gives you her light and shade ; how can you read this *chiaroscuro* then if the words are not known to you ? The contradiction does not exist if you have remembered the fact that shadow is not blackness, and that the study of light and shade, discarding colour and using black and white chalk in its stead, is not following Nature—unless, indeed, you are studying her in the English Black Country—where you can get charcoal *values* to delight the heart of any French master. But if you want to study nature where man's hand has not fouled her, you must first understand her colouring, and remember the fact that the shadowed side of the cherry is red and not black.

But having recognised that fact and the others connected with colour, you must then beware and subject everything to the inviolable law of *chiaroscuro*, from which there is no appeal. It is not possible to prove that any two of you see the same colour in an object. One of you may see blue where another sees yellow. But as these effects are constant, both of you call it blue or both call it yellow, as the case may be, receiving yet totally different impressions from the one object. And when you both come to copy the object, you both use the colour you call blue, or both use what you call yellow, each of your copies maintaining the same relation to the object, and each therefore appearing to the other right. But, on the other hand, it is impossible, though one of you may see a donkey to be blue, that the same person can see him with other than four legs, tolerably long ears, and a tail : did your friend tell you the donkey appeared to her to be something like a large caterpillar with a shell on its back, you would at once feel serious fears for your friend's mental condition. So far as the colour is concerned, probably most people do see colours alike : but we may without inconsistency *suppose* they do not, which shows the relative unimportance of colour as a characteristic of bodies ; whereas we cannot imagine two people seeing forms differently ; if they do, one

*must* see falsely, because the form is positive in the object, whilst the colour is not in the thing, but in the thing and them also.

To leave metaphysics, then, as quickly as we can, let us remember that nothing—no *form*—can be seen without its chiaroscuro: and now let us think for a moment what this is. As the trees are still bare of leaves, I will ask you to go out the first fine day you can, and selecting the first single tree in full sunshine, look for the following phenomena. First, notice that the shadow which it casts on the grass is of a specific form, resulting from the form of the tree. Second, note that the colour of that shadow on the grass is not black but green. It may *look* black to your unpractised eye for the first moment, but go up to it until you stand on it and look down on the swaying tracery of shadowed boughs on the grass, and tell me if you can it is any other colour but a deeper strength of green than that of the sunlit grass around, for it cannot be other than green when the grass upon which it falls is of that colour. I know that a French artist would paint it black, but I also know Turner would have painted it green: and Nature has no blackness except where she has black colours or night. In summer-time, when this tree is in full leaf, it may be that the shadows beneath it reach to such a depth of shade that night reigns there, or, at least, such gloom that the colour of the shadowed grass becomes lost in blackness. But now beneath this broad sunshine the shadow cast is not half strong enough to hide the green colour of the grass—and its form tells out strongly, not through its blackness, but through the *sharpness of its edge*. I cannot enforce your attention too much upon this fact connected with all the shadows cast by the unclouded sun—that, be they far or near, faint or dark, *their edges must be sharp*: no other limit in nature is keener than that of the shadow of an object in full sunshine. In the ordinary daylight of your room the shadow of your fingers on the page of this book will be vague and ill-defined at the edges. But go into the full sunshine, and hold your fingers over the dazzling white of the page, and the very edges of the letters themselves will look ill-defined compared with the keenness of the shadow which it casts. And notice that throughout the entire length and breadth of the landscape on a bright sunny day, the sunshine is expressed, not through the depth of the shadows, but through this keenness at their edges. This is the great secret of the marvellous passages of sunshine which Turner gives us—so different from those of the

Early Landscape School, where sunlight was expressed only through contrasts—the light in some one part of the picture fighting with, and emphasising the intense gloom of the rest. This was mere contrast of tone, and resulted at most in ghastly gleams of light penetrating a pestilent gloom. Fra Angelico indeed gives us sunlight whose exquisite purity and brilliance will never again, in all probability, hallow the art of painting, but it is the broad universal light of Paradise, that is too diffused to cast a sharp shadow—it is the region where The Light of the World reigns supreme and exists everywhere, rather than the sunshine of His creation upon this earth, which, coming direct from an isolated orb, paints the shadows of her children clear defined upon the bosom of their mother. Thus, whilst the tone of Fra Angelico has even more sunlight in it than that of Turner, we do not feel it to be *sunshine* owing to the want of the keen-edged shadow. But Turner gives us leagues of faint champaign or miles of sunlit Venice, vague and palpitating through heated atmosphere, but dazzling through the complexity and infinity of its hinted form as much as through the sunshine which bathes and beautifies everything. Through this blaze of light details are felt rather through their shadows and the shadows which they cast,\* than through any definite form on their bright parts—which often are lost in the light around them—these shadows in their turn being so faint in tone that they would be undistinguishable from the surrounding mass of middle tint but for the sharpness of their edges. For, to return to our tree again, you will find that if you turn your back to the sun, and retire to a certain distance, you will come to a point when you will lose sight altogether of those boughs which cross, or lie in front of the stem, their illuminated forms becoming lost in the illuminated tree trunk, both being the same in colour: but you will also notice that somehow—at first you cannot tell why—those interposing boughs *are* there, and presently you discover that their presence is felt through the shadows which they cast sharp and bold across the sunlit stem of the tree. And now look abroad over this bright landscape, and see is not this principle carried on into every part of it to the extremest distance. The whole landscape is composed of a delicate gradation of middle tint, upon which the shadows are laid, fainter and fainter

\* In considering chiaroscuro we must always bear in mind the double problem: (1) The shadowed side of the object itself; (2) The shadow cast by the object upon something else.

as they recede into space, but always keen-edged in sunshine, and always with an exquisite precision. This it is that makes Turner's distances so boundless and beautiful, and if you will but follow him in principle, you will be astonished how much easier rightness of method will in the end render the most difficult problem. My readers can now see, I have no doubt, how closely connected is the subject of the last paper on "Tone" with our present subject of study, or rather how this supreme problem of chiaroscuro embraces all the general truths of nature; and how futile is the effort of those who would render this great truth in black and white chalk, when the colour of every object in nature, though not *necessary* to express its form, is yet the means by which God has so expressed it. He might have shown us everything in black and white, as the French artist would have us believe; but He is not content with beauty of form alone to delight the heart of man. No ordinary "black letter character" is sufficient to imprint His praises in Nature's "Book of Hours;" no, the Sun, as her "illuminer," with the "crimson" and the "azure," and the "vert" and the "gold" of his rising and setting, writes from the east unto the west the legend of the greatness of Him who made them—"the Heavens are telling the glory of God!"

And yet, until Turner painted and Ruskin wrote, the landscape artists of England and elsewhere mainly denied this great truth of the broad reign of Nature's sunlight, and therefore the large preponderance of Middle tint over either high light or deep dark. On searching into the lectures of Fuseli, Barry, and Opie on this matter, I find that they agree in looking on deep dark as an ingredient which is to be extensively used in a composition. Barry tells us that the practice of "those masters, who best understood the use of chiaroscuro, was, to make the mass of middle tint larger than the *light*, and the dark larger than the middle tint and light together!!" Here is a nice rule to be forced upon the landscape painter who has nature's boundless sunshine before him. "Natural light and shade," says Fuseli, "is not always legitimate chiaroscuro in art." It may not to an unfeeling and sophisticated intellect, whose notions of art and Nature are limited to the effects of old masters, whose gloom is largely helped out by the bitumen varnishes of picture dealers and the dirt of ages; but "natural light and shade" are the only laws you can ever follow if you expect to succeed in the smallest way in rendering the broad sunshine and faint shadow of the world before you.



Without giving you any *proportions* of light, and shade into which you are to contort nature's facts as worst you can, I can at least set down this rule of Mr. Ruskin—that, *whether your picture be of day or night*, high light and deep dark are to be used only in small quantity, *in equal proportion*, and only in points—the rest of your picture must be composed of middle tint, the gloom or brightness of the picture depending entirely upon the depth or faintness of this middle tint. That is Nature's method, as you can see for yourself. The main masses of every landscape are a middle tint, the details being expressed by faint half lights, with their faint but keen and flat shadows; but upon this middle tint, here and there, Nature strikes her high lights: the distant white wall of a cottage on the hill—the fresh beam “glittering on the sail that brings our friends up from the under world,” or the sadder light “that reddens over one that sinks with all we love below the verge.” And in like manner, the deep darks are few in proportion to the high lights, and also exist only in isolated spots. The deep spots of gloom in the hollow of the hedgerow—these you must render as black, and comparing other shadows throughout the landscape which we might have thought to be black, with these deep darks, we find that these others stand out as distinct lights compared with them. As we have discussed the question of Tone, you will see how important it is for you to concentrate your attention on these deep darks and high lights, and maintain all lesser shadows and lights in proportion to them relatively as the strength of paint compared with Nature admits.

One other point I must draw your attention to. It is only in the middle tints you can see detail completely. In the high lights and deep darks you can see nothing. This is one of the truths by which Turner dazzles the eye: he repeats this law of Nature, that *the dazzling power of her highest lights obliterates detail as well as does the vacuity of her gloom*. For, look at a bright mossy bank on any sunny day in summer: where the sun shines on it no blade nor tuft of herbage can be seen, owing to the intense power of the light reflected; but look at the part where the bank slopes away from the sunlight, or where shadows of the hedge or trees fall on it, there the details become evident; the eye can rest on them undazzled and search them out. Of course, in the sunlit part the details exist also, but they are vague in proportion to the intensity of the light reflected from them: and here in the foreground

is another means which Nature adopts to obtain, what we have already seen to be one of her chief beauties, *mystery*. This is a fact often rendered by Turner—this mystery, and expression of sunshine by shadow. Take for instance the vignette, “*Datur Hora Quietæ*,” or as it has been translated, “*The Tranquil Hour*,” in the Third Series of Lithographs. Look at the group of trees on the opposite bank of the river: you will note that the terminations of the bright parts of their stems become lost in the sunshine of the ground; but we feel at once where they do terminate through the keen decision of the shadows which they cast down the knoll of the bank upon which they grow. Indeed you will find in this little picture, (in many respects one of the most noble and entirely beautiful of Turner’s works), that the truths of Light and Shade, which I have called your attention to in this paper, are all illustrated. The whole picture is one space of most intense and breathing light: object after object retires into the distance, leaving spaces of sunshine between, that, as we look at the scene, seem to quiver and and palpitate like heated air. The clump of trees on the opposite bank of the river, which would have been painted almost black by an old master, though strong in colour and in relief against their sunlit background, are, nevertheless, so perfect in Tone, that the sunshine flows and floats between them and the eye; and the bridge across the path of light on the river is lost in the intensity of its beams, not rendered black against it; nowhere do we find a touch of deep dark until we come to the immediate foreground, where the vigorous local black of the ploughshare and plough-handles, directly in opposition to the high light on the water, throws the entire picture into palpitating sunlit space. Finally, notice the faint long shadow thrown by the handles of the plough along the ground. A second-rate artist would have painted these as dark as the plough: but they would not be so in Nature. The intense light overhead and around would rob it of intensity of shadow, and it would be faint in strength of shade, but emphatic through keenness of edge. In second-rate painting you will often find the shadows cast by objects in sunset pictures to be as dark as the darkest side of the objects that cast them—but you cannot be too frequently warned against all these falsehoods that rob the picture of light. For remember, that whilst the stem of a tree may be almost black against the sunset, the shadow which it will cast upon the grass will be lit by the light of the wide expanse of sky above

it. See how Wordsworth notices this important truth, as indeed he does mostly all the elusive but important truths of Nature:—

“ At the root  
Of that tall pine the shadow of whose bare  
And slender stem, while here I sit at eve  
Oft stretches towards me in a long straight path  
Traced faintly in the greensward.”

*Excursion. Book vi.*

I said that you might test what benefit you received from your art studies by your powers of appreciating “The Excursion:” how many of us Amateurs would have noted the value of that word “*faintly*” in this passage? for that is the chief jewel. I fear, very few, if any. I had to read Ruskin’s “Modern Painters” before I could see the greatness of this and many more such passages in Wordsworth and Shelley, and I hope my readers will not be bored by poetical quotations before these papers are ended.

Nothing is more beautiful in Turner’s works than his expression of light through shadow. Turn to the vignette, “The Garden,” in the third series of Messrs. Rowney and Co.’s lithographs, and notice how the blaze of light streaming through the spaces of the balusters on the terrace is given. You lose the lit side of the balusters in the intensity of the light, but they are felt instantly and known to be there through the sharp commencement of the keen, though warm-toned shadow which is cast from their basis; and note how the details of the pavement are lost in the light, whilst the shadow of the boy chasing the butterfly is the sharpest defined object in the vignette. I would strongly advise you to take this row of balustrade as a model, enlarging it to four or five times the size of the vignette, and strive to copy the sunshine that streams through every part of it. By itself, this part of the vignette is as perfect as the whole (everything that Turner did will bear that test), but I think you will find that one attempt will not bring you success in copying it. And, believe me, when you have succeeded in this you will have learned more about the right way to express sunshine than any writing could tell you. Turner always prepared his ground of sunlit tint with infinite care for its tone and texture, and then with a full wet brush he cast the shadows upon it once and for all—the wetness of the tint causing the colour to clog along the edges and so dry with a keen edge. That was his simple method for the broad masses of shadow. But nothing can express the universal infinite labour in expressing shadow which

he carried into the subtler and less defined passages of his work ; following out as far as man could nature's inexhaustible fulness, which has no leaf nor pebble that does not bear its own reflected light and shadow, or that does not cast a shadow or reflect a light upon something else. You must possess his genius, patience, and imitate his endless labour, if you are ever to reach this, his noblest power.

Give every care to expressing the true forms of the shadows of things, they express not only the form of the object which casts them, but the irregularities of the surface upon which they are cast. It is a nice problem, for instance, to discover what shape the shadow of a chimney will take when cast on a sloping roof ; how much more difficult to render that of a complex object on unequal ground. And yet the expression of the unequal ground depends largely upon your achieving this. I once saw a team at the plough finely rendered in full sunshine—perfectly rendered, but that the shadows which they cast on the ploughed land were as flat as if thrown on a piece of smooth green-sward : the whole truth of the picture was spoiled by this error. In facing a problem of this kind as a student, you had better never invent : go for the fact to nature, and copy it there or do not attempt it at all. By every false statement you make you weaken your own powers of observation. Indeed you should never invent. The great artist never invents in these facts ; he draws from the large stores of his previous knowledge and study ; you must first obtain his knowledge before you can imitate his unhesitating power.

Reflected light upon objects is a phenomenon you must also look for and when found carefully express to the best of your power. I need not dwell upon its laws, as they embrace almost limitless possibilities. A scientist will tell you that, in moving the book you now hold in your hand, such is the infinite extent of the force of mutual attraction, you are exerting power upon the farthest fixed star, and moving it from its place in the Heavens. Such a fact is only conceivable, not appreciable. And in like manner since "star to star vibrates light," there is not an object which we see that does not partake of some modification of its own light from that of some other object. This as a fact is universally true, but here again the appreciable alone is what we have to deal with : and, except in the case of near objects, such interchange of reflected light will not demand the artist's labour. In a criticism on a picture by Mr. Seymour Lucas, "Rebel Hunting," I saw an objec-

tion to the vivid redness of a soldier's face. It was really a great piece of truth; the light was falling full on the back of a comrade's red coat in front of him, and though this could not be seen it was *felt* through the flare of scarlet it reflected on the face of the man who followed him. You will now perhaps begin to realise how far from FULLY expressing nature's light and shade is the method of study that rejects colour and takes black and white chalk instead. It is plain at a glance that this question of reflected light is so intimately bound up with colour—the particular colours of each object being so necessarily modified where they receive the reflection of the colours of the other objects. I have seen distinct emerald lights reflected up from the patches of sunlit grass on to the dark side of a beech trunk which glowed like dim lamps of green fire, and which were obvious as reflected lights from the ground only through their trembling and swaying movements. If these were rendered as I saw them on this particular occasion, I do not think anyone would believe in the picture; for, for one thing, their motion would be lost in the painting. But this fact was nothing in its curiousness to the colour of the clouds which I once saw towards the north-west when driving from Kilrush to Kilkee. They were so bright and vivid a green that I feared I was becoming colour-blind until I questioned the carman who drove me. He at once quieted my mind by telling me, "It's the *say* that does it, sir—sure the *say's* green itself, sir!" finishing with the Clare peasant's convincing antistrophe—"Tis throe for me!" And it *was* true. When I came in sight of the Atlantic, the extraordinary, and to me unaccountable, colour which it displayed on that day left no doubt in the mind that it was reflected upwards on the clouds which lay close and low to the north-west on that sunny afternoon. I do not say that these are the effects you ought seek to render—Nature has her moments of grotesque passion and humour that will startle you with their presence more often than you will be inclined to expect, if you will but watch her constantly. But these only serve to teach us more fully the beauties of her quiet power and peacefulness.

One thing you will observe throughout this paper—that I have dealt solely with the phenomena of light and shade as they appear to the eye that studies them in Nature; and, as I promised from the commencement, in doing this I have followed Ruskin. But you will find that the worst method of viewing this subject is too often

that adopted by Art text books—utter disregard of the question as a group of natural phenomena, and Light and Shade considered as ingredients that, if used in certain proportions, and distributed in certain forms, produce certain results. I have seen diagram after diagram in a text book on the subject made up of triangles and pyramids, and circles of blackness opposed to light, and underneath written, "Peace," "Sublime," "Storm," &c., &c. This is all a remnant of the Academical School of Fuseli, Barry, and Opie. Nay, you must avoid Reynolds as an art teacher in his lectures as you should follow him in his paintings. He seems to have been born to teach all error by his precept, and all excellence by his example. I mention this fact to prove to you that you must not think because a great artist says that "Poetry does not concern herself with facts, and that painting should not likewise," that he is speaking truth of either poetry or painting. As is natural, we amateurs look with reverence upon the utterances of an artist like Reynolds or Wm. Hunt—we are ready to accept their false theories unproved, when we would see the falsehood did they attempt to prove them. More false teaching has been done in this world through dogmatism, than through false logic. The false logic stands a good chance of being exposed somehow; but when the master dogmatizes, the pupil reverently accepts without question, and often further drives the master's dogma into conclusions which he never intended. The one safeguard in following Ruskin is, that, in writing upon these phenomena, he dogmatizes upon nothing he cannot prove. He tells you that there ARE hundreds of truths of beauty and moral worth which it will be as necessary for you to feel as those of material facts—but that they are not demonstrable: and that you can only learn them by bettering your own conscience, and so coming to feel them; but that what is *true* you can learn now if you will. There is nothing in the teaching of Ruskin on natural phenomena that you cannot see for yourself if you will only keep your eyes open. And so, when you read of sublimities of blackness in the shapes of triangles and pyramids into which you are to torture nature's facts, do not believe that they are right because the author of them was once professor at the Royal Academy. Lift your eyes to the wide sky, and the far hills, and the shining plain, and ask yourself "Is this man speaking truth? Does nature manifest her greatness in this excess of blackness? Were those painters who chose dark backgrounds in preference to

luminous ones, uttering the higher truth—in fine, which shall I follow, this narrow, eclectic dogmatism, or the never-ending variety of Nature manifesting herself through immutable laws? ” I have little doubt if you so question yourselves, as to the reply which your reason and heart will make you.

And in concluding these papers on the general truths concerning Landscape Painting, I would point out one fact connected with Art text books in justice to those works. Many of them were written or delivered as Lectures, seemingly on the general subject, “Painting,” including Landscape Painting; whereas the authors, either through predilection or ignorance, confined their facts to the study of the figure, and treated landscape as a mere accessory, which, as a background, should be worked out as best to throw the figure subject forward. Thus, whilst many of their dogmas on light and shade, colour, &c., may be right where the study of the figure is concerned, which, of itself, embraces solely the phenomena of reflected light and ordinary daylight, they will be found either inadequate or false as treating of direct sunshine—or the expression of things lit by the sun’s unclouded rays. It is only since Ruskin has written, that men’s eyes have been opened to the fact that they had been working in a dark prison, as it were, into which not half the world’s sunshine had penetrated—whilst outside lay the leagues of the sunlit world and the light. When the doors were first thrown open, and the light let in, what wonder if their eyes were dazzled at first too much to realise the fulness of the revelation? For I defy anyone to look on “Modern Painters,” Vol. I., as other than a revelation, having read the collected art lectures of Barry, Fuseli, and Opie. If in these papers I have helped anyone to recognise that Nature is the best school to study in—that Ruskin is the best living guide to follow in that study—and that the Academical teaching that discards natural phenomena and sets up rules of its own, are false, I shall have accomplished what I hoped. I shall end by putting down a few aphorisms from the Laws of Fesole, that contain in their small space the main truths of the past five papers.

“A cherry is red, a blackberry is black, and a pea is green, all round.”

“You will be told that shadow is black, but Corregio when he wants to shade takes red chalk and shades with that.”

“You will be told that blue is a retiring colour, but the sun that sets behind the blue mountains is red or yellow, and you will have to paint it so.”

“‘Please paint me my white cat,’ said the little Imelda. ‘Child,’ replied the Bolognese Professor, ‘in the grand school all cats are gray!’”

## POSTSCRIPT.

THE Art Editor of the IRISH MONTHLY has received a notice from Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Son, the well known Fine Art Publishers of London, of a Competition in Painting, open to *bonâ fide* Amateurs and Art Students, the firm requesting the publication thereof in the Magazine through the usual Art-channels. The Editor has asked me to make the conclusion of this paper the means of its publication, and I have much pleasure in doing so, since the conditions of the Competition offer good grounds for hope that Irish and English Convent Schools may distinguish themselves. The rules are elaborate, and space forbids their being copied; but application to the nearest Art Publishers, or Artist Colourmen will bring Messrs. R. T.'s pamphlet by return of post, in which all particulars will be found. Suffice it on our part to say, that three large prizes, £100, £50, £20, are offered, and numerous smaller sums, in all £500, for the best *copies* in oil, water-colour, crayon, or pencil, of any work of art published by Messrs. Raphael Tuck, and bearing their stamp. This includes panel and decorative design, flower painting, studies of the figure, landscape, marine, and animal subjects, in fine, all such subjects as Amateurs mostly work at. As the work is limited to correct copying of fixed subjects, I have great hope, as I say, that in the space of time allotted from now till December, Convent Art Classes may distinguish themselves; and, as the Judges will include Sir John Millais, Mr. George Boughton, and many more of the leading Royal Academicians, the prize winner of even the smallest sum will possess a diploma with the signatures of these great names attached—no small honour for the Amateur. One word of warning—any Art Student who has previously gained a Scholarship, or Amateur who has had a work exhibited in any recognised Art Exhibition in the three Kingdoms, is excluded. Thus, all start as it were on a fair and even line. It is a venture that doubtless will draw a large amount of competition, but from what I already know of Art Work in English and Irish Convents, I have hopes that some will show sufficient painstaking correctness—that is all that is required—to gain prizes. The IRISH MONTHLY will keep anxious watch for success in these directions, and hail what may come with all pleasure.

MONTAGU L. GRIFFIN.



## ST. CHRYSOSTOM'S RETURN FROM EXILE.

[Arcadius, Emperor of the East, banished St. Chrysostom. He died of his sufferings on his way to his place of exile, Pityus, on the eastern coast of the Euxine. Thirty years later Theodosius II., son of Arcadius, brought back the body of the Saint to Constantinople, and interred it, A.D. 438, in the Church of the Apostles. See "Leaves from St. John Chrysostom," by Mary H. Allies, pp. 13-15.]

SAD is the music though the midnight seas  
Flash in the torch-light brighter than by day—  
Dirge for the dead. A hundred ships make way  
Like pyres of Norland kings, before the breeze.  
That night they pass the famed Symplegades;  
At dawn they anchor in Byzantium's bay;  
At noon, o'er streets flower-strewn, with banners gay,  
A regal train advances. Who are these?  
An Emperor kneels before a Pontiff's bier,  
Sueing the pardon of a Father's crime;  
A penitent people that sad coffin rear;  
The "Apostles' Church," as in the ancient time,  
Receives once more her exiled Chrysostom—  
Fittier this day he sleeps Saint Peter's guest at Rome.

AUBREY DE VERE.

Jan. 31, 1889.

## A LITTLE PILGRIM.

KATE Mullins was only ten when she began to keep house for her father, if travelling about in a cart all day, and sleeping in outhouses or cheap lodging-houses, or perhaps in the cart itself, could be called keeping house, and Katie thought it could!

Old Peter hawked crockery about the country-side: cheap jugs and basins, cups and saucers, teapots of every shape and size, "jelly-cans" [jam-pots], and "fancy goods," shepherds and shepherdesses standing under scarlet trees, marbles for the bairns, china dogs and other common ware. All these Katie kept bright and clean, dusting the packing-straw away, and scrubbing them daily with her bit of rag.

But that was a small part of her house-keeping. She mended

and even washed the clothes, kept the purse, and bought their small stores, providing food for man and beast. Breakfast was an easy matter—a “bite” of bread or oat-cake, washed down with water from the nearest pump or stream; but dinner was a serious affair and needed thought.

About mid-day Peter would draw up at some farm or cottage door, show off his goods, and, business done, Katie would ask the guid-wife’s leave to boil her kettle by the kitchen-fire, and, carefully measuring out the quantity, would “mask,” as we say, a cup of tea. Then she would fetch from the cart, tied up in a huge, red handkerchief, the scraps which had been given to her, or which she had bought the day before. But before Peter and Katie could have their own dinner, the “beasts” must be fed. Old Lassie was unharnessed and given her drink of “stirabout” (a handful of oatmeal in water), and then turned out to graze, and Ken, the dog, was always given his share however scanty the supplies might be.

Sometimes the “mistress” or guid-wife, if pleased with her bargain, or generously inclined, would add the plate of barley-broth or cup of milk, which made the frugal meal a feast in Katie’s eyes, and old Peter in return would give the bairns a “boul” [marble] or two, or even to good customers a tiny mug.

Old Peter was an honest, sober man; he never “passed” a cracked or broken dish, and was very careful of his little daughter. If, as often happened, there were beggars or tramps in the lodging-house, he would wrap Katie in his ragged overcoat, make her a nest in the cart among the straw, draw the tarpaulin cover tight, and leave her with Ken for guard quite safe.

Peter was Irish, a fervent Catholic, and so arranged his rounds as to spend the first Sunday of every month at D——.

The Priest of the little mission knew him well; he was punctual at his duties, paid his dues, and gave his reverence many a gift besides—vases for the altar, groups for the parlour mantel-piece, or cups and saucers of new pattern and gaudy colouring.

“I’ll be for starting a cart myself, Peter,” his reverence would say, chuckling and taking a great pinch of snuff, when some new present came.

Father Daly was a son of St. Patrick himself, as—may God Almighty reward them—so many of our missionaries in Scotland are. Upon the occasions of these monthly visits, he would make

Katie bring out her book, and put her through what she called her "catechiz," for the child was quick, and, somehow, in her wandering life had learned to read. In fine weather, perched on the driving-seat beside her father, she learned her lesson and taught him his.

"The larnin' that's in the crathur!" Peter would say, looking admiringly at the small instructress, who never let him miss or change a word.

Peter could do little more than earn their bread, in winter scarcely even that. Times were bad. Like other hawkers in his trade, he had to buy dear and sell cheap. He had losses, too, bad debts and breakages. One spring, old Lassie fell, and the new stock just bought was smashed. Still from time to time he managed to put a crown away, and, when he died, his banker, Father Daly, had nearly thirty shillings in hand. Lassie and the cart brought in a little more, and the old man was decently buried.

His reverence himself took Ken; but Katie—what was to become of Katie?

The afternoon of the funeral, Father Daly, walking up and down his room, taking his pinch of snuff from time to time, turned it over and over in his mind. He could not keep the child himself. He knew what Mrs. Fagan, his house-keeper, would have to say to that! Mrs. Fagan was an excellent woman in her way, honest, sober, industrious, and no gossip; but she had a temper of her own, as Father Daly knew to his cost. Katie was too young for service, and as for the workhouse!—his reverence turned in his walk, taking a bigger pinch of snuff, shaking his head. Had he but known at that moment that Katie had taken the matter into her own hands, and settled it, it would have been a relief to his mind.

"Here's Katie wanting you, sir," Mrs. Fagan said, half an hour later, opening the parlour door.

"Well, well," the Priest said with a sigh, stopping in his walk, and settling himself in his big arm-chair. "Well, well: show her in."

"If ye please, sir, I'm hired to Mrs. Reid," said Katie, as he called her to his side.

"You're *what*?" asked Father Daly, putting on his spectacles to see her better.

"If ye please, I'm hired to Mrs. Reid," with a sob this time.

"And what's Mrs. Reid going to do with you, Katie?" asked the Priest, kindly patting her head.

"There's work to do," said Katie solemnly. "Work!" said Father Daly, smiling in spite of himself, for Katie, though healthy, was small and thin, and looked a child of nine or ten instead of twelve, as she really was. The neighbours had "found" her in mourning of a sort, a black coburg gown that nearly touched the ground, a cape, a hat trimmed with great bows of rusty crape, and far oo big.

Father Daly knew Mrs. Reid, a quiet, decent widow-woman who kept a little general shop. She was a Protestant, true, but Katie might do worse; it would be a respectable home for her, and he could keep her under his own eye. "Well, well," he said, after a pause looking at Katie again, and thinking there probably was some mistake, "I'll see Mrs. Reid myself."

But there was no mistake! Katie was a handy lass, Mrs. Reid explained. Old Peter himself had said she never broke a dish. She wanted a bairn to run her errands and call her when "wanted" in the shop.

"She must be free to practise her religion, Mrs. Reid," said Father Daly, looking at her keenly from under his thick eyebrows, and taking a pinch from the jar of snuff she handed him from the shelf.

"Ye needna' be feared," said Mrs. Reid, "my grannie was a Catholic hersel', an' no' a haet the waur [not a bit the worse] that ever I cud see. No, mebbe, that I wud alloo that to the Meenister, Mr. Daly."

The Priest laughed, taking another pinch. "Katie's a good bairn," he said with emphasis.

"Weel, she'll get no ill here," said Mrs. Reid, putting back her jar; I promise ye that."

So Katie found a home, and Mrs. Reid found Katie a careful, handy lass, and "took to her kindly," as our people say. Katie mourned her father long, but after a little she settled down, calling her mistress "grannie," quite at home. At first she felt the confinement after her out-door life: this Mrs. Reid was quick to see, ordering her out to "ha'e a rin" [have a run], or sending her an errand to some distant farm to fetch the butter or eggs she kept for sale.

Mrs. Reid did her duty conscientiously by the child. On

Fridays and fast days, she was careful to provide eggs or red herrings for her dinner and tea. Every night going to bed she gave her the same reminder. "Dinna forget yer Maker, Katie lass;" and every morning she was greeted with the same question, "Did ye tak' the time to say yer prayers?" and every Sunday morning she was given a penny to put in the collecting plate, and sent off in good time for Mass; and in her little corner by the Sacred Heart, Katie was soon known to all the congregation.

The spring after old Peter's death Father Daly went with a friend to Rome. There was great excitement among his little flock, and when he came back he undertook, by special request, to give an account of his travels.

The little village-hall was hired, and three-pence entrance fee was charged to help towards a new harmonium for the church; and a plate was placed inside the door that any who pleased might give a little more.

Going on her errands a good many pennies came in Katie's way, but—true child of her race—she did not keep them long. She emptied her pocket for the first beggar she met, she bought cookies and snaps [cakes] for the smaller bairns; and the bigger lasses soon found out that they might borrow and beg and never pay.

"A fule an' his siller's sune pairted," Mrs. Reid would say; but Katie never improved.

For the first time, on the night of Father Daly's lecture, Katie wished she had kept a penny, for she had nothing to put on the plate. Mrs. Reid had paid her entrance fee. But soon, ears, eyes and mouth open, she forgot everything listening to the lecture.

Father Daly first spoke of his journey, which, he said, his spiritual children by their generosity had made easy for him. He described, to the intense interest of his hearers, the sights and beauties of Rome, and told of his audience with the Holy Father, ending with an account of a Polish pilgrim, an old woman, who arrived in Rome the same day as himself, and who, with only a rouble or two in her pocket, had walked all the road from Warsaw, begging her way. He told them how graciously the Holy Father had received her, blessing her, and providing her with means to take her home.

Katie's mind was made up on the spot. She would save every farthing; she, too, would be a pilgrim; she, too, would go to Rome.

That night Mrs. Reid was told of her intention ; she laughed good-naturedly. "Keep yer siller, Katie lass," she said, "that's a' I ask."

Next Saturday Father Daly too was told. He too was amused. "Well, well, Katie," he said, patting her head, "stranger things have happened sometimes."

"Pit yer siller in the savings' bank," Mrs. Reid advised from time to time ; but Katie had no faith in banks and firmly shook her head. Sometimes Mrs. Reid gave her a penny herself. "That's to spen' in Rome, Katie, ye ken," she would say with a dry laugh. The neighbours too teased her. "Weel, Katie, when are ye aff ?" one would ask. "Hoo much hae ye gaithered noo ?" another, perhaps. Even Father Daly had his joke, called her his "pilgrim," and made mysterious allusions to cockle-shells.

"They will see," Katie said resolutely to herself, half offended.

Once, indeed, a terrible doubt was raised in Katie's mind. "I'm thinkin' they dinna speak muckle English there," a neighbour woman suggested. Poor Katie had never thought of that ; but her ready wits did not desert the child—"Mr. Daly'll gi'e me a line," she said.

"An', Katie lass, what an' they canna read ?"

"They can a' read, I ken that fine," Katie cried angrily, but with such decision the woman accepted the fact.

Katie did not improve in these days. Her errands were done less obligingly, less happily. Would there be a penny or two for her pains, was her one thought. The beggars got nothing now but "gude-day" and a nod. The children gave up borrowing. Even Ken, poor Ken, for whom she had often bought a bake (a kind of hard biscuit), had to do without his treat. Every evening, work done, she counted her pence, and talked her journey over with Mrs. Reid, who, sick of the subject, was yet too good-natured to bid her hold her tongue.

Father Daly noticed the child's preoccupied manner. "Are you happy with Mrs. Reid, Katie ?" he asked when he met her on the road one day.

"Aye."

"You mind and say your prayers ?"

"Aye," said Katie again, lower this time. Katie did not forget her night and morning prayers, thanks perhaps to Mrs. Reid ; but counting her siller had taken the place of saying beads.

Father Daly looked at her, sure there was something wrong, and made up his mind he would have a good talk with her before the week was out.

"It's the month of the Holy Souls," he said, nodding good-bye. "Don't forget your poor father, bairn; it's the *duty* you owe him now."

Katie gave a little start when Father Daly spoke. All she had heard of Purgatory came back to her mind. She remembered how her father had deprived himself even of the necessities of life that he might have Masses said for her mother, and even for his parents who had died in Ireland long ago. A struggle from that moment began in the child's breast.

Father Daly had spoken of her "*duty*" to her father; but she was saving for a good object; her father would have been proud at the thought of her going to Rome! Father Daly himself had said that the Polish woman had had a rouble or two in her pocket when she started. She must have saved them, Katie was sure.

The fight went on in Katie's breast, and by the time her errand was done she had made up her mind. She would offer her beads for her father every day. Father Daly himself would think that that would do! Katie shut heart and conscience too.

Next day the man who had bought Lassie came to the town—an Irishman from the same county as old Peter; he sought Katie out, and counted five shillings in her hand—"for a Mass for ould Peter, God rest his sowl," he said.

Long after he had gone Kate stood silent, the money in her hand, then ran to her room in a passion of tears.

"What ails ye, Katie?" Mrs. Reid asked when tea-time came, seeing the tear-stained face.

Katie only answered by a sob.

"Save us! ye ha'e na lost yer siller, lass?" cried Mrs. Reid, thinking that the greatest misfortune that, under the circumstances, could possibly befall the child.

"Na, na," cried Katie. "I'm an ill lass, grannie; I'm a real ill lass."

"You're no' that, Katie," said Mrs. Reid comfortingly. "What's wrang, my lass?"

's story soon was told.

Weel," said Mrs. Reid, "gin ye think a Mass can help yer faither, lass, it's no' for me to say ye're wrang"—and perhaps a

thought that even if Katie were wrong, if no prayer nor sacrifice availed the dead, that the love and self-sacrifice might somehow count with God, passed through her mind. "Gin I were you, I'd gang to Mr. Daly, bairn," she said after a pause.

Father Daly was sitting reading in his parlour, his open snuff-box beside him, when Mrs. Fagan announced Katie in almost the words she had used a year before: "Here's Kate Mullins wanting you, sir."

"Well, how's the pilgrim?" said the Priest, cheerily, holding out his hand. "Is it me or Ken you're wanting this time, Katie?" for Katie often took Ken in her country expeditions.

There was no answer, and Father Daly looked up.

"What is it, child?" he said quietly, seeing her face.

"I'm no' gaun to Rome; I'm no' gaun to Rome," sobbed Katie among her tears.

"Quietly, Katie: quietly," said the Priest. Long before her story was done, she was kneeling at his feet in the confessional emptying her little heart; and it was the old Katie who, an hour later, ran gaily up the street, Ken barking at her heels.

Long after, Father Daly asked her one day, a twinkle in his kind, grey eye: "Do you ever think of Rome now, Katie?" And when Katie looking shyly up, blushing, replied—"Weel, Faither, gin I'd the chance, I'd like fine to gang"—the Priest said gravely, taking his pinch of snuff, "You're on a better pilgrimage, my lass. God bless and keep you in the path to Heaven!"

FRANCES MARY MAITLAND.

---

#### THE STORM-THRUSH IN DECEMBER.\*

BROWN and bare are wood and wold,  
And by no sign may be foretold  
The splendour of the Spring.  
Then has some stray and wintry gleam  
Wrought on thy nature? Dost thou dream  
And in thy day-dream sing,

By fancy lured the dreamy present from thy mind to fling?

\* This is another name for the missel-thrush. It opens the spring-opera of the birds with its December solo, to the orchestral accompaniment of the robin [violin], sparrow [flute], and rook [bass viol], none of which are song-birds, at least in December. The song of the missel-thrush is inferior to that of the common thrush in melody, compass, and clearness. Like many poets, it sings best when worst fed.



Oh, let thy dream be sweet and long,  
That I may raise upon thy song

A kindred ecstasy :

For, when the soul is dull and grey,  
Clouded by sorrows of the day,

Such transient misery

'Tis pleasant to forget in dreams of things that are to be.

But I am wrong : thou dost not dream—

To thee things must be what they seem :

Then why this joyous strain ?

Or has the rude wind lost for thee

Something of its severity,

And in a kindlier vein

Breathes it a whisper from the Spring that it will come again ?

Or from thy post on yonder beech,

Whence ocean is within the reach

Of thy observing eye,

Some changes upon land or sea,

Which have no power to speak to me,

Thou canst perhaps descry,

Which tell thee that the year's great change, the Spring, is drawing nigh.

But no, all this is Fancy's creature—

By higher power from thy nature

Unconscious song is riven ;

And for thy melody and mirth,

Which surely are not of the earth,

No reason may be given

But that thou art a thing of God's and thy song is from heaven.

Thus in obedience to His will

Thy lays the winter woodland fill

And promise us the Spring.

So fills the moon the weary night

That we may not despair of light,

And so the rain clouds bring

The rainbow with them as a pledge of their soon vanishing.

N. N. R.

## THE LATE FATHER O'CARROLL, S.J.

THE Rev. John James O'Carroll, S.J., who died on the 5th of March, 1889, was too interesting and too remarkable an example of Irish talent not to have his name recorded in a Magazine which has for one of its objects the preservation of as many worthy Irish names as possible. To those who have never before heard of him, we feel that we cannot introduce him better than by first quoting the obituary which appeared in *The Freeman's Journal* the morning after his death :—

"We deeply regret to announce the death of one of our country's most gifted scholars, Rev. J. J. O'Carroll, S.J., Professor of Modern Languages, University College, and Examiner in these same subjects in the Royal University. To men of education in Ireland it is unnecessary to explain what a loss the cause of learning has sustained in him. We do not exceed the rigid truth when we state that he has left no one in Ireland behind who can adequately fill his place. He was a master of almost all the languages of Europe—a master in the fullest sense of the term. He spoke them fluently, and he was an adept in their literatures. The Russian and the Hungarian, which are beyond the reach of most of our *literati*, were familiar to him—even the provincial dialects of these strange tongues afforded him room for the exercise of his singular talent. He was an indefatigable student, seeking every facility to extend the range of his knowledge. The ships which brought foreigners from distant lands to Dublin sometimes supplied him with teachers; it was not unusual for him to pay a foreign sailor to sit with him in his room by the hour and talk to him the language of Sweden or of Iceland. Hitherto he had been engaged accumulating his stores of knowledge: he had just begun to utilise his vast acquirements for the advantage of others. Works of rare merit on which he was engaged must now remain unfinished. There is no one who can complete fittingly the tasks to which he had put his hand, but which he has not been spared to accomplish. We deplore the sudden death which has taken him off, with only a few minutes' warning. We cannot but regard it as a national loss. As it is, his fame must not grow to the measure of his intellectual merits. But his name will none the less remain enshrined in the memory of those who had the good fortune to know him intimately, and to learn from him how transcendent gifts of mind may be combined with the most touching modesty, and rare endowments of intellect enhanced by the charms of unaffected humility."

It will be seen from this notice that Father O'Carroll deserved a place in the "Memoir of Eminent Linguists" which Dr. Russell prefixed to his *Life of Mezzofanti*. A writer in the *Irish Times* of March 8, 1889, who seems to have been intimate with Father O'Carroll, states that he was master of fourteen languages and literatures, that he could converse in eight other languages, and could read eight or nine more. The fourteen that he enumerates

as being thoroughly mastered by the deceased scholar are French, Italian, German, Spanish, Portuguese, Irish, Russian, Polish, Icelandic, Danish, Norwegian, Servian, Illyrian and Hungarian. He was also quite at home in Greek, ancient and modern. If we add English and Latin, his intimacy with which is taken for granted, the number of languages that he possessed thoroughly comes up to seventeen.

The writer whose observations we have just summarised mentions that Father O'Carroll's memory was marvellously tenacious, recalling, for instance, the details of conversations which had taken place thirty years before. In the countries in which he at various times pursued his studies, he was able in a very short time to qualify himself to be a government examiner in some branches of the public examinations. Generally he not only learned the language of a country, but mastered its dialects.

Before mentioning a few more personal particulars about Father O'Carroll, we may add here the remarks of another friend in *The Nation* (March 9), who dwells chiefly on his Irish studies. Father O'Carroll had scholarship enough (he says) to have writ his name on the roll of the most celebrated linguists. There was scarcely a European dialect of which he was not the master; and he had a literary instinct that made his immense talent for the acquisition of languages something more than a mere philological instrument. Unlike many of our linguists, Irish was neither the last nor the least on his list. Our Gaelic scholars are familiar with his name through the pages of the *Gaelic Journal*; they know him as one whose knowledge of the old tongue, though sound and accurate, was not of the dry-as-dust order. His dramatic dialogues in Irish were a feature of the Gaelic Union's publications. Those dialogues illustrated to some extent a theory which he held with regard to Irish literary genius, and of which we do not remember to have seen the statement anywhere. He once stated to the present writer that his study of the old Gaelic literature had convinced him that, had the literature been allowed naturally to develop, it would have been rich in drama.

"In Irish history Father O'Carroll was somewhat of a sceptic. He was exceedingly doubtful of the Pagan legends; not that he did not ascribe value to them, but his interpretation was not as literal as that favoured by many of our scholars. Nevertheless he was jealous of the reputation of Pagan Ireland. The last piece of his published work is contained in the March number of the *Lyceum*. It is an article on the contemporary accounts of the Pagan Scots, and it admirably

illustrates the breadth of his scholarship by its application of classical knowledge to the criticism of Gibbon. Gibbon slandered Pagan Ireland through a whole volume, and withdrew his slander later on in a foot-note. Father O'Carroll's exposure of the inaccuracy and the dishonesty is a fine piece of criticism. This was but a small piece of ore from a vein which the writer had just begun to work, and it is sad to think that a mind so full of our country's language, literature, and history—so full of a learning so rare—is with us no more. The dead scholar was an interesting personality for another reason. He was the last direct descendant of the O'Carrolls of Ely, and one more old Irish house has now no direct representative. But neither this fact, nor the fact of his accomplished scholarship, ever took Father O'Carroll from the retired circle to which his modesty confined him, and within which those who had the privilege of approaching it found as bright, as kind, as keenly intelligent, and as perfect a gentleman as either the country that gave him birth, or the illustrious Order to which he belonged, could claim."

It is now time to give a few dates from Father O'Carroll's life. He was born on the 1st of September, 1837, at 51 Great Charles Street, Dublin. Through his mother, who was a Miss Goold, he was closely connected with the Dease family and also with Mr. Gladstone's latest Irish Chancellor, Lord Justice Naish. His father, Redmond O'Carroll, was the first President General of the St. Vincent de Paul Society in Ireland—in which office, by the way, Judge Waters has just succeeded the late Sir John Bradstreet, Bart. One of those romantic circumstances on which novels sometimes turn occurred in Mr. O'Carroll's life. On the death of a relative he had entered fully into possession of a large landed property, when he himself discovered a will bequeathing the property to another. He at once gave the property up. Instead of what happens in such cases in novels, one is almost glad to be told that Mr. O'Carroll's honesty had not its reward in this world.

His only children were the subject of this notice and his brother Francis, who became a priest of the London Oratory, and died two years ago. They were educated at Clongowes. The elder brother a few days after his sixteenth birthday became a novice of the Society of Jesus, on the 13th of September, 1853. It is needless to mention the places and the years in which he learned and taught; but it is right to say that his amiable sanctity impressed deeply all who came in contact with him, and that in him also was found no mean measure of that marvellous innocence and marvellous spirit of penance which (as we are told in the Church's beautiful prayer) the Distributor of heavenly gifts linked together in the angelic youth, St. Aloysius. More edifying

perhaps than the tokens of corporal mortification, which his sudden death did not allow him to conceal as he had concealed in life, are such instances of self-sacrifice as we have heard of him during his student-life at Rome. Bookworm as he was, enthusiastic student as he was, a fellow-student has told me that when anyone wanted a companion, as was necessary in issuing from the Roman College, Father O'Carroll was always ready to put his books aside and offer his services cheerfully, never grumbling in the least, no matter how long he might be detained from his beloved studies.

These studies took very early a linguistic direction. If his talents and tastes had received full opportunity and full development, he might almost have become an Irish Mezzofanti.\* When Father O'Carroll was a candidate for an appointment in Modern Languages in the Royal University of Ireland, he obtained testimonials from highly qualified persons with regard to the four languages, German, French, Italian and Spanish, which form the department of Modern Languages in that University. I was about to give a few extracts from these testimonials, but it seems well to put on record this authentic proof of a portion of the linguistic knowledge possessed by this Irish priest :—

"I have lately made the acquaintance of the Rev. John James O'Carroll, Examiner of the Royal University of Ireland, and I have much pleasure in stating that I find his German pronunciation is *excellent and without foreign accent*.

"BALTHAR VON REICHEL,  
"Knight of St. John of Jerusalem."

"I had the honour of knowing the Rev. J. J. O'Carroll, Examiner of the Royal University of Ireland, more than twenty years ago. At that time already the Rev. gentleman was known as a very good linguist. He gave, even at that time, lectures in German on history with great success in a continental College, then the public Imperial school at Feldkirch in Austria. I had the pleasure of meeting him again after an interval of twenty years, and then again and again, and was extremely surprised at the purity of his German pronunciation and at his facility for expressing himself in German. His German is as correct with regard to grammar as refined with regard to accent. His knowledge of German literature is very extensive.

"F. J. HÖVER,  
"Professor of Philosophy and German Literature  
at Stonyhurst College."

\* The sum of the long and laborious researches which produced Dr. Russell's *Life of Mezzofanti* seems to be that the Polyglot Cardinal had, at the lowest and most strictly scientific calculation, mastered sixty languages. Adding the languages with which he was acquainted less perfectly, the number reaches 78. This is the very lowest estimate, while some, between languages and dialects, raised the number to 114.

"If you can turn my testimony to account, you may use it in the fullest and freest way, as I hereby declare that I have had time and opportunity in abundance to become acquainted with and admire your great and really rare talent for modern foreign languages, especially your ease and correctness, the purity of your pronunciation, as well as of your way of writing in German. What excited my astonishment still more was your solid and deep comprehension of the spirit of the German language, of German life and character, of German Culture and National Development.

"*PH. LÖFFLER, S.J.*"

---

"When I recently had the honour of making the Rev. J. J. O'Carroll's acquaintance, it accidentally so happened that German was being spoken, and I was indeed so deceived that I asked him the question—Are you German? But for his contradiction I might well have continued in my error in the course of a long conversation between us which ensued.

"As to grammar and facility of expressing himself he is the equal of any German I know.

"*GÜSTAV BISCHOF, F.T.C., F.C.S.,*

"Late Professor of Technical Chemistry, Andersonian University, Glasgow."

---

"The undersigned has much pleasure in stating that he has conversed with the Rev. John James O'Carroll at some length in German, and that the Reverend gentleman is, in his opinion, quite at home in German grammar, idiom and pronunciation. His fluency ought to make lecturing in German a matter of ease to himself and of benefit to his hearers.

"*FRIEDRICH BARON VON HÜGEL.*"

---

"Professor *MAX MÜLLER* has much pleasure in stating that he has conversed for some time with the Rev. J. J. O'Carroll, and that he considers his knowledge of the German language very creditable. He speaks it fluently, correctly, and with a natural accent. He has also studied several other languages, and taken an interest in questions of Comparative Philology. From what he has heard of the Rev. J. J. O'Carroll's acquirements from a very competent judge, and from what he has seen himself, Professor *Max Müller* has little doubt that the Rev. J. J. O'Carroll would discharge the duties of a Professor of German language and literature very satisfactorily."

---

"Having had the pleasure of a long conversation with the Rev. J. J. O'Carroll, I am in a position to state, and do so with pleasure, that he speaks and understands French like a native of France, with ease and a very good accent. I feel quite sure that he would be able to undertake the teaching of French, not only grammatically, but also practically. He appears besides to be an able and well-informed man.

"*CH. CASSAL, LL.D.,*

"Professor Univ. Coll. and R. N. College; Examiner in the University of London; to the Admiralty: the Council of Military Education, &c."

---

"Ayant eu le plaisir de m'entretenir pendant quelque temps en français avec le Révérend J. J. O'Carroll, examinateur de l'Université Royale d'Irlande, je suis en

mesure de déclarer qu'il parle cette langue avec une grande aisance, de la manière la plus correcte et avec un accent irréprochable.

"CH. RIET,

"Keeper of the Oriental MSS., British Museum."

"Being an habitual resident in France, where I was educated, I feel no hesitation in stating my opinion that the Rev. J. J. O'Carroll, Examiner of the Royal University of Ireland, whom I have the pleasure of knowing intimately for over twenty years, does not only possess a full knowledge of French, as a distinguished linguist, but that both as a writer and speaker, he is thoroughly conversant with and has a perfect command of that language.

"G. O'BYRNE.

"For several years I filled posts connected with education in my native city, Paris. I was a teacher for three years in the College of Vaugirard, Paris, and for ten years, 1871-1881, Rector of the College Sainte-Genevieve in Paris, &c. I am now Rector of the French College at Canterbury; and since my arrival in England have become acquainted with the Rev. John James O'Carroll, Examiner of the Royal University of Ireland. I can say that not only he speaks French correctly and fluently, but that his pronunciation is very excellent, and his accent quite natural, without any foreign intonation.

"He is the author of an article, signed with his name in the *"Eudes,"* which shows that he writes French as well as he speaks it."

"STANISLAS DU LAC."

"I have as much confidence as pleasure in certifying that the Rev. John James O'Carroll, Examiner at the Royal University of Ireland, has a perfect knowledge of the Italian Language, and his pronunciation is so correct that no competent judge could detect any difference between his and the pronunciation and cadence of an accomplished native.

"A. FARINELLI,

"Professor of Italian Language and Literature,  
at the University College, London."

"Early in the month of March, 1884, I was engaged to give private lessons in Spanish by Herr Hugo, Manager of Strand Branch of the Institute for teaching Languages which is established in Moorgate-street, Gower-street, etc. I was surprised at finding that the gentleman for whom I was employed, the Rev. John James O'Carroll, Examiner of the Royal University of Ireland, far from desiring ordinary instruction in Spanish, wished only to carry on conversation in that language. But I was much more surprised at finding that he spoke Spanish with a perfectly Spanish accent. I handed him a Spanish newspaper, and, after he had read from it to me for some time, I exclaimed: You read perfectly—"perfectamente."

"After an hour's conversation in Spanish with the reverend gentleman, truth made me tell him that his pronunciation was magnificent—"magnífica." It is quite that of well-educated natives of the southern provinces of Spain.

"JOSE MANUEL BOULLON,

"Professor of the Spanish Language, Native of Madrid."

"The undersigned has much pleasure in certifying that he has conversed with the Rev. John James O'Carroll, Examiner of the Royal University of Ireland, in the Spanish Language, and found that he speaks it correctly and easily, and with a very good accent.

"P. J. DE ZULUETA,  
"Secretary of the Spanish Legation in London."

These testimonials, as I remarked before, were necessarily confined to the four languages specified. It might still be possible to procure evidence with regard to the other languages mentioned in an earlier part of this paper. At present it will be enough to add the following statement of the Rev. William Delany, S.J. :—

"Being in Rome in the year 1866, I was present on many occasions at conversations between the Rev. J. J. O'Carroll, and a Dutch clergyman named Steins and also a Dalmatian named Jeramas, with whom Father O'Carroll conversed in the Dutch and Slavonic languages. I knew those gentlemen intimately, and they assured me that Father O'Carroll spoke their languages with extraordinary ease and correctness. I was present also several times at Propaganda College when he conversed in Modern Greek with a young Greek, whose name I forget, and who assured me similarly that Father O'Carroll spoke his language with very great facility."

Father O'Carroll worked on cheerfully and earnestly, though it was known that he suffered from disease of the heart. On Shrove Tuesday he pursued his favourite researches in Trinity College Library till four o'clock, and then came over to continue them in the library of St. Francis Xavier's, Gardiner Street. Hurrying home after five o'clock to University College, Stephen's Green, he was seen to be very ill. There was but time to administer the sacrament of Extreme Unction before he expired.

One day that St. Aloysius and his fellow-novices were "at recreation"—as the phrase is in convents—the question was mooted what each should do if he were told that in a few minutes he was to die. One would hurry off to his confessor and try and receive sacramental absolution for the last time with the most perfect possible dispositions. Another would run to the chapel and pour out his soul before the altar in fervent acts of contrition. Aloysius said he would go on with his recreation, for that was what God wished him to be engaged in at that moment. Father O'Carroll did not guess, on the last morning of his life, that this same question was practically proposed to him; but it so happened that on that last morning he made use of these methods of immediate preparation for death. But his daily habitual life was the best preparation, and for him the suddenness of his death was only an additional mercy. *Cujus animæ propitiatur Deus!*



“IN WHITE GARMENTS.”

YOU were young and brave  
 And fair in men's sight.  
 They streaked you for the grave  
 In a garment of white :  
 Your smile was sweet, they said,  
 When you were lying dead.

And were you glad to go,  
 O my heart, O my dear ?  
 The North Wind brings the snow,  
 And Winter's long down here ;  
 And you are very far  
 In lands where roses are.

I yearned so for your sake  
 Lying dead in your youth ;  
 My heart was like to break  
 For pity and for ruth :  
 And the world's a changed place  
 Without your eyes and face.

A young man clad in white.  
 I think of him who told  
 The tidings of delight  
 To the women of old :  
 “ He is arisen again,”  
 O Easter healeth pain !

A young man clad in white.  
 “ I am the Life,” One saith  
 Who broke with hands of might  
 The bitter bonds of death.  
 Amen ! Lord Jesus dear,  
 The Easter-time draws near.

Now summon from the dead  
 This young man clad in white  
 Like him who comforted  
 The women by daylight.  
 Thy garden's fair to see—  
 Lord, let him walk with Thee !

There's a delicate time of hope  
 When Easter comes and Spring,  
 And the pink buds will ope  
 And birds begin to sing:  
 But Winter's slow to go,  
 And the North Wind brings snow.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

## DENNY LANE ON FATHER MATHEW.

ONCE or twice we have enshrined in these pages discourses of various kinds which seemed to us not to be merely effective speaking, but to have attained the level of literature. Of this nature, for instance, was Judge O'Hagan's tribute to Father Thomas Burke, soon after the death of the eloquent Dominican.\* So, too, the author of "Kate of Araglen," at a meeting held lately in Cork for the purpose of honouring the centenary of Father Mathew by the completion of his still unfinished church, pleaded his case in terms which must not perish with a single issue of a provincial newspaper. Mr. Denny Lane began by referring back to his early recollections of that great man.

When I was a young child learning my letters, I can well recollect the reverence in which he was held by the humbler classes in this city—a reverence which would be deemed superstitious, were it not founded on the solid grounds of his devotion to noble duties nobly fulfilled. At a subsequent period, after I had entered Messrs Hamblin and Porter's School, Father Mathew attended once a week to give religious instruction to the Catholic boys of that mixed school—perhaps at the time the best classical school in Ireland. I was one of those boys who had the benefit of receiving his instruction. I am afraid I have in this company too many malicious friends who might remember the old adage about what happens "a young saint," and therefore I will not tell you that on one occasion I got from him what I treasure very highly still—a missal, as a prize for superior answering. But Father Mathew's religious instruction was not confined to the school. He frequently invited us to his house in Cove-street, and there he regaled us with fruit

\* We are glad to find that our pages have preserved not only Judge O'Hagan's graceful *oraison funèbre* on Father Burke, but Mr. Lane's also. See page 262 of our twelfth volume.

statutes, no such thought ever entered into my old friend's mind; but, in the spirit of the beatitudes, he blessed them that cursed him. The chains that had so long galled the limbs of us Catholics, had, of course, left their marks behind, but with him left none of the soreness.

The other characteristic I alluded to was his prodigal generosity—a generosity which would be profligate if we did not remember it was the poor who were its object. His fellow-countrymen and others were not ungenerous to him, but he was doubly generous to God's poor. What he received with one hand he gave away with two, and I verily believe that, beyond the clothes he wore, and the very humble house in which he resided, he lived in a state of truly apostolic poverty. That very house itself was scarcely a home; it was more a bureau from which he administered a large undertaking, and dispensed a more than princely bounty. And that is the reason why this other house of his, this church, was not completed by him. If he had elected to husband the generous offerings of his friends, it would have been only a matter of weeks to have gathered as much as would have completed this edifice, which has remained for so many years unfinished. Much as he loved the glory of God's house, and the place of His habitation, he felt more for the necessities of God's poor. Loud as was the call on him to complete the church, its sound was drowned in the murmur of the widow and the orphan which daily filled his ears, and the entreaties of the penitent profligate whom he had reformed. I read lately in *Sacred and Legendary Art*, by Mrs. Jameson, a beautiful story of St. Thomas. The Apostle was appointed, it says, architect to an Eastern king. This earlier Kubla Khan "did a stately pleasure-dome decree," and departing on his travels left a full treasury to St. Thomas; by using the contents of it the builder was to have the palace completed on the king's return. But when he came back the palace was unbuilt, and the treasury was empty, for St. Thomas had given all it contained to the poor. The Apostle was sentenced to death, but that night the Satrap of the East had a vision in which he saw the veil of Heaven lifted, and amongst the eternal mansions a palace of surpassing beauty. He asked whose it was, and he was told that it was built for him by the prayers of the poor, whose needs had been supplied and whose wounds had been salved by the treasure which the Apostle had so nobly lavished. Now there is a close analogy between that legend and Father Mathew's case. After a long interval the legend repeats itself in truth, and the Apostle of Temperance, in leaving this church unfinished, only imitated the example of the Apostle of the East, who built a shrine not on earth, but in Heaven. It now remains for us who have come after him to pay the debt which he left undefrayed, and to complete what, if a less holy, is still a holy fane.

## CHANGES.

## I.

SUMMER has bloom, and Autumn fruit, and Spring  
 Fresh, fragrant buds, wild winds, and spangling frost,  
 Soft, woolly nests in rocking elm boughs tossed,  
 Or 'mid gold furze where stays the linnet's wing  
 Through violet eves—a poet born to sing;  
 Meanwhile his mate sleeps on secure; no cost  
 He counts for her—no time, no labour lost:  
 O Spring, so generous, so unreckoning!

Summer has bloom, and Autumn fruit, and skies  
 Tear-dried by fragrant airs and hot noon's breath—  
 But careless hang the nests, the birds far flown,  
 And leaf and grass bear sign of coming death.  
 Oh, for a Spring that changes not nor dies!  
 Oh, for a day like days that I have known!

## II.

So April left me laughing 'neath the moon,  
 And turned her young face backward sweet and dear.  
 So May slipped by, and June rose-crowned was here:  
 I could not weep for Spring—who weeps in June?  
 I was not tired as yet—who tires at noon?  
 My buds were blown, my wheat was in the ear,  
 My linnets sang—I dreamed not Death was near,  
 That Hope should die, that Joy should die so soon.

O friends, be patient if I weep to-day—  
 To-day, to-morrow, and for evermore—  
 Forsake me not, stay by my lonely door,  
 And sometimes lift the latch if you but say:  
 She weeps such tears as broken hearts have shed—  
 She weeps so long, 'twere better she were dead!

ALICE ESMONDE.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. "April showers bring forth May flowers," and 'it is right that these April notices of books should contain an announcement of a book that is specially intended for May. Our May Number would be a little late for those who may desire a fresh book of devotion to the Blessed Virgin. The only new one we are acquainted with is "Lessons from our Lady's Life," by the Author of *The Little Rosary of the Sacred Heart* (London: Burns and Oates). This is not a translation; not even the best translator could make a foreign book so fresh and natural as this is. Sincere and unaffected piety is controlled by good sense and good taste. The meditations are very practical and at the same time very pleasant to read. But, lest the reader should act upon our recommendation too promptly, and seek at once for this new *Mois de Marie*, we may counsel him to defer his search till this "roaring moon of daffodil and crocus" is nearly over.

2. "Thoughts of many Hearts." By a Member of the Ursuline Community, Thurles (London: Burns and Oates). This is one of the best books of its kind—a selection of holy and striking thoughts from saints and others, arranged for frequent and easy reference. There are many who have a prejudice against prose anthologies of this sort. For instance, a writer in *The Lyceum*, noticing "Eucharistic Gems," confessed his dislike for all collections of such gems, winged words, and the like, and insisted that true beauty could only be found in the development of consecutive thought. A somewhat similar view is taken by Mr. Robert Ornsby in the opening of his essay on "The Writings of Seneca, considered with reference to Christianity," in the third volume of *The Atlantis*; where he speaks of "the fondness which minds in a particular stage of cultivation have for the striking, rhetorical and aphoristic, as the vulgar are fond of proverbs while they are incapable of following lengthened and close thought, or of perceiving the beauty of organic wholes." Nevertheless, selections of beautiful and holy thoughts like these are useful for all readers, especially for those who are unable to find them out amid all their surroundings, and must have them thus chosen for them or not at all.

3. Messrs. Benziger Brothers seem to enjoy at present in the United States almost as complete a monopoly in the publication of religious books as we lately attributed to a London house. Their latest issues are the second and third volumes of "The Book of the Professed," by the well-known French priest whose "Golden Sands" has received such wide acceptance in many forms and many languages. Another is the twelfth volume of the Centenary Edition of the

**Ascetical Works of St. Alphonsus Liguori**, which comprises his writings on the Dignity and Duties of the Priest. The chief of these is known as the *Selva*. The present edition is much fuller and more correct, and the references have all been verified. The printing, paper, and binding are excellent. The same publishers send us a translation of "The Words of Jesus Christ during his Passion, explained in their literal and moral sense"—written in French by Father Schouppe, S.J., and translated by the Rev. J. J. Quinn.

4. **Mr. R. Washbourne**, 18 Paternoster Row, London, has issued new editions of Mrs. Abel Ram's *Meditations on the Life of our Lord Jesus Christ*, to which she has given the title, "The Most Beautiful among the Children of Men;" and also of the Rev. J. B. Bagshawe's "Credentials of the Catholic Church," which is destined to help many candid seekers of the truth. The books are brought out cheaply, but with Mr. Washbourne's usual good taste. He is also the publisher of a sixpenny pamphlet entitled, "A Study on Cardinal Newman's Grammar of Assent," which takes the form of a conversation between three educated gentlemen—Sceptic, Sophist, and Believer. The last of these maintains the leading principles of the Cardinal's famous Essay; and at the end we have a selection of passages from other works of Cardinal Newman bearing on the subject of "The Grammar of Assent." The author of this small but weighty tract is not named, but the terms of the dedication to the Memory of the Rev. Charles Meynell, D.D., imply, we think, that he is not a stranger at Edgbaston.

5. "*Catéchisme du Patron*," edited by Leon Harmel (Paris: 262 boulevard St. Germain), is a practical treatise on the mutual obligations of workmen and employers, written from a thoroughly Christian point of view, and recommended by several French bishops who imply that the editor or author has added practice to theory.

6. "*The Wandering Knight, his Adventurous Journey*" (London: Burns and Oates), is also called on the title-page "*A Mediæval Pilgrim's Progress*," and is stated to have been written by a Carmelite, John de Cartheny, who lived sufficiently long ago to allow the supposition that his work partly inspired John Bunyan, and even Edmund Spenser. The new translator, who has been helped by the Fathers of Charity, ought to have prefixed a short sketch of the author. The notes added to this translation are often excellent. Those who shrink from long allegories, who think Macaulay's brilliant abstract much more readable than Bunyan himself, and who find it impossible to persevere long with "*The Faery Queen*"—these will find 350 pages rather too much of this Catholic allegory, however well translated, carefully annotated, pleasantly printed and daintily bound.

7. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri*, and we are often helped to form a proper appreciation of our intimate friends by observing the impression which they make upon strangers. *The Saturday Review* is not particularly drawn, especially just at present, to favour Irish men or Irish themes; and this circumstance adds force to the praise which it bestows upon Mr. W. B. Yeats' *Wanderings of Oisín*. Some of the fairy poems which the Saturday Reviewer singles out for special commendation appeared first in our own pages, somewhat to the scandal, we apprehend, of a few of our graver readers. For this, among other reasons, we quote the cold, Saxon critic:—

"Mr. W. B. Yeats is impelled to the heroic past by a poet's truest instinct. He seeks no inspiration in political or social economy. He draws on the primitive sources of song, and proves them to be not yet exhausted. Heroes and giants, magic and fairy lore, are his themes, and his song is like the singers of old for freshness, and force, and buoyancy. Rare, indeed, in a modern poet, is the entire absence of pose or self-consciousness. The absorption of the poet in his poetry is complete. His fairy songs and sketches are charming conceptions, as bright and dainty as a lyric by Fletcher or a scene from Randolph. Well-nigh flawless is the Indian poem, 'Jealousy.' And, but for one unhappy rhyme, equally delightful is 'An Indian Song.'"

The reviewer then proceeds to analyse the great Irish poem which gives a name to the volume, which he pronounces to be "finely imagined," and to which he attributes "entrancing pictures," "impressive imagery and a dramatic close." Our newest Irish poet, therefore, runs no risk at least of being ignored.

8. This Magazine holds itself aloof from politics; but still we cannot help giving a few lines—we are sorry that from the nature of things they cannot be more—to a book which is above all things political. "The Life and Letters of Thomas Drummond," by Barry O'Brien (London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.), is a most valuable and interesting contribution to Irish history, and adds considerably to the obligations which readers of the more serious sort already owe to Mr. O'Brien for his "Fifty Years' Concessions to Ireland," "Irish Wrongs and their Remedies," and some other useful but less important works. Of Drummond himself it is hard to give any idea in the small space at our command. He has made himself immortal by that one great saying, almost sublime in its simple truthfulness—"Property has its duties as well as its rights;" and he has the unique merit in Irish history of being the one non-Irishman (most of our readers know that Drummond was a Scotchman) who may be said to have governed Ireland according to Irish ideas, and certainly governed in such a way as we have not been governed before or since. But for the details of the story we send our readers to Mr. O'Brien's book. We

must end, however, with a word of censure, or at least criticism. We get too little of the man Drummond as distinguished from the statesman; and we hear too much of certain matters which, though of importance to Drummond and Ireland at the time, have lost a good deal of their interest at the distance of nearly half a century. We are alluding mainly to the chapter on the Fairman Plot, and what we may call the Barrington Correspondence. But these are slight faults, and perhaps not faults at all in the eyes of Dryasdustian persons. We may sum up by saying that the book is a very good one on almost a great subject.

9. It is almost too late now to recommend "Quadragesima, or Short Meditations for Lent and Holy Week," by a Brother of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul (Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons). This famous firm would hardly be expected to be the publishers of a work of Catholic devotion; and this circumstance has, no doubt, helped to hinder this book from being known to many who would be glad to make use of it. These Lenten meditations are solid, practical, and fresh. In a new edition we should advise the author to translate all the Latin quotations, and above all, to give English names to the week-days of Lent. It is not everyone who is learned enough to recognize the first Friday of Lent as "Feria VI. post Cineres." Persons living in the world will find many useful counsels in these meditations, given in a strikingly unconventional way.

10. There is a whole literature of college magazines flourishing at present. They are to be counted by the hundred in the United States and by the score in the British Isles: and no doubt similar periodicals are issued in other languages besides that of *THE IRISH MONTHLY*. *The Fordham Monthly* and *The Stonyhurst Magazine*—one from each side of the Atlantic—are the only college magazines that persist in tapping at the door of our editorial sanctum. They are both conducted with great spirit on quite different lines, and we think that each could learn something from the other. But they must necessarily be affected by their environment. The neighbourhood of New York is very different from the surroundings of Hurst Green, and the advantage is not all in favour of the Empire City. *The Fordham Monthly* has nothing to correspond with the pleasant jottings in local botany and ornithology which "Delta" contributes to its English rival.

More full of more generally interesting matter than either of these is one which has just paid us its first visit, coming all the way from Sydney in Australia, starting from a bay still finer, we believe, than



that at the mouth of the Hudson—"Our Alma Mater, a School Journal, edited by the Students of St. Ignatius' College, S.J., River-view." It is probably more of an annual than a monthly. It does not, like *The Fordham Monthly*, confine itself to the compositions of the students, but accepts prose (and very interesting prose) from Father O'Malley, as well as verse (and very musical verse) from Father William Kelly and Father Watson. It is a most agreeable miscellany, even for readers who feel no interest in the abundant information given about the boys' rifle shooting, swimming, football, cricket and—studies.

---

### LONGPRÉ-LES-CORPS-SAINTS: PICARDY.

**A** CROSS the rich lush fields the dying day  
Lingers above the hawthorn's pallid white,  
And, 'neath the witching glamour of the night,  
Fades into gloaming dimly dusk and grey:  
The tired children sadly creep away,  
Beckoned by yonder casement's twinkling light,  
And one great star gleams beautiful and bright,  
As o'er the meadows floats the scent of May.

Then, wearily, a shepherd down the lane  
Tramps slowly on before the halting sheep,  
Leading the flock into the fold again:  
And, as the hands of labour sink in sleep,  
The Calvary, stained by the winter rain,  
Lifts up its arms a lonely watch to keep.

JAMES BOWKER.

MAY, 1889.

---

## MOLLY'S FORTUNES.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### SETTLEMENTS.

When Molly returned from her constitutional, rosy and fresh with air and exercise, she was somewhat damped by her aunt's manner. Not only did the latter express a disinclination for tea, and a determination to remain in her room for the remainder of the afternoon, but she solemnly adjured Molly to profit by her absence to make to their hostess the long-talked-of announcement of her departure.

This time Molly felt she dared no longer postpone it, and went downstairs with a sober face and a sedate tread, very unusual to her.

Miss O'Neill was already installed by the fire, so lively and conversational that Molly found it more difficult even than she had expected to make her long-projected speech; but at last she blurted it out, and nerved herself to meet the indignant opposition she deemed inevitable. None such, however, was forthcoming. The other nodded smilingly, and returned that she supposed all things must come to an end, and if Molly wished to leave she certainly would not endeavour to detain her. Then she leaned back in her chair, and sipped her tea with an appearance of unimpaired cheerfulness, though every furtive glance which she stole at Molly confirmed her inward indignation and disgust. In truth the latter was ill-accustomed to dissemble, and the disappointment which she felt, though from widely different motives than those attributed to her, was plainly visible on her face. Was this to be all? No word of regret, no hint of the pleasure which her society had given, or of the hope that her visit

would be renewed. Was she to pass out of her kinswoman's life, she who for the time had felt herself almost a part and parcel of it, as completely as though she had never been? Stronger than her natural regret at the conclusion of her happy visit, at the bidding farewell to this lovely spot, was her sorrow at parting from its owner on such terms.

Miss O'Neill had meant to keep up her affectation of airy indifference to the end, and in no way to betray her secret annoyance and disillusion, but the more often she glanced at Molly the faster did her self-control desert her, and there was a flurry in her manner, an acrimony in her tone when next she spoke which denoted the fact.

"I daresay this is not quite what you expected, my dear?"

Molly looked up with startled, questioning eyes, but was silent.

"Oh, pray don't have any delicacy about speaking openly," went on Miss O'Neill, with a short, sarcastic laugh. "I know all about it, I assure you. I had a little talk with your aunt just now, and I understand you much better than I did. Nothing for nothing in this world, is there? And one can't expect to enjoy a charming girl's society, and to receive all sorts of kind, obliging, amiable little attentions without making some compensation. Let me see"—counting up on her fingers—"a smile an hour, at the very least, a hundred or so of cheerful speeches in the day, and, on an average, fifty runnings to and fro, fetching and carrying—dear me, I am dreadfully in your debt. How shall I ever make it up to you? Perhaps, as you have been so forbearing hitherto, you will continue to be patient just a little longer?"

"What do you mean?" cried Molly, springing to her feet.

"I mean that, as I am under such *very* great obligations to you, you might, perhaps, be kind enough to allow them to be discharged after my death. You may already have thought of this?"

There was no mistaking the old lady's meaning now, and there were two courses open to Molly by which any well-behaved young lady would fitly have expressed her resentment at it. She ought either to have left the room in silence, and thus crushed her assailant by her dignity, or else to have dissolved in tears, and in consequence softened her heart. I am afraid our heroine was not a well-behaved young lady, for she did neither of these things. She turned very pale, and her voice shook, but it was with exceeding anger.

"If you think I want your nasty money," cried Molly, "I don't! So there! I'm very glad I'm going away, and I hope I'll never see you again. If I have been polite and attentive to you, it was only out of common civility, and as for 'fetching and carrying' it is no more than I would do for old Biddy at the lodge. I tried to help you, and

to amuse you, because I am young and active, and you are lonely and old, that's all."

"How dare you!" interposed Miss O'Neill, fiercely, "how dare you taunt me like that with your—your insolent youth?"

"How dare *you* insult me, then?" returned Molly, hotly. "I am only speaking the truth. I did all I could for you, because I was sorry for you, and I liked you—but I don't like you now," she added hastily, fearing lest the avowal might be misconstrued into a fresh proof of interested designs.

There was no doubt about it, Molly was in a great passion. Not only did she possess, as may have been perceived, a very fair share of pride, but she was, moreover, blessed with a tolerably hot temper of her own: that temper was now thoroughly roused.

"I don't like you *now*," she repeated defiantly. And all at once Miss O'Neill burst out laughing. It not infrequently happens that the unlooked-for display of passion in an adversary has a calming effect on the original aggressor, and now the old lady, having irritated Molly until she lost her self-control, felt wonderfully soothed and comforted. Moreover the latter's indignant surprise convinced her that her suspicions were groundless.

"Well upon my word, I don't think I ever liked *you* so well!" she returned quite pleasantly. "You certainly are an O'Neill down to the ground, and I ought to have known better than to suspect you. Come, I'll take it all back—you can kiss me, my dear little termagant."

"No, thank you," answered Molly, "I would rather not—I don't feel inclined to kiss you just now."

"Tut, tut, nonsense—you musn't bear malice you know," said Miss O'Neill, now radiant with good humour. "It is all the fault of that meddling old aunt of yours. Why on earth couldn't she leave us alone? We were quite happy, weren't we? and she must needs come, dropping hints and making mischief, till she quite upset me. I was wrong, I own it, and I am sorry—there, will that do?"

Seeing that Molly still hesitated, she skipped out of her chair and taking the girl's face in both hands, kissed it repeatedly. The latter, not being proof against this unwonted display of affection, and understanding the state of the case better, moreover, since the reference to her aunt's interference, warmly returned the caresses, and presently fell a-laughing too—with laughter in which there was a suspicion of tears.

"Now, as you have been so candid, I think I will be candid too, said the old lady, still holding Molly's hand fast, "and confess to you the dilemma I am in with regard to the disposal of my property. No, you needn't take alarm like that—I will exonerate you from all blame

in the matter, but it will be a comfort to *me* to speak plainly and have done with it. Now, I like you amazingly, Molly, though it is not my way to be demonstrative, and if I were *quite* sure that no one with a better claim to the estates were in existence, I would leave them to you with a happy heart and a clear conscience. But suppose there should be O'Neills of the elder line somewhere in the world, suppose one were to turn up some day and find himself debarred from the succession, I don't believe," said Miss O'Neill solemnly, "I don't believe I could rest in my grave."

Molly was silent, being totally at a loss what to say.

"From the time of Elizabeth downwards, there have been O'Neills exiled for faith and country," continued the other; "some of them shipped off as slaves, perhaps, by their infamous conquerors, and others flocking to join the Irish Brigades abroad; others, again, emigrating. Many of those may have left descendants, and the maddening thing is that I cannot trace them. You see there was till my father's time no dearth of direct representatives of our line, and, therefore, what with that, and what with the disturbed times, little trouble was taken to keep up relations with more remote scions of the race. But in the Rebellion of '98, not only was the best blood of our house spilt, but what was worse, our family archives, our valuable documents, and many ancient relics of bygone times, were lost or destroyed. I am perfectly convinced that descendants of our dispersed kinsmen are in existence somewhere, yet, how am I, deprived of the links that connected us with them, to prove their identity?"

"It does seem rather hopeless!" said Molly.

"And yet, whenever I try to make up my mind that such is the case, the thought will keep recurring that there must be O'Neills in the world still—there hasn't been another deluge after all—and that by failing to recognise their rights, I shall be committing a gross injustice; and so I keep hesitating and hesitating. Every now and then, just as I have almost come to a definite conclusion, something happens to upset me again. This bracelet even that I am wearing; you see there were originally three miniatures set in it, but the central one is gone, and I have had it replaced with that enamel heart. If the missing miniature were found in the possession of anyone calling himself O'Neill, I should consider it likely that he belonged to *our* family. You see the mounting is of a very curious design, and these queer little arabesques round the monograms at the back would make it easily recognisable."

"But then, it may have been sold," suggested Molly, diffidently.

"Yes, that is true"—with a sigh. "My dear, it gives me the

nightmare to think of it. At this moment that precious relic may be hanging up in some jeweller's shop, among a lot of horrid modern baubles; or, worse still, it may have been bought by some manufacturer, or ship owner, or other, to be worn on gala days by his odious, common wife. Heigh-ho! Well! to go back to what I was saying:—I have also two or three packets of old letters upstairs—love letters some of them—such yellow, worm-eaten records of by-gone hopes and joys, Molly—but most of them are signed with initials, and some not signed at all, and of what use are they? Apparently none; and yet one day something may happen to throw light on them, and so—I am afraid of doing anything rash.”

There was a somewhat awkward pause after this; Miss O'Neill gazing questioningly at Molly, as though expecting her to say something.

“Well,” said the latter at last, “I should like to make one remark, as we are on this subject. To be quite frank, dear friend, when I came here, I knew that you had an idea of—of, perhaps, doing something for me in future, but I do assure you, nothing was further from my mind than to try to curry favour with you on that account; and, indeed, after a time, I forgot all about it. I was as happy as I could be, simply in being here, and in being with you.”

The sincerity in her voice, the pleading look in her eyes, would have carried conviction with them, even if her kinswoman had not already dismissed her doubts.

“But, please—please do just what you like with your money,” continued Molly. “I really think I should feel happier if you left it to somebody else. I could come here sometimes on a visit, you know —.”

“You must *live* here,” said the other decidedly.

“No, I must not do that. I could not forsake my poor aunt, to whom I owe everything. I will go back with her, and get to work again,”—here there came a stifled sigh—“and then, later on, perhaps, you will let me come and see you.”

After much discussion, a compromise was effected, Miss O'Neill reluctantly consenting to allow Molly to return with Mrs. Mackenzie, on the condition of her promising to spend a long summer holiday at the Castle. She was anxious to make Molly such an allowance as should render it unnecessary for her to seek a re-engagement, but the latter was firm in her resolve to remain independent.

“And about the future,” said Miss O'Neill, “I must think seriously, and try to come to some definite conclusion.”

She apparently succeeded, at length, in hitting on a satisfactory plan; for a few weeks after Molly and Mrs. Mackenzie had left, Mr.

Burke was summoned to Castle O'Neill, for no less a purpose than to make its owner's will.

His face was a study when the latter communicated to him in detail the arrangements which she contemplated ; consulting her little note-book every now and then, and emphasizing any particularly important point by a rap on the table.

"As you may perceive," she remarked, summing up her statements in conclusion, "it is all extremely simple. Every half-penny of which I am possessed, every rood of land, every scrap of personalty, to be settled on Molly Mackenzie, and her heirs, *provided* no one with a more legitimate claim comes forward. Should, however, any descendant of an O'Neill of the elder line turn up, proving his identity beyond dispute, a different settlement must be made. Now, *are* you attending, Mr. Burke? for here comes the most important part of the whole business. If the claimant be a bachelor, and if Molly, in the meantime, have not provided herself with a husband, a marriage is to take place between them, and the estates, etc., to be definitely settled on them and their heirs, for ever. Should either refuse to comply with these conditions, the property to pass altogether into the hands of the other. If the claimant be a female descendant of the elder line, or if a man, should he be married, or should Molly herself have married in the meanwhile, everything to be made over to the said claimant, and the sum of £5,000 sterling to be settled on our little friend. Renewed efforts must be made after my death to discover such descendants of the O'Neills. Advertisements must be put in the chief Continental, American, and Australian newspapers for at least six months."

"And what is to happen if half a dozen or so rival claimants turn up?"

"Then the one who puts in his claim first must be my successor. My dear Mr. Burke, that is an unlikely contingency; remember the fruitless efforts I have already made."

"Yes, indeed, I must say, my good lady, I think all these arrangements a waste of ink and parchment, which will have no result whatever, except to make everyone uncomfortable. What the — ahem! I mean, what on earth do you want with another heir? Haven't I found you one, the most charming girl in all Ireland, and an O'Neill every inch of her —"

"Mr. Burke, you forget that though my blood runs in her veins, it is mixed with heaven knows what compound, derived from a variety of low-born ancestors; in a word, she belongs to the degenerate branch of the O'Neills—a fact which I should be willing to overlook if she were a man, but she isn't."

"Well, so much the better, madam, so much the better. Isn't she much more likely to carry out your plans than any great hulking hobble-de-hoy?"

"Molly is certainly a dear child," sighed the old lady, regretfully; "but she has no head for business. She would never keep the people in order—and as for understanding the management of a large estate—Mr. Burke, she doesn't know a turnip from a mangold."

"She can learn, then; I'll engage she'll learn fast enough, or she can take a husband to look after it for her."

"Just so"—triumphantly. "As you see, I have provided for her in that way. You may shake your head, but I tell you I have a conviction that some day or other my dream will be realised, and that a true O'Neill will reign at the Castle, with Molly at his side."

"Of all the extraordinary, inexplicable, mad, ——" began Mr. Burke, whose self-possession was fast deserting him. He checked himself, however, and then went on more calmly:—"Miss O'Neill, I think, on reflection, you will see that your provisions are not only strange but unjust. If Molly happen to be already married before the advent of the supposititious claimant, if the latter have a wife, or chance to be a woman himself,"—Mr. Burke was getting rather confused in his excitement—"everything is to be made over to the said claimant, who may be all that is vile and abominable for aught you know, and this good, clever, pretty, girl to be turned out with a beggarly £5,000."

"Well, considering that she does not at this moment possess five thousand pence," returned the lady, blandly, "I don't see that it is altogether unhandsome of me."

Mr. Burke was worsted for the moment, and shifted his ground to a new point of attack.

"Again, do you mean to tell me seriously that, under any circumstances, a compulsory marriage could be brought about in these days?"

"The conditions must be put very plainly: no marriage, no money!" said Miss O'Neill, nodding emphatically. "I have purposely made them stringent."

"Well, I call it a crying shame!" shouted Mr. Burke, quite forgetting himself. "It simply means beggary for Molly. That's what it means. Is it likely that a girl of her spirit would be persuaded to marry a Red Indian of an O'Neill from the backwoods or the bush—" the lawyer was evidently getting more and more mixed—"for all the money in the world? I say it is an iniquitous proposal!"

"Dear me, Mr. Burke, pray collect yourself. Look at the matter calmly, and you will see that I am doing the very best I can, not only for the girl's interest, but for her happiness. No O'Neill could be a



Red Indian, Mr. Burke—you are talking wildly. They are not only brave and noble, but handsome and fascinating—fascination runs in the blood. There is Molly herself; the girl has a cocked nose, and as peppery a little temper as you could find anywhere, yet you must acknowledge she is a bewitching minx all the same.”

“That she is!” assented the other, warmly.

“And here am I, white-haired, wrinkled, and seventy-seven—am I not a fascinating woman still?”

“Well, ’pon my word, if you put it to me like that, you know”—stammered Mr. Burke, rather taken aback by this sudden appeal, and being an exceptionally proper man, somewhat shocked.

“Will you venture to deny it?” said the old lady, turning her head on one side, and stealing a dangerous look at him from beneath her drooped eyelashes, while the most winsome smile in the world played about her mouth.

“No, no, madam; certainly not!” cried Mr. Burke, still ludicrously bashful, but carried away in spite of himself by the witcheries of the ancient siren. “Certainly not; in fact I couldn’t,” he added emphatically; and then, suddenly ashamed of his little explosion of gallantry, he took refuge in his red pocket-handkerchief.

“Of course you couldn’t,” retorted Miss O’Neill, complacently; “it runs in the blood, I tell you. Therefore, what is to prevent Molly from falling in love with my heir, when he appears?—and he, I am quite sure, will not be able to help falling in love with her. The terms of my will, if a little stringent, will be the more likely to make them think of the matter seriously. Now, Mr. Burke, there is no need for further discussion; I have quite made up my mind, and if you were to talk from this till Doomsday I should not alter it. Please draw out the document straightway in due form. You may put ‘thereof’ and ‘whereas,’ and ‘the said’ and ‘the same’ as often as ever you like, you may envelop it to your heart’s content in ambiguous phrases, and make it as unintelligible to the commonalty as the legal mind could possibly wish—but *it must be binding*; mind that! If there are any flaws in it, any loop-hole of which advantage might be taken to set my wishes at naught after my death, I shall come back and *haunt* you!”

The lawyer edged his chair a little further away, and looked alarmed; a momentary doubt of his client’s sanity crossed his mind, speedily dispelled, however, by her composed and business-like demeanour. Then he began to get very cross.

“Very well, Miss O’Neill, I have made my protest and have no more to say. But I must remark,” proceeding, as is usual, after such a preamble to say a good deal—“that you are preparing a nice future

for your heirs, whoever they may be, and employment for the lawyers of Ireland for some years to come. Most of the property will go to them, I should think ; and Molly or 'the claimant' will be handed the proverbial oyster-shells. The 'claimant,' indeed! the Tichborne case is a joke to this."

"I wonder you should excite yourself so, Mr. Burke ; I thought you considered these provisions of mine mere waste of ink and parchment, and looked on my 'heir' as a purely hypothetical personage."

"Well, so I do," returned the other defiantly. "I think so still. But I don't say that there won't be litigation over your will, for I am sure there will be a confound—I mean a very great deal. I don't suppose anyone ever made such a will before. I wonder how many spurious O'Neills will appear, and how many false stories will be trumped up, and documents forged. It will simply invite litigation, madam."

"Then, it will be your fault if it does!" said the old lady, with delightful inconsequence. "You should see to that, you know. My goodness! if a lawyer can't draw up a will which won't admit of litigation, he is, with every respect to you, not worth his salt. That is *my* opinion."

"I see it is useless to argue with you," said Mr. Burke, nettled at this incursion into professional grounds.

"Aha! beaten on every point!" exclaimed Miss O'Neill. "Confess now, you are no match for me! Am I not a first-rate logician?"

"Madam," growled Mr. Burke, "you are a woman!"

---

## CHAPTER IX.

### CHANGES.

Molly obtained another situation without much difficulty, and after some weeks of the monotonous life to which she was so well accustomed, settled down again so thoroughly, that, were it not for an occasional bright gossiping letter from Miss O'Neill, she would have deemed her happy visit a dream. These letters, however, not only kept her alive to the experiences of the past, but enabled her to look forward to the future, Miss O'Neill constantly alluding to the summer holidays, which were to be spent, as arranged, at the Castle; a prospect which frequently revived Molly's spirits when inclined to languish under the renewed routine of drudgery.

Long before the summer, however, before even the blackthorn had begun to blossom, or the sycamore buds to grow green, she received a hasty summons to Castle O'Neill; her kinswoman was seriously ill.

By the time the girl had reached her side, however, Miss O'Neill was beginning to rally. She had had a paralytic stroke, which the doctor pronounced to be only a slight one, and after a few days—though, of course, at her age such a seizure could not be looked on as unimportant—was considered almost convalescent. In a short time she came downstairs again, but the pretty colour was bleached from her face, and the once sprightly limbs had lost their activity. It was painful to see her impatience of this condition of things, her efforts to creep about the house, her determination to transact business as before; looking forward with unfaltering hope to the warm weather, which was to work wonders in her case, and quite to “set her up” again.

Molly was frightened, sometimes, on witnessing the war between the resolute spirit and the frail body, which grew perceptibly weaker day by day. Leaning on a stick, or clinging to her young friend's arm, Miss O'Neill would still insist on her morning's visitation of the servants' premises, though many a time almost overpowered by faintness and weariness. She would pore over her papers and con her great books as usual, though her enfeebled mind failed to grasp their contents. A burning spot of colour would appear in each cheek, and drops stand on her brow in the intensity of the struggle to master them, but after a time she would push them away with trembling hands, and lean back in her chair with a puzzled, frightened look, that went to Molly's heart. At last, bodily weakness gained the day, and the strong will, in spite of all its brave resistance, was conquered. One morning after breakfast, which she had scarcely tasted, the old lady pushed her key-basket towards Molly, and asked her, with a pitiful attempt at a smile, to act as housekeeper “for once,” as she did not feel equal to it that day. The apology for a smile was kept up valiantly while the girl remained in the room, but when the door closed behind her, and the familiar rattle of the keys was audible in the passage without, Miss O'Neill's stoicism deserted her, and she burst into tears. A strange compound, truly, is this human nature of ours, a medley of inconsistencies, in its greatest strength allied to scarcely conceivable weakness! Men who have heard unmoved the roar of cannon, and have stood without blenching amid thickly falling dead, will sometimes pale at the sound of a girlish voice, sicken at the sight of a faded flower; and here was this notable woman, who for more than sixty years had held her own through storm and sunshine, flinching at no obstacle, and cast down by no reverse, amazing those who approached her by the strength and clearness of her intellect,

carrying all before her by sheer force of will, weeping, like a child, at the jingle of a bunch of keys !

These keys were the insignia of her royalty, and in giving them up she abandoned her supremacy. The weight of years, and increasing exhaustion and infirmity, had subdued her at last, and she made no more efforts to combat them. Gradually her dependents grew reconciled to seeing the familiar figure which they had been wont to look on as almost ubiquitous, stationary in the high-backed chair in the corner ; to refer to Molly for instructions on indoor concerns, while Mr. Burke (now a frequent visitor), was the authority on all matters connected with the estate. Miss O'Neill sat by the hearth, her bright questioning eyes eagerly fixed indeed on all who approached her, but making no comments on anything that passed, and hardly appearing to notice what went on. She had not the strength to be irritable, the spirit to argue, though Molly, unspeakably distressed, and anxious to rouse her at any price, had sometimes advanced propositions which she knew would be distasteful, and attacked theories formerly cherished, in the hope of provoking a discussion. But in vain ; the invalid was pitifully placid, immovably sweet, and Molly's heart sank within her, almost as a mother's sinks over the unnatural good behaviour of her sick child.

Meanwhile things went on much as usual within and without that well-ordered household, and everyone congratulated themselves that this, at least, must be a comfort to its owner. A mistaken idea, however, as a conversation which Molly once had with her, proved.

"Do you know," she said to the latter, looking up, with a little quiver of the lip, "what strikes me as the strangest of all the strange things that befall me now-a-days ? It is seeing how very well you can all get on without me."

"Dear," said Molly, gently, "we only try to do our best ; you would not like things to go wrong or to be mismanaged ?"

"Oh, no ; it is all quite right, and I am—I am glad it should be so, only it surprises me rather. I used to think, you know, that no one could do without me, and that nothing could be right unless I saw to it myself. And here you are, all as comfortable as possible, and everything goes on much as before, and I am—just a cipher in my own house. Ah, my dear, life is an odd thing, and we are queerly composed ! These experiences, though, if not exactly pleasant, are very educating, I must own. For one thing, I have learnt the fallacy of all those widely spread theories about the superiority of mind over matter. It is all very well to talk so when people are strong and active, and able to go where they like, and do as they choose ; but wait till one comes to be tied to one's chair, and shunted to the

chimney corner, we don't hear much of the supremacy of mind then!"

There was a little husky note in her voice recurring now and then, but otherwise she spoke with a clearness and vigour which astonished Molly, and smote her, moreover, with keen remorse at having, like everyone else, supposed her kinswoman to be incapable of noticing much that had evidently caused her pain and chagrin.

"The supremacy of your mind," continued the latter, after a pause, "extends over just so much space as your body can carry you across—that is my impression. Mine, at present, does not reach beyond this room, and it will soon be less—it will soon be less," she continued musingly. "'Six feet of earth for a grave,' was not that the allowance which the warriors of old used to make to their enemies when they sought for terms? It is what our *friends* grant us now-a-days. No matter how important you may have thought yourself, this is what you come to—a few feet of earth for a grave—and there is an end of you."

"Oh, don't speak like that!" cried Molly, quick tears starting to her eyes. "We are not all so ungrateful. We are constant in our love and remembrance for the dead."

"Yes, my dear, you think so now, but wait a little. Wait till I have been tucked away under ground, even for a short time. The rain will fall and the sun will shine, just as if there were no new grave in the churchyard—it is the way of nature. And you will laugh and sing and forget, as is the way with *human* nature."

"I may laugh and sing, but I shall not forget," said Molly, crossing impulsively to her side. "Mother earth holds her sleeping children fast; not all the rain and sunshine in the world could loosen her embrace. And we keep them close in our hearts. Other things may interest us, new joys attract us, just as grass and flowers may bloom above the dead—but they can never displace them."

Miss O'Neill glanced up at the girl's eager face, and smiled tremulously.

"Why, you know—you, yourself—that I speak the truth. *You* have not forgotten those you used to love years ago," continued Molly. "If I were to mention their names, even now, you would feel them stirring in your heart."

"Ah, that is true," said the old lady, with a little sigh. "Poor Henry!"

There was a pause. Molly had hardly thought her random shot would strike home so accurately, still less that it would awake the recollection of any romantic episode in the octogenarian's past. Truly, there is no age for the heart.

"Do you know, I have often thought of him of late," went on her kinswoman after a time. "Poor Henry! I so nearly married him—but I could not get over the fact of his low birth. And he *was* so devoted to me! Sometimes, recently, I have wondered if I did wisely in sending him away. All these years I never doubted that I was right, but now—now that I am so helpless and feeble—I begin to think that it would be a comfort to have someone really belonging to me, who would look after things, for *love* of me, and not out of self interest—a strong arm to lean on all one's own."

A strong arm! and this man had been in his grave for more than fifty years!

"You forget," said Molly, gently kneeling down beside her, and pressing the withered hand—so strangely withered of late—to her warm cheek. "You forget he has been dead so long. Perhaps you have been spared much."

"Yes, you are right. If I had married him, I should have been a widow now—a widow with an odious name. I cannot bring myself to pronounce his name, child"—this with a touch of her old manner—"to me he is always 'Henry.' Perhaps it was for the best, after all."

She was silent for some moments, gazing pensively into the fire; but presently roused herself.

"Yet, perhaps, I should have had children, I might have had a son, Molly, and he, you know, in spite of everything, would have been more of an O'Neill—a true O'Neill—than any scion of the race living now, can possibly be. He would have had my blood, the real blue blood of the old O'Neill's, running in his veins, and have transmitted it to posterity; and now it must be lost in the dust. Oh, is it not a pity, child? such a dreadful waste."

Molly could not answer, so aghast was she, as this odd recurrence of the two subjects which the old lady had for so many years uppermost in her mind. The reverence for her pedigree at such a moment was strange enough, but the regard for thrift even in this—surely it was "the ruling passion, strong in death," with a vengeance!

Miss O'Neill relapsed into silence, and, after a time, Molly hoped she had forgotten the subject of their conversation. But in the afternoon, when the tea-things had been removed, and the two sat by the fire in the darkening room, the invalid recurred to it again.

"While you were out to-day," she said, "I amused myself by imagining all sorts of strange things, Molly. I began to think, suppose I had married Henry, and had had a son, there would have been grand-children round me now, most probably: 'mine of mine,' as your modern poet, Tennyson, puts it. Sitting alone by the fire, I began to fancy that such was the case, and to imagine I heard the

patter of little feet in the passages, and a babel of childish voices coming nearer and nearer to the door. And then the door opened," she cried, excitedly, stretching out her hands, "and they all came rushing in, helter-skelter, and swarmed about me, and climbed on my knee—all fancies, of course, a sick, old woman's fancies"—she dropped her voice, and sank exhaustedly back on her cushions; continuing, after a pause—"but they were so vivid, Molly, that for a moment I could almost believe they were real. I could *see* the little flaxen heads gleaming in the firelight, and the room seemed to echo with their laughter. All fancies, Molly; but it is my own fault that they are not true. I wonder, child, after all, has my life been a mistake?"

"Oh, no no, surely"—cried Molly, quickly; but Miss O'Neill stopped her with a sign from her uplifted hand.

"To think that I have never held a child upon my breast," she cried, passionately. "Never listened to the first cry, which they say is sweeter than all the music of earth or heaven in a mother's ears—and I have never heard it! The poorest matron in the village yonder knows more of life's sweetness than I—and it is all my own fault."

She struck her bosom fiercely with her trembling hand; two red spots burned in her cheeks. Molly was both frightened and distressed. What irony of fate was this that the sudden yearning for earthly joys should only come on the threshold of the grave? She took the feeble, agitated creature in her tender young arms, and pillowed her head on her breast.

"Remember," she said, as soon as she could trust herself to speak—"Remember what a devoted life yours has been, how much more noble than if you had lived only for yourself. After all, if everything here goes smoothly and regularly now, it is because you started the work. And it has been a great work; think how much good you have done, how happy you have made so many——"

"Yes, but I should have liked a little happiness for myself!" interrupted the old lady, piteously. "One has but one life after all, and it seems such a pity not to know the best this world can give. And now it is too late."

"Well, but you *have* been happy," said Molly, soothingly. "Do you not remember telling me that your days were full, and that you were glad to be untrammelled by family ties? You were happy in your own way."

"You don't understand, child; what I complain of is, that I have not been happy in the right way. I have made a mistake—I have missed the secret of true happiness. You talk of mine having been a noble life; well, perhaps, it was, or, perhaps, it would have been—

for a man; but what is a woman's life without wifehood and motherhood? And I know nothing about them—I, who have been nearly eighty years in the world! I do feel a simpleton, Molly. Life's book was open before me, and I would not turn the page, and now it is closed for ever!"

She began to weep, checking Molly, as the latter tried to console her, by crying, with a little angry sob: "I know I have lived for others, that was my folly; I should have lived more for myself! See how well the world gets on without me, and I might have got so much more out of it. It seems such a pity!"

Molly, too, felt inclined to cry out "The pity of it!" often enough in the days which succeeded, for this idea seemed to have so strongly taken possession of her kinswoman's mind, as to refuse to be uprooted. Surely, never before were there such strange dying regrets; yet they were in keeping with the unusualness of the life. The sorrowful plaint was constantly on her lips, and the poor, feeble hands twitched and fluttered ever and anon, as though they would clutch backward at the vanished years. But, at last, these were quietly folded, and the querulous wail was heard no more. There was silence in the great house, though a cry arose without, passing from lip to lip, and echoing from heart to heart: "The lady" was dead.

"God bless her," sobbed the faithful village folk, who poured in at the wide-open doors, and were jammed against each other on the stairs, awaiting their turn to take a last look at the well-beloved face. "God bless her," they said, as their tears fell fast on the still hands; and, "O, surely," thought Molly, "she cannot deem them empty now!" "Rest her soul!" murmured the poor, who flocked in their hundreds to the funeral; and Molly forgot the sadness of her kinswoman's oft-repeated cry, the echo of past discords, even the mournful "dust to dust," itself, at sound of that humble *requiem*.

M. E. FRANCIS.

(To be continued.)

### "LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY."

EACH morning Cedric's mother used to say,\*  
 "Good day, my child, God bless you all the day!"  
 And when sleep came with evening's fading light—  
 "Good night, my child, God keep you all the night!"

\* See page 170 of the thirteenth edition of one of the most innocent and (to the credit of the reading public) most popular of modern tales.



## A WESTERN HEROINE.\*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LEAVES FROM THE ANNALS OF THE SISTERS OF MERCY."

Mary Mulholland, in religion Mother Mary Frances, was born in Ireland, about 1811, and brought up in New York, whither her parents removed while the child was yet in its infancy. In those distant days she, who was destined to become the medium of Catholic education to thousands, found no convent school within her reach. The effects of the new order of things which gave religious liberty to all, had scarcely yet begun to be felt. Convent schools were not even thought of as possibilities in the Empire City. True, three Ursuline Nuns appeared upon the scene in 1812. They came, they saw, but, unhappily for early New York, they conquered not. In less than three years, this apparition of the religious life was seen no more. The nuns returned to their native land, and Mary remembered seeing the first convent established in New York occupied as a Protestant boarding school. No other school taught by religious ladies was attempted in that city till Mary was a woman.

Mr and Mrs. Mulholland, whose time was almost engrossed by commercial business, made up their minds that suitable teachers for their little girl existed somewhere in their new home, and they never rested until they found what they sought. Hidden away in a remote corner of the New York of nearly four score years ago, lived a worthy couple, learned above the humble station in which poverty had placed them. At the request of some parents, they had lately begun to vary their ordinary occupations by teaching a few children of the wealthier classes. Mr. Patrick Castlereagh, and his comely wife, were both "scholars"—"so much the worse for our purse," they would often say. As they had fine taste and a natural aptitude for the profession which circumstances forced upon them, their modest establishment soon developed into a well-filled school, which was euphoniously designated by its patrons a "private seminary" and a "classical academy."

\* As the surname of this American Sister of Mercy is happily very familiar to our readers, it may be mentioned here that no kinship can be claimed by Irish bearers of the name, as far as we are aware of. The writer of the present sketch has been unable to ascertain in what part of Ireland her heroine was born.—  
*Ed. I. M.*

Under the tutelage of Mr. and Mrs. Castlereagh, Mary Mulholland was brought up with great simplicity and thoroughness. She learned grammar and arithmetic well, and to the close of her life wrote a fine, bold hand, not unlike that upon which "the master" justly prided himself. From this erudite pedagogue, too, she learned the Christian doctrine well. For, before he met his pious partner, he had had thoughts of devoting himself to the Church, and with that object had studied Catholic theology very closely in the long winter evenings, when the business of making a livelihood allowed him a little leisure. He would no more ignore the great God in the education of his pupils, than he would teach them to curse or swear. And being one of the rough, honest people, who are not ashamed to call a spade a spade, he was wont to say that a human being who failed to learn his duty to God, his neighbour, and himself, was no better than the beasts of the field—an expression his wife considered injurious to the quadrupeds in question—"for they, poor creatures, do all they were made for, which ignorant, vicious men do not."

Of her contact in youth with this honest pair, Mary Mulholland always retained traces, and all the human learning with which she began her career as a Sister of Mercy was gathered at their knees. When she was fifty-three years old, the writer heard her say, in her direct, forcible manner: "As a teacher, I never had any trouble in controlling young people. My plan is this: on the very first day of our mutual relations, I make them understand who is the mistress, and, believe me, they never forget it." And she emphasized her point by closing her plump, little hand, and bringing it down, not ungently, on her writing desk. Mr. Patrick Castlereagh's experience was similar, as he often declared to the friends of his old age.

Mary's manner as a teacher showed that she had acquired, unconsciously perhaps, no small share of the blunt ways of her first instructors. Early impressions clung to her with such tenacity that she could never wholly shake them off. Though a most womanly woman, her gait and air had something masculine. She spoke with much directness on any subject she undertook to explain. In person she was scarcely taller than a dwarf, but her figure was ample enough for five feet nine. Her complexion was pink and white, her bluish grey eyes had a merry twinkle, and the expression of her countenance was almost infantile. As is the case with most

undersized persons, she was very erect. One might fancy that she would gladly have added a cubit to her stature.

While still very young, Mary entered into a sort of business partnership with her father, and by her great energy and untiring activity, soon rendered herself indispensable to the firm. This gave her a knowledge of the methods of business she could not otherwise have acquired, which proved most useful to those with whom her interests were linked in after years. On Sundays she devoted all her spare moments to works of piety and charity, and was indefatigable as a catechist and organizer of altar societies. Her great friend, Father William Quarter, as curate at St. Peter's (1831), and pastor of St. Mary's (1833), introduced the Sisters of Charity into New York as teachers. Miss Mulholland was one of their most active auxiliaries. She was not too young to aid, in a childish way, the first sisters who, at Bishop Connolly's invitation, opened an asylum in New York, in 1818, with five orphans. But though greatly edified by Mother Seton's first children, she does not appear to have ever entertained any idea of joining their institute. Yet, from childhood and, still more, from that point

"Where the brook and river meet,  
Maidenhood and childhood sweet,—"

one thought, one desire, one ambition dominated little Mary. She wished to give herself to God in the religious state.

In May, 1846, Sisters of Mercy were established in New York by Bishop Hughes and Mother Agnes O'Connor, and Mary might have joined them in their humble home, Washington-place, were it not for the violent opposition of her father. So useful was she to him in his business that he often declared that he would not, could not, ever consent to part from her.

Giving her age in 1846 as 35—and it is probable she was several years older, for the date we have given is one of several which would place her birth still earlier—it is evident there was no time to be lost in putting into execution her darling project of becoming a religious. Her pastor, Father Quarter, with whom she corresponded after he became Bishop of Chicago, had engaged a colony of Sisters of Mercy for his episcopal city as early as 1843. He had been the first to welcome their Order to this continent, and he told Mother Warde, its foundress in the United States, that it was only just that he should be the first to receive a band of her

devoted children from the parent house in Pittsburg. Instead, then, of joining the institute of her choice in New York, where she might occasionally have the comfort of seeing her friends, our zealous postulant would go far from home and kindred, to fulfil the aspirations of her youth in a strange land, and among a people who knew her not. On the Feast of Our Lady of Mercy, September 24, 1846, Bishop Quarter had opened a Convent of Mercy in Chicago, a little frontier town. Upon hearing this, Mary immediately got ready to "go West."

At that time, Chicago was practically as far from New York as Pekin is to-day. And, indeed, a journey from America to China could be made with less danger and difficulty, and far more comfort to-day, than a journey from New York to Chicago in 1846. In the third volume of "*Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy*," will be found a piece of realistic writing descriptive of Mother Warde's meanderings from Chicago to Pittsburg, 1846—a much shorter distance, now made in eight or nine hours—which will give some idea of the sufferings and toil such a journey involved. Poor little Mary Mulholland's journey was varied by staging, canal boating, steaming; her course was over plains and mountains, through lakes, rivers, and wet savannahs. Often when the wrecked drivers went in every direction in search of help, Mary remained on top of a snow-drift, with no companion save the stars and the good God. Now partially buried in some yawning gulch, now propelling herself through a flood, now in the desert with beasts, now half-drowned in a rain storm, and ever and anon entirely deserted by her fellow-travellers, the brave little woman more than once thought that her last hour had come.

Not knowing what might happen on this momentous pilgrimage, Mary had prudently armed herself with a letter from Bishop Hughes, setting forth who she was, and the business that brought her to the wild west. "Living or dead," said she, "this document will prove that I am all right." When she neared the little town, the cold was intense, and the surrounding prairie an interminable sheet of snow. God must have mercifully tempered its bitterness to the forlorn traveller. She knocked at the door of the Chicago Convent with her knuckles, dreadfully fatigued, indeed, but in robust health.

Bishop Quarter, who had earnestly entreated his old colleague to join him in promoting the interests of religion on the bleak

shores of Lake Michigan, welcomed her with effusion. He had given up to the Sisters of Mercy, on their arrival two months previous, his poor dwelling, a weather-beaten frame house, corner of Michigan-avenue and Madison-street—"a dismal spot when the winds were high and the lake roared"—and betaken himself to a shanty in State-street. Nothing could well be more dreary than the "episcopal residence," now metamorphosed into a convent—a wretched cabin, through whose ill-joined boards and shaky windows the rain and snow beat, and the lake winds whistled dismally.

On the 27th of November, 1846, the bright, adventurous little woman, whom God had sent him in his hour of need, presented to Bishop Quarter the letter of his episcopal brother of New York, testifying that the bearer was the daughter of a wealthy Irish merchant, who bitterly opposed her vocation, that she was resolute in her desire to forfeit the repose of home, and labour as a Sister of Mercy in the miry village of Chicago. All this and a great deal more Bishop Quarter knew well. But he was pleased at the prudence of the modest, middle-aged woman, who did not wish to expose herself to be taken at a disadvantage in the odd or strange happenings of her toilsome and lengthy journey. "For," said she, "how would strangers know who I was, or what I was travelling alone for, if my Bishop did not guarantee me?"

Mary was grieved to find that her dear "little Bishop"—thus she always styled Bishop Quarter, who scarcely reached medium size—had for his home only a poor cabin. His venerable parents, still alive, in King's County, Ireland, rejoiced in the glory that followed their darling son like a shadow. But they never knew from "our William" that, though a Bishop, he was more poorly housed in his foreign home than any farm hand on their property. He was gay under all privations. Even on the most solemn occasions he could not restrain his mirth if anything droll struck his fancy. The few still living who shared his toils, speak of his genial, hearty laugh and contagious joyousness as his most charming traits. Similar characteristics clung to Mary Mulholland to the close of her long life. In 1846, she was just what the embryo convent needed. The other sisters were mere girls, the superior being only twenty-four years old. They had received the best education the times afforded, but they had no experience, and were as ignorant of business forms as so many infants. Association with trade in her father's establishment had given her a methodical.

business training that few Chicago men of that date possessed. And, naturally, when her short novitiate as one of the first seven was completed, the temporal affairs of the community were placed in her clever hands. For the wise young superior, Mother Agatha, had the rare capacity of being able to distinguish genuine merit, and employ it in its most fitting sphere.

The first winter on the spongy soil of Chicago might have made anyone desolate who had not the bright, cheery ways, and the busy, bustling fingers of little Mary. The town was a dreary oasis in a howling wilderness. Its houses—the most stylish had dead white walls and grass-green shutters—seemed to be constructed of pasteboard. Its highways were seas of mud, or Saharas of prairie dust, as rain or sunshine predominated. Its side-walks were simply planks laid over the swamp. The only magnificent thing in view was Lake Michigan, and as that was in its winter sleep, communication by water with the little lake port was already suspended; and so great were the difficulties of land travel, that the whole place might be considered as cut off from civilization until the summer's sun should unlock the frozen waters.

Being at least eleven years older than the mother superior, and infinitely more experienced in the ways of the world, everyone soon looked up to Mother Frances as the great business manager of the convent, and the best business head in Chicago. Her singular aptitude for the management of temporal affairs was invaluable in a community whose greatest fault was that happy one which decreases hourly, extreme youth. Rich and poor, learned and ignorant, widow, orphan, prodigal, penitent, all turned for advice, consolation, protection, or help, to the experienced little woman. She idolized, if we may say so, the amiable Reverend Mother Mary Agatha O'Brien, who had come from Ireland three years before with the Pittsburg foundation. Of her Bishop O'Connor S.J. often said, that he never knew man or woman to surpass her in common sense. This fine quality appeared in her training of Mary Mulholland, and the use she made of her business abilities. "I always trust my children," said she; and no one ever responded to her confidence more fully than the bright, winsome Mary Mulholland.

The Sisters of Mercy were the first band of religious ever seen in Chicago, and, despite the know-nothing fanaticism everywhere rife, its pioneers showed them a kindly and generous feeling. The

name of our heroine, or as some of her country-people loved to style her, "our little hayro," soon became a household word in the city. She received the white veil from Bishop Quarter in April, 1847, and was professed, by dispensation, December, 28, 1848. During Mother Agatha's absence in Pittsburg, from April to August, 1849, our little sister replaced her. From that time till her death she was never out of office. She governed the community from 1858 till 1867, when she became assistant, with charge of the Mercy Hospital. Soon after she was sent to establish houses in Iowa.

But though for the greater part of her religious life she was placed over others, no one was more humble than "little Mother Frances." "The first thing I saw her do," writes a sister-novice, one of the few survivors of these happy early days, "was to shovel snow from the front door to the gate, so that when the priest came to say Mass, he would not have to walk in the snow. She would carry wood and coal, and light the fires early in the morning, that the school-rooms might be warm for the sisters. At night, when the rest had retired, she often scrubbed the school-rooms. Always most cheerful, she loved to enliven the recreations by the recital of pleasant anecdotes." Like most of the early members, Mother Frances was a remarkably fine reader. To the end of her long life, her delivery suggested the energetic elocution of Mr. Patrick Castlereagh, but the tender cadences of that gentleman's lowly but accomplished wife were not wanting.

In personal expenditure, Mother Frances was more than economical, but where the poor and afflicted were concerned, she was most generous. At all times she was ready to sacrifice her own comfort to promote that of others. In practising the self-denial that characterized her whole religious career, she never relented. To the last she forgot herself, but was thoughtful of others. She was always full of kindness and charity for everyone in need. "Indeed," says one of her contemporaries, "her great love for her neighbour left no doubt of her great love of God."

To her unwearied activity, and acknowledged business talents, Mother Frances united a large fund of tender piety. This she manifested by her intense zeal for God's glory, and the beauty of His sanctuary. She loved to see the altar profusely decorated with beautiful fragrant flowers and lights *galore*. Her love of the Blessed Sacrament could not be described. It was she who obtained

of Bishop Duggan leave to have exposition on the first Friday of every month, and benediction very frequently.

Very soon Mother Frances made plans for a convent, the Bishop supported her, and the citizens subscribed to the enterprise. She purchased the materials and superintended the work, directed the mixing of the mortar, and the laying of the brick. Her bright face was seen everywhere. It was not easy to procure architects in those days, and cold water was dashed from many quarters on her enthusiasm: even her friends, the business men, predicted failure. But the Bishop and the community were a unit for the brave little mother. "She knows what she is about," said those who knew her best. And when a four story edifice arose under her auspices, there was great rejoicing in Chicago over the first convent built on the shores of Lake Michigan.

From the first the schools were crowded. Mother Frances was a rarely gifted teacher and a fine disciplinarian. Like all persons of strong individuality, she laid down what the politicians styled "her platform" with great clearness, and the unlucky wight that disputed her will once was never known to repeat the experiment. The schools became, what they remain to-day, the first in Chicago. "The Sisters of Mercy were the teachers of the fashionable youth of that day as they are of this," says the journal that records her death as a great calamity. Dr. John E. McGirr, one of the foremost scholars of the day, aided them in classifying the children, and taught chemistry and physiology in the schools. This was one of many favors which the McGirr family bestowed on the rising institute. Drs. Patrick and John E. McGirr, father and son, attended the sisters and their institutions gratuitously; and two daughters of the former, and sisters of the latter, were among the most efficient and beloved members of the convent.

Penmanship and mathematics usually fell to the lot of Mother Frances. I doubt if she cared much on her own account for the fine arts, but, unlike a certain monarch who despised "boetry and bainting," she appreciated them, as well as music, very highly for their use in the schools, and saw that these branches of a liberal education were assiduously cultivated. A highly accomplished community grew up about her, and everything she could do to elevate schools and teachers to the highest standard was done with a will to succeed.

The cross never failed her. The beloved prelate who had



urged her to choose Chicago as the theatre of her zeal, died suddenly seventeen months after her arrival. Under this blow the Church of Chicago "reeled" for many a year. His successors, Bishops Vandevelde and O'Regan, were not successful in their administration, and both resigned the Chicago mitre. Even less fortunate was poor Bishop Duggan. For a while it seemed as though he would revive the golden days of the first prelate. But his was the saddest fate of all; his life surviving his reason. Within the convent walls, too, this holy religious lived and worked beneath the blessed shadow of Christ's saving cross. When cholera devastated Chicago in 1854, the Sisters of Mercy opened the first orphanage in the State of Illinois for the orphans of its victims. The dearly loved Mother Agatha, foundress of the Chicago house, had a curious dread of dying alone. "I hope," she would often say, "that some of my dear sisters may die when I die." Her wish was abundantly granted. She was one of four Sisters of Mercy who died of cholera almost simultaneously, July 8, 1854. Her death was so sudden that she was in perfect health a few hours before it occurred, and had said the matins and lauds of the day of her wake. This was a terrible loss to the young community, and none felt it more keenly than Mother Frances. Her successor, Mother M. Paula Ruth, a native of Kilkenny, passed away within a year. Mother M. Vincent McGirr, the third superior, declined to serve a second term, and the burden fell to Mother Frances, a burden which she carried with little intermission until the day of her death.

Mother Francis knew every incumbent of the see of New York save the first, who never reached its shores. She lived under every bishop of Chicago, and knew well all the early prelates of the West. It was her sad fate to see most of the ecclesiastics and religious with whom she first laboured, and who were young when she was aged, pass away, and leave her, as it were, among strangers. Almost all the children of early Chicago learned the rudiments of virtue and knowledge at her knees. She saw many of them enter their eternity. A few still remain, frilled, spectacled grandmothers, who love to recall her tender and affectionate care of them in days long past. One of her few surviving contemporaries writes: "During all vicissitudes and financial panics, Mother Frances kept our ark afloat. Nothing appalled her. Large of heart, broad of intellect, kindly disposed even to those who thwarted her magnificent plans,

she was, through evil report and good, a pillar of support to the community. She passed unbroken under the rod of affliction, winning deathless friendship."

When the Civil War broke out, Mother Frances organised among the sisters a band of volunteer nurses to minister to the sick and wounded on southern battle-fields. She accompanied them to Missouri and set them at work. In Chicago she looked after the soldiers, whether sick or prisoners. A sister who shared with her the fatigues of these great works, writes: "Many a young soldier crying out in agony on the hard beds of Camp Douglas, blessed her as she passed her holy hands over their burning brows. The absent fathers and mothers for whom they called could not come, but this gentle, humble, self-sacrificing soul supplied their places."

Though the great fire of 1871 destroyed much of the more material part of her life-work, some fine realizations of her creative genius remain in the Mercy Hospital, on Calumet-avenue, and St. Xavier's Academy, Wabash-avenue, institutions of which the Prairie City is justly proud.

In 1869, Mother Frances established at Independence, Iowa, a school of splendid dimensions. And, owing to her untiring exertions, and her fine executive ability, the entire property was paid for before she left. Her old friend, Dr. M'Mullen, becoming Bishop of Davenport, he called her to his see, where she displayed the same unflagging industry that characterized her in every position. She remained Superior of the Davenport Community till the year of her death, 1888. Through all these changes she was ever the same, devoted to God, toiling day and night to bring souls to Him, and serving the sick and afflicted with heroic tenderness. Mother Borromeo Johnson, who was for years afflicted with a most malignant cancer, was nursed by her. "I think," wrote the poor sufferer to the Chicago superior, "that our Mother Frances is a saint. It would be impossible to describe the great charity she displays towards me in my long and terrible illness." Commenting on this touching letter, the recipient said to the writer: "This devotedness does not surprise me, for Mother Frances is one of the best-hearted women in the world."

In leaving Chicago, when sixty years old, Mother Frances made a sacrifice which must have greatly conduced to her sanctification. To begin life and work among strangers required a courage scarcely

short of heroic. "I felt and I feel her loss deeply," writes an old friend. "We worked together for many years, and the shadow of misunderstanding never passed between us. She possessed so much wisdom, prudence, and discretion, that she was a safe guide and a prudent counsellor, as well as a true and most devoted friend."

In the galaxy of noble names which adorned the Mercy Institute in the Great West, in its pioneer days, the name of Mother Frances is not the least conspicuous. The few who now remain of those who loved her for a lifetime, will often bedew with loving tears her silent grave, on a bright green knoll by the old gold waters of the winding Missouri. They weep for her loss, but having borne with her the burden of the day, and the heat, their grief is sweetened by the hope of being one day re-united to her in the bosom of the Father.

The green and beautiful old age of this dear Mother was spent amid bright surroundings. Outside the handsome city of Davenport, amid smiling meadows, cornfields, gardens, and orchards, stands a noble pile, consisting of Convent, Mercy Hospital, and Insane Asylum. Down in the city, on a terraced elevation, is her town Convent, amid flowers and shrubbery, from which her children daily sally forth to teach the girls and small boys of the hilly streets.

Ever active and energetic, this gentle Martha busied herself about many things in her father's house. But every spare moment found her, like Mary, at her Master's feet. She had always been a model of regularity—the first in the chapel in the morning, the last to kneel before Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament at night. November 30, 1888, she complained of a weak sensation, yet went out as usual to superintend a school-house in course of erection. Next day she had to retire with a chill. But she rose as usual in the morning, at five o'clock, went to the chapel, and read the points of the meditation in a loud, distinct voice. It being the thirtieth day after the death of one of her old companions, Sister Mary Gertrude, she had Mass and Holy Communion offered for that sister's soul, and bade the community to remember the dear deceased, and make her offerings in the shape of prayers. "The rosary, or any similar gift," said she, "will be most acceptable to her." It was Friday, and the Stations were said instead of morning lecture; it was our dying religious who gave them out in her usual clear, ringing tones.

"Then," writes an old companion, "she left us, and went to

her bed, nevermore to rise. She was cheerful the whole time of her illness, and would sometimes say: "God willing, I shall be up to-morrow;" so that we never looked for her death. She would take, indifferently, anything given her, and often thanked the mother and sisters for their tender care of her. On Friday, Dec. 7, she seemed lonely when her old companions left her, and some remained by her the whole day. On the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, Mother Baptist Martin noticed that the dear patient was growing more feeble very rapidly. "Mother dear," she whispered, "I have sent for the priest." "What for?" asked Mother Frances. "You are so weak, darling, I thought you would like to see him." "O, very well, child, let him come in the name of the Lord." The priest administered the sacraments, and prayed beside her. As the warning bell for the Angelus rang, he noticed a change pass swiftly over her sweet, childlike features. He took her hand, and whispered in tones, broken by emotion: "Mother, I am sorry to have to say good-bye to you. Won't you pray for me?" She looked up and smiled. Then she gazed wistfully around the infirmary, and sought with her still keen eyes each loved face, as the sisters grouped about her, the older ones coming closest. She saluted each in turn, and smiled tenderly on all. Then she raised her head on her left hand, and died without the faintest struggle. Her noble, but at times somewhat impetuous spirit passed away, to the music of the Angelus bell. She had gone, her children fondly hoped, to finish her thanksgiving in heaven.

Although Mother Frances was, at the lowest computation, in her 78th year, and in the 43rd of her conventual life, she was strong and active till her last illness, an affection of the heart. To her latest breath, her intellect remained clear and undimmed, and her heart warm and loving. Her death was a shock to all who knew her. The sisters considered her, even physically, a wonderful woman, and often said they expected her to realise the century.

Three days after her decease, her solemn obsequies were celebrated in the spacious chapel in which she had so often poured out her soul to her heavenly Spouse. Some twenty priests from Chicago and other distant points, were present, despite the inclemency of the weather, and Bishop Cosgrove sang the Requiem Mass, aided by the local clergy. A sweet, peaceful smile rested on her face in the open coffin, and a friend, gazing on the calm features, exclaimed: "Another of God's heroines is at rest." Dr. M'Govern

paid an eloquent tribute to her life and services. Her earthly tenement was reverently laid in the beautiful cemetery of the Davenport Convènt, and her open grave was surrounded by some of her old companions from Chicago and the houses she had established.

Crosses of every species had been the daily bread of this courageous soul. Ingratitude, false friends, deceitful enemies, opposition, open and covert, all came into her experience. Her's was an upright, honest soul, and she could never tolerate duplicity. She was, besides, singularly free from human respect. As a ruler, she was strong and firm, and her government, though gentle, was vigorous. Being herself "an Israelite without guile," she could not easily suspect guile in others. But woe to those in whom her searching gray eye discovered a trace of doubleness. "Go straight to God she would say," she would say; she knew no other way. But her great charity caused her to make more allowances for the shortcomings of the "new generation" than a weaker character could have done.

In any walk of life, Mother Frances Mulholland would have been a remarkable personage. In the Church, and among the "chaste generation" described as "beautiful," she was the valiant woman who put her hand to great things; and the clergy, whom she at once aided as sustained, might well describe her as one who laboured with them in the Gospel.

M. A. C.

### RUS IN URBE.

THE sun blazed hotly, all one breathless day,  
 Above a certain squalid little street,  
 Till pallid toilers dragged their weary feet  
 More slowly, and wan children ceased to play.  
 Towards evening came a country cart that way :  
 It wafted sudden freshness through the heat,  
 For on the top of it, foam-white and sweet,  
 A bloomy, fragrant bough of hawthorn lay.  
 As passed the cart with awkward lumberings,  
 Wistful eyes followed it, and many a face  
 Was lighted with the radiance of a smile.  
 Then did the Angel Hope, on shining wings,  
 Flit downward to that poor and sordid place,  
 And linger brightly there a little while.

FRANCES WYNNE.

## "LITTLE MARY."

CONFUSION reigned in the kitchen. War was declared between "mistress and maid," and each had given forth her volley of anger or indignation. The mistress was now going on with her necessary work, but with a most uncompromising expression on her face, the lips set determinedly, the eyes glowing darkly, and a red spot burning on either cheek. The maid, with face flushed and defiant, going through some quite unnecessary work, lifting and laying kitchen furniture, with no gentle hand, and singing loudly at the top of a rather shrill voice. What mistress who recognises these sounds does not shudder at the mere memory, and recall her sense of intense irritation, harder to bear than even bodily pain? Soon the maid goes to her own room, which happens to be over the kitchen, and there is heard a great deal of tramping backward and forward, dragging of furniture, and then a heavy bumping on the stairs proclaims the fact that the maid is "fitting." All the while the singing goes on, till it is changed to a cry (in a still higher key) of "Mickey! Mickey!"

"What d'you want?" answers a not very agreeable voice from still lower regions.

"Come an' help me wid me trunk."

"What to do wid it?" asks Mickey.

"To take it down; I'm lavin'."

"Wisha!!!"

There is a pause, then Mickey comes upstairs slowly, with a broad grin on his face.

"What happened ye?" he asks in a stage whisper.

"Nothin' happened me, thanks be to God, I'm lavin' this day widout a stain on my charaother. But that fau't findin' I can't put up wid. How can I help forgettin' things or knockin' things down? an' if they're broke, is that my fau't? Then scowldin' an' bargain', an' me a poor orphan wid neither father nor mother." (The "poor orphan," be it known, is well on the shady side of forty.) The grin on Mickey's face grows convulsive; he has to bend over the trunk and cough several times.

"Is it laughin' ye are?" she asks ominously.

"Me laughin'," and he raises a half enquiring, half frightened

eye to her face. "Divil a laugh." Here I must remark that Mickey always showed an astonishing amount of discretion in dealing with Biddy's whims and moods; a discretion which would have done credit to one ripe with years and experience. He usually listened in perfect silence to all she had to say, which was often enough the very "fau't finding" of which she now complained so bitterly. They seldom agreed on any subject, but Mickey contented himself with one very emphatic expression of opinion, and then maintained a discreet or obstinate silence. Once they did agree, to the great amusement of a listener. The dialogue ran thus:—

"Did ye see Tim Rooney in town, Mickey, since he left the sojers?"

"Sure I did."

"I do' know what he is doing?"

"Livin' on his money, I suppose;" sarcastically, (A laugh, in which they join.)

"He kem up to me wan day whin ye were brinnin' in the wather, an' sez he, very Inglified entirely, 'Oh! Biddy, do ye remimber the toime I used to be brinnin' the wather in there?' 'Ayeh, no!' sez I, 'we never had e'er a little boy that spoke as Inglified as you, brinnin' us wather,' an' wi' that he walked' off widout an inch iv a tail."

Another laugh, in which they gleefully join. But I have given them too much time to carry down the trunk. It is deposited at the hall-door, and up comes Biddy to "take her lave iv the missus."

"I'm goin', ma'am. Good-bye, an' I wish you all soorts o' good luck, an' may God bless you."

The voice quivers a little, and it is evident a few soft words would break it, and bring quick, repentant tears. But the mistress is too angry—left without a moment's notice, just when dinner has to be got ready. No; she can say no soft words, so with a very cold "Good-bye, Bridget; I hope God will bless you too," and adding, "The master will send Mickey with all the wages due to you," she leaves the kitchen, and away goes Biddy, trying to check the sobs, partly indignant and partly sorrowful, which seemed almost to choke her. I daresay both mistress and maid were in fault; however, that does not concern us, but this quarrel was the cause of bringing to our notice and knowledge "Little Mary."

A sympathetic friend of the mistress advised her to take as servant, *pro tem.*, a little girl whom she could recommend. "She cannot do very much," she said, "but she will tide you over till Biddy comes to her senses, which I am sure will be in a few days." Accordingly, the little girl was brought and presented by her mother that very evening. She was a bright-faced, intelligent-looking girl, seeming most anxious to please, and to all questions as to her abilities, the invariable answer was, "Yes, ma'am," even in spite of her mother's "Don't be bowld, miss; you can't do all them things." When asked her name, her answer sounded like "Mary, ma'am." It turned out afterwards that her name really was Maggie, and she was asked why she had given the wrong name.

"I didn't, ma'am; I said Maggie."

"When you heard me make the mistake, then, why did you not tell me?" asked the lady.

"Because I liked 'Mary' best, ma'am."

"Why?"

"Because it is the Blessed Virgin's name."

So Mary she was called from that day by all the inmates of the house. Time went on, and in spite of her shortcomings, and they were many, Mary was a very pleasant addition to the household. Though she never would get up in the morning till she was called, it was impossible to be angry with her, she was so willing and ready to help, so cheerful and good-natured. All day long, though there was more than usual to be done, the musical young voice and merry laugh were delightful to hear. Then she was so grateful for every little kindness shown her, and the height of approval was expressed by the word "gorgeous." Everything that pleased her, that she liked, was "gorgeous." On Sunday evenings she was generally taught Catechism and prayers, lessons from which, I think, the mistress derived almost as much profit as the maid. On Sunday evenings, too, it was Mary's delight to be called by the master to help him put on his overcoat. For this she had to mount two steps on the stairs, and his "well done, Mary, you are a good little girl," sent her off with a pleased, smiling face.

One night Mary came with a very grave face to one of the family, and held out a halfpenny, saying:—

"Take this, Miss Georgie!"



"Why should I take it?"

"It isn't mine, miss."

"And who's is it?"

"The missus's."

"Then give it to the mistress."

"I'm afraid she'd be angry, miss."

"Why should she be angry?"

"She sent me to the market for vegetables to-day, miss," said Mary, "an' she tould me I'd pay eightpence for them, an' when I handed the woman the money she gave me back this ha'penny change, an' the devil tempted me to keep it."

"But you're not keeping it, Mary," said the other.

"No, but I kep' it since morning, and it made me very onhappy. Do give it to the missus, Miss Georgie."

"I will if you wish, Mary, but if I were you I'd take it to her myself, and tell all about it."

Mary stood a moment breathing rather quickly, then saying, "very well, miss," she walked resolutely away and did as was suggested.

Biddy "came to her senses" very soon after, and Mary went home to her mother. She was not very long at home when she was again employed, this time as nursery maid. And here she seemed to experience for the first time the sad lessons of life, and to prove the truth of the poet's words—

" Evil is wrought by want of thought  
As well as by want of heart."

In joy or sorrow Mary always came for sympathy to the mistress, as she still called her, and Miss Georgie. One evening she came, looking very dejected, and at length, amid many sobs and tears, she told that she had been blamed for the loss of a large silver spoon. It had been left in the nursery for some purpose, and had disappeared, no one knew where or how. Of course, Mary, being in charge, was questioned closely, but she could tell nothing, give no information about it. She was not actually accused of taking it, but she was tortured by suspicious looks and questions. Poor Mary's sorrow for her "disgrace," as she called it, was very piteous. "Oh! Miss Georgie," she said, when exhausted with weeping, "amn't I very misfortunate?" Her mother declared she should pay for the spoon, even though she did not take it, and

this was an additional pang to Mary, who had been planning to buy so many things for her mother and herself with her wages, and now those of a full quarter would be forfeited. Fortunately that sacrifice had not to be made; the spoon was found a few days after, where it had been placed by one of the children, who had taken it for a plaything and had forgotten all about it.

The "want of thought" of another mistress proved little Mary's death-blow. She was not "little" then, however, but tall and broad-shouldered, though young. When she came to tell of this, her next situation, she was very joyous and light-hearted. "It is a grand place" she said, "and I'm to get great wages." This place was some miles distant, and of course Mary wrote to Miss Georgie. At first her letters were very bright and hopeful. She had "a great deal to do, but what matter? The big wages would do so much for her mother and herself." Then came a letter saying she was not well, she had caught a severe cold. The cold got worse; she used to cough nearly all night, and found it so very hard to get up at the usual early hour and go through her work. One day she fainted, and another day she threw up a large quantity of blood; then she came home. The truth was, she had been given a damp room to sleep in, and had there caught the cold which had resulted so fatally.

Oh, such a changed, pale-faced Mary came to see the mistress the day after her return. She tried to be blithe and gay as usual, but in the midst of her merry chatter her face grew livid, and a red stream poured out through her lips—the poor child's life-blood. She went to the hospital, and death did his work quickly. Day by day she grew more languid, her voice weaker, and the cough more hollow and racking. Yet she was still the same affectionate Mary, welcoming those who visited her with glad smiles. The same looks of gratitude acknowledged every little attention shown, and the delicacies brought her were still "gorgeous." She often recalled the time she went to her first situation; it seemed one of the bright places in her memory. One day she said, with a smile, "Do you remember, Miss Georgie, when I used to help the master to put on his overcoat? I would not have to mount the steps to do it now."

"No, indeed," replied the other, "you are not 'little Mary' any longer."

Mary looked up with very earnest eyes. "When I go to heaven,"

she said, "I will pray for the master and all of you." In a day or two after she did go, I trust and believe, to heaven.

She was mourned with sincere sorrow by those who knew her so well, for she had become dear to them. Yet they felt relieved, too, and even glad that the child's trials were over ; no more hard work to do, no more unsympathetic mistresses to overtask her or hurt her too sensitive young heart. It was "far better," and God surely loved "little Mary" when he took her home to Himself.

JESSIE TULLOCH.

---

#### A SPY WEDNESDAY SONNET.

LONG may'st thou live to chew at ease thy cud,  
O placid, meek-eyed, meditative Cow!  
Never, no! never have I felt as now  
The worth and beauty of thy pail's pale flood.  
Without the largess of thy gracious udder  
tea were but a bitter drug, I vow ;  
In true utility before thee bow  
All other members of the farmhouse stud.

Goats, donkeys, ducks, hens, turkeys, geese, good-bye !  
But thou, O Cow, I ne'er will part from thee.  
The path of life how dusty and how dry,  
And all earth's joys how tasteless they would be,  
If thou, O Cow, shouldst be no longer nigh  
At morn and eve to tinge my cup of tea.

W. L.

## LANDSCAPE PAINTING AND AMATEURS.

### SIXTH PAPER.—PARTICULAR TRUTHS. INTRODUCTION.

In our study of the facts which constitute the laws to be observed in Landscape Painting, we have been concerned hitherto entirely with the general truths which belong to all branches of the art of painting, viz., Colour, Style, Projection, Tone, and Light and Shade, confining our consideration of these subjects, however, mainly to their bearing upon Landscape Painting. To attempt anything like a systematic study, however brief, of this branch of art, a right understanding of the principal truths connected with these facts, and a clear definition of each of them, are alike absolutely necessary to be obtained before we proceed to what I have no doubt will be found more interesting by all readers—the Particular Truths which Nature manifests to us every day, and which have been placed before us all, whether Landscape Painters or not—an open book, wherein God has ordained that some of the highest truths about Him shall be set down. For, let us see what His inspired singer saw and heard Nature utter long ago, and let us remember that nothing has occurred since then to blot out the record or silence the voice except what man himself, careless of the beauty of his Maker's work, may have done:—

“The Heavens are telling the glory of God, and the universe sheweth His handiwork.”

“Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.”

“There is no language where their voice is not heard.”

Do you think, if you do not happen to be an art student, that these words have nothing to do with you? I can hardly believe that. The Psalmist certainly thought nothing of art students when these words came from him; only of myriads before whom these wonders of the earth and sky were wrought daily, and of the few who through the ages would care to lift their eyes from the painful toil of the road of life to gaze upon the large mysteries that encompass them, or who would hush their voices' clamour for things of little worth to listen in cool quietudes for that exceeding “small voice” that dwells amidst the silences above us, day by day uttering speech—telling us “the glory of God.”

## "AWAKENING.

" With brain o'erworn, with heart a summer clod,  
 With eye so practised in each form around,  
 And all forms mean—to glance above the ground  
 Irks it, each day of many days we plod  
 Tongue-tied and deaf along life's common road :  
 But suddenly—we know not how, a sound  
 Of living streams, an odour, a flower crowned  
 With dew, a lark upspringing from the sod,—  
 And we awake. O joy of deep amaze !  
 Beneath the everlasting hills we stand,  
 We hear the voices of the morning seas,  
 And earnest prophecyings in the land ;  
 While from the open heaven leans forth at gaze  
 The encompassing great cloud of witnesses." \*

This "awakening" happens to many of us quite early, to many more quite late in life, but when it does happen the moment is one of the chief of our lives. Our littleness becomes so evident, our small cares so small before the vastness of the suddenly manifested universe—our great sorrows, if we have them, so finite before the infinity of the starlit midnight sky. Surely, however weary or perplexed the heart may be before the uphill road and the riddle of life, an awakening such as this is refreshment and joy, though it does not lessen the road's length one yard, nor solve one part of the riddle. Beyond the mean and common things of the wayside of life, lie the everlasting hills—"Lift thine eyes toward the mountains whence cometh help." And, though the riddle of the sphinx, why "all our life is mixed with death," be left unsolved, what matters it so long as we can smile ?

" And I smiled to think God's greatness flowed around our incompleteness,  
 Round our restlessness His rest.†

A moment of awakening may also be said to have come to this century when the young "graduate of Oxford" opened the eyes of the people to the greatness of Turner, through showing us his truthful and sublime interpretation of Nature's highest beauties. It is hard for us to realize the completeness of the revelation given by the first volume of "Modern Painters" to the minds of those whose ideas of greatness in Landscape Art were confined to the

\* This fine sonnet is from Professor Dowden's volume of Poems (London : Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.), a volume that every landscape artist will love when read.

† "Rhyme of the Duchess May."—Elizabeth Barrett Browning

belief in the greatness of Claude Lorraine. That an artist should in anyway differ from or contradict Claude's methods of rendering Nature's facts, was looked on as presumptuous folly, or mad ignorance, or colossal impudence. Sir George Beaumont was then the fashionable judge and patron of Landscape Art, and that he should consider Claude the first landscape artist was in itself sufficient to carry the majority of shallow critics along with him; for, having no test of truth to apply, through ignorance of the truth, their opinions were of necessity narrowed within the boundaries of their master's mannerisms. But the appearance of the first volume of "*Modern Painters*" swept their sophistry to the winds. They had accused Turner of want of truth, because he did not render things after the manner of Claude, and Ruskin met them on their own ground. He said, "before you quarrel with Turner for his want of Truth, let us first see what are the truths which he has to render;" and so, step by step, fact by fact, he illustrates and proves, and then as each truth is made manifest, he takes up Turner's works and shows how fully the artist has rendered them so far as his means allowed, and how feeble and conventional when compared with him are the works of the early Landscape Artists who were then the standards of excellence. He said to the people,—You have been for years admiring works which, however great in their way as the early tentative efforts of a school of art in its infancy, are false utterances in many ways concerning those beauties which are around you, and which you may look at every day of your lives. Why should you set up these men's work as the standard of truth, when you have that before you of which they treat? Look at Nature; learn her ways; get to know and feel and love her every mood, and then tell me, if you can, which of the two, Claude or Turner, has best delivered her message unto men. Also, he places as the motto for his work and the "apologia" for his teaching, this passage from Wordsworth's "*Excursion*":—

" Accuse me not

Of arrogance . . . . .  
If, having walked with Nature  
And offered, far as frailty would allow,  
My heart a daily sacrifice to Truth,  
I now affirm of Nature and of Truth  
Whom I have served."

That is the whole object of the work; not, as many accused him of, an ignoble desire to dethrone the old masters. None of

the whole crowd of critics probably understood or revered the early masters as Ruskin did; but his object was to defend from the bitter and scurrilous onslaughts of the Press the man who of all others had made his life and his heart a daily sacrifice to Truth and Nature.

To do this, Mr. Ruskin—an Undergraduate of Oxford when he commenced the work—adopted the means above mentioned, and so wrought out a science entirely new, and one of the most important achievements of the century. This science has been well named by Dr. Charles Waldstein\* “The Phænomenology of Nature.” This writer points out how through it Ruskin has endowed man with a new habit of mind, and has laid the foundation for a new class of observation, which may be considered as “lying midway between pure science (so called) and art, or rather as overlapping both.” In the history of the development of this, as in that of all other sciences, it would not of course be just to consider one man as the sole discoverer: Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth—these are minds that in this field of culture lead us up to Ruskin, he being, on the other hand, strongly influenced by landscape art, and that of J. M. W. Turner in particular, and directed by the predominant wave of observation, the chief characteristic of the Natural Science of the present day; for, however far apart in feeling and conviction, the minds of Charles Darwin and John Ruskin are the same in their habit of constantly looking for phenomena, not of a startling or stupendous kind, but yet of great importance to each; the one, for instance, observes the change of colour in the feather of a pigeon, the other the colour of the reflection of a boat on a Venetian lagoon.

This science, which depends so much upon observation, may, as has been said, be considered as founded by John Ruskin. The first man who sees and tells the facts that constitute a science cannot be always called the founder. If such were the case, Cowper, the poet, might be looked on as the just claimant for the honour. But something more than simple statement of fact is needed. The facts must be proved to exist first of all. When Shakspeare wrote the beautiful description of the upper clouds lit by an Italian moon—“see how the floor of heaven is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold”—he is uttering truth and fact concerning the colour and form of the

\* In an article on “The Work of John Ruskin”—*Harpers' Magazine*, February 9th, 1889.

cirrus; but to bring the truth into the realms of science, we must have it proved to exist and classified. Ruskin supplies this want from the outset. He says to us, that he is not going to state anything that we cannot, if we choose, satisfy ourselves to be true; and therefore, when he tells us that *one* of the characteristic shapes of the cirrus clouds is that of a patine or flat disc, he classifies the truth under the head of the "cirrus cloud region;" and then he points out the several pictures in which Turner has so painted them, gives you day and date and place where he has so observed them himself, adding also, perhaps, a sketch taken by himself upon the spot, and then draws diagrams of the order, regularity, and perspective into which these cloud flocks are arranged. Thus it is he founds the science. Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and the host of modern writers who have been nurtured in this new habit of mind which Ruskin has given us, each in their own way, and according to their powers of seeing and of utterance, treat of these phenomena of Nature: and my readers will find that I shall frequently call in their aid in describing those beauties which when learned are yet difficult to express. It is here again that Ruskin's gifts render him the master of this subject. Great as his powers and habit of observation are, they are equalled by his other great power by which he can make what he has seen and discovered in nature so vivid, that we at once see and feel it with him—his powers of eloquence.

Ruskin is certainly the greatest living writer of English prose, and, except Shelley, whom he equals, is the greatest prose writer in our literature. His well-known ease in writing, of which he tells us himself—one of the tests of complete workmanship, swiftness and correctness—is manifest in the style; and the wealth of his vocabulary is balanced and controlled by the perfect judgment manifest in his choice of words; and his instructive knowledge, or rather "second sense" of feeling for the value of words, gives his English a character which entirely distinguishes it from that of any other living prose writer. His purpose in descriptive passages of conveying through the usually unwieldy vehicle of prose, the sense of light, beauty of form and colour, has led him to adopt methods of diction that have been looked upon as distinctively those of poetry, such as musical cadence—alliterative passages—simile and the rest of the poet's pigments—if I may so speak of them. These elements of his work are of themselves the least



important, and always, whether in prose or poetry, if used for their own sakes, become false or harmful. But with Ruskin they are the natural outcome of the moments when the mind, before a beautiful or great thought, assumes a lyrical method of giving it utterance or illustration; and consequently, this "lyrical" quality in his prose, places Ruskin as a poet side by side with any living or past worker in the realm of verse. Hence it will be seen that for his peculiar work the value of this, his second greatest gift, is enormous: and that anyone writing upon the same subject—pursuing this science discovered by him—must possess his eloquence to equal his power of conveying the facts he has seen, and rendering them vivid and vital to others. One other writer of the day nearly equals Ruskin in vivid description of natural phenomena—William Black, the novelist. The landscapes which he paints as backgrounds for the human interest of his works are, Mr. Ruskin has said, "as good as anything of that kind which I have written." A course of reading Black's novels will be found by most of my readers to be a pleasant method of pursuing the study of nature; their healthy character in every way bearing out Ruskin's precept, that sensitiveness to nature's moods and beauties is nearly always associated with the higher conditions of moral feeling. Here is the aphorism which contains this truth; it may be looked on as the germ or nucleus of all Ruskin's teaching. Its high ethical value will be evident to all:—

"The greatest art represents everything with absolute sincerity, as far as it is able. But it chooses the best things to represent, and it places them in the best order in which they can be seen. You can only judge of what is ~~best~~ in the process of time by the bettering of your own character. What is ~~true~~ you can now learn if you will."

In the following papers, therefore, I shall in nowise dogmatise upon what is best or great upon my own account; I shall confine myself to following Ruskin upon that portion of the question where it may arise. What I shall deal with chiefly are the Truths of Nature's phenomena—the particular ones manifest in Sky, Mountain, Water, Vegetation, and the methods by which, so far as I can tell, they have been best rendered in modern Landscape Art. Hence it is, that I have hope that the following papers may have some interest for others than art students; since a systematic knowledge of and love for God's creation should in nowise be

confined to Landscape artists: Nature being a Book open for all to read.

Like any other book, it may be read by all; but not without education. We must learn the letters and the language before we understand the book: the senses must be educated to see, to reason upon, to retain the facts of, before discernment of Nature's Truths be achieved. For by this word "discernment," something more than the mere physical act of the eyesight is meant. If not, every man that has eyesight would be a true critic of art; no art teaching, beyond practice in the mechanism, would be necessary for him to become an artist, and no art critics would be required—"a consummation devoutly to be wished." Now, we have seen how, by recording a few palpable truths and leaving unuttered hundreds,\* the old masters have found favour with the ignorant, for the simple reason that the facts which they recorded were those, and only those, which their uncultured admirers perceived. Knowing nothing more, and feeling even less, they looked upon such simple utterances as a revelation, and desired nothing further. Bring these critics before the complexity of Turner's work, where nature's exhaustless infinity is recorded as fully as human hand and finite means can record the infinite, they at once cry out that such things are impossible, are impudent freaks of an irreverent mind; they beg of you to look at the "broad generalization of Nature" in Gaspar Poussin and Claude Lorraine, their "majesty of light and shade," their "beauty of texture"—"resembling the down on a half ripe nectarine,"† with many like expressions that mean nothing.

"There are more things in Heaven and Earth than are dreamt of in their philosophy." And thanks to Ruskin and modern art these opinions are dying out, and may rather be looked on as of the past. Such critics or admirers of the early school know nothing of what they wrote about—were ignorant of every law that governs the natural facts upon the rendering of which they were so ready to dogmatise. "What!" they would reply indignantly; "do you suppose we haven't got eyes, and can't see for ourselves? or do you suppose that we can't tell or judge justly upon an artist's merits because we have not an artist's power?" By no means is

\* Their rendering of Nature's pitch of Tone against the light of the sky discussed in the fourth Paper.

† This latter is a specimen of fine art criticism from the pen of Haslitt.

it necessary that all should be artists to judge the artist's work rightly ; but it is necessary that you should have something more than eyes to perceive Nature's beauties for yourselves : and I beg of you to think closely upon this point for a moment. I say that, to perceive Nature's beauties requires not only physical eyesight, but also a training of the observation and intelligence ; that you must search before you shall find, and knock before it shall be opened to you ; that, in fine, Truth of Nature is *part of* Truth of God—to him who searches it not out, it is darkness—to him who does, it is infinity.

Seeing things is, *per se*, a mere physical act that, though the brain of necessity takes part in always, yet does not necessarily include any awakening of the intelligence : the infant sees things, yet knows nothing of them or their meanings. And so far as all the facts of the universe that are non-essential to our existence are concerned, hundreds of men go through life, though seeing them all perhaps, yet without intellectually perceiving one. This sense of eyesight is, as Mr. Dowden's sonnet shows us, of all other senses the one most likely to be wearied ; and mercifully it is arranged that, though always using it, we can yet detach our thoughts so completely from what it shows us, that we can muse and see visions with "the inner eye," often in the midst of real sights the most incongruous. But this dispensation, merciful upon the one hand, becomes upon the other a danger that—"with eye so practised in each form around, and all forms mean, to gaze above the ground irks it"—this habit of intellectual disassociation from the sense of sight may become so fixed a habit as to render the awakening of our intelligence before the sudden unfolding of the beautiful rather a possibility than probability. In the meanest things of life we can often, if not always, find much beauty : better then far to train the intellect to be always on the alert to grasp, comprehend, and remember Nature's sights, rather than train it to rest, on the chance that, when the moment of supreme beauty comes, we shall be there with our faculties in readiness to receive and understand. The chances, indeed, are all against this latter supposition. The eye is not like the ear. A sudden sound is always sure to awaken the intellectual attention ; for the ear is not a sense wearied with perpetual use. But as regards the eyesight, we require something particular to bring the intellect to bear upon what is passing before us, and oftenest, as the sonnet shows, a sudden *sound* effects this rather

than a sudden sight—a lark's first burst of song, a sudden sound of a stream—otherwise things of immense moment in art may pass before us, and though seen, convey no impression to the beholder other than the abstract one, that they exist. For a simple instance of all this, let me remind you how in a day's walk we may walk over the pebbles and stones and other obstacles in our path for the guidance of our steps, but, having no further object than this, watching them, which of us can tell at the end of the walk the shape or colour of a single one of them? Naturally we cannot, there was no reason other than that of guidance for the feet to compel us to study them. But now, what I want you to recognize is this, whether artists or not, that there is no absolute necessity, materially speaking, for any of you to look at anything except in so far as they influence the material necessities of your life. But what are we to do were that! If this were all that should interest us, "what were we better than sheep or goats, that nourish a blind life within our eyes, if knowing God, he lift not [*eyes*] in prayer?"—in recognition of and thanksgiving for the glories around him.

Men, therefore, see intellectually little or much of what is passing before them in proportion to their natural sensibility as to what is beautiful, ugliness being repulsive in proportion to the power of beauty conveying pleasure to their minds. Now, the question arises, is there ever complete oblivion to the beautiful? Granting a man sees correctly, physically speaking, as he hears correctly—is there ever that absolute want in the higher intellectual centres which preside over discernment of things which we know exists sometimes in the case of hearing; so that music—the simplest sounds or harmonies are totally undistinguished one from another, or, what is worse, the completest harmony is undistinguished from the most intense discord? I can scarcely believe that there is so. For one reason, I think it is evident that what is known as the "want of ear" is more a physical than an intellectual defect, the distinction between sounds belonging more directly to the physical than the psychical portion of our natures. The want in the higher sense of our hearing to correspond with that of sight is rather the absence of pleasure which we find sometimes manifested by those who do not possess this "want of ear" for music, so that, though hearing a symphony of Beethoven correctly so far as the mere sense of hearing goes, they remain utterly unmoved either for pleasure or pain. This is the corresponding want in the sense of sight which

we do find in hundreds—a total want of pleasure in the presence of Nature's most lovely moods; so that whilst you will have two minds equal in acuteness of perception of Nature's highest phenomena, cultivation of the one will produce an answering enthusiasm, whilst in the other, no pleasure being awakened, the pursuit of the culture will soon flag, to be quickly abandoned.

It is curious how chance often favours us. Since I wrote the concluding words of the preceding paragraph, I have come upon an illustration of this state of intellectual bluntness towards the beautiful things in Nature that will show you the true condition of such a mind better than anything which I could write. I lighted on it in the pages of a novel by a writer whose name should be dear to every Irish heart as the authoress of one of the completest Irish novels ever written—"Castle Daly." The novel in which I found the illustration which follows is a picture of English life, and may be considered as a study of contrast in the characters of two girls Clemency Franklin, from whose name the book takes its title, and Sidney Serle. The former is the heroine, and her character is worked out with great power—she is the contrast in every way of the latter, whose character can be partly judged by the following extract—it is she who speaks. Her husband is an enthusiastic lover of Nature, and at first tries to find an answering enthusiasm in her mind; here are a few of her replies:—

"Is it that clump of purple beeches on the green hill side where the sun is shining you want me to notice? They look just as usual, don't they? Oh yes! I see them quite well. The colour of the leaves reminds me of the old dark silk Lizzie wears on rainy Sundays, but I can't say I ever admired it particularly."

"Don't ask me to come out just now, please, dear; I am in the middle of a row of bead work. I don't care if 'the sunset glow has faded out of the clouds before I come out.' The sun sets every evening you know, and the clouds are always reddish. Why need I look at them?"

The value of this illustration lies in the fact, that whilst the girl could quite see the peculiar colour of the distant clump of copper beeches—one of the loveliest pieces of contrast to a sunny hill-side that can be obtained—it awakens no emotion in her mind other than an unpleasant recollection, and furthermore a distinctly vulgar one—the colour of a gown worn by an objectionable sister-in-law on the still more objectionable and dull occasions—wet Sundays. In this novel Sidney Serle, at first acquaintance a pretty but timid girl, is yet so wanting in finer moral attributes,

that she becomes in the end guilty of mean and underhand dishonesties. The author would have us recognise that it is not because she does not care for the beauties of a sunset that she is dishonest—she has at least the honesty not to feign admiration for them—but that this want in her soul is, in her case, but a part and illustration of the further want in her moral sense.

So that this want of sensibility to the higher beauties in colour and form is, in the end, a far graver one than we might at first imagine; since, on the other hand, the possession of this finer sense is intimately connected with that higher sensibility which we revere as the chief attribute of all noble minds and the main-spring of all real poetry—a perfect state of moral feeling. For you will find, though the discovery of Truth is in itself but a merely intellectual process, depending first upon the powers of physical perception and abstract intellect—mental processes wholly independent of our moral nature—yet these instruments, perception and judgment, are so sharpened and brightened, and so much more swiftly and effectively used when the energy and passion of a high moral nature brings them into action, that a man of deadened moral sensation is likewise dull in his perception of truth, and consequently of these truths or phenomena of Nature with which we shall for the future deal.

But there are other faculties to be cultivated—granted the possession of this necessary higher sensibility—if we are to follow out the science of Natural Phenomenology as a science: and the foremost of these are Reflection and Memory. For instance, a man may vividly and with pleasure receive impressions of the beautiful, but if he takes no care to reason on them, or trace them to their sources, he may remain quite ignorant of the facts that produced them, or may attribute them to wrong causes that do not exist, or to others with which they have no connection. This is important for an artist to remember—though at first sight we might be inclined to suppose, so long as the artist sees things rightly at the time and so records them, that he fulfils all necessary requirements. This is true so far as the moment goes which he records. But this supposes that an artist is always painting from Nature—which is an impossibility; at the most, in these climates, he is fortunate if half the work of the year can be done out of doors. As soon as he returns to his studio, he has to fall back upon his sketches and memoranda of the scene he is about to paint;

and supposing he is going to make a composition of the scene in its highest aspect, showing all that is noble in the scenery, choosing the best features, and placing them in the best order in which they can be seen, he will require something more than out-of-door studies; he must have his reflective powers concentrated upon what is before him, so that, in combining the various facts of the composition, he may not commit himself to an absurdity or impossibility. I will give you a simple instance in what I once saw in the work of an amateur. A sunset over a marsh land and a flight of wild duck was the subject, wrought with considerable power; the sky especially was admirable in its wide, luminous tone. In this the thin gleam of the crescent moon was just beginning to tell with exquisite force—but its horns were turned *towards* the sunset! Such an error as this—and it was purely an error, or rather a want of reflection—would ruin the best work ever painted. You had only to look at the sky to feel in spite of its perfect tone and painting, that something was wrong. Also, those who remember the picture of Lions in Sanctuary with the forest on fire, by Mr. Nettleship, exhibited in the Royal Academy of Ireland some years ago, will, perhaps, remember the effect of the thin crescent of the moon above the rolling smoke and red glare of fire—the note and symbol of peace in the picture. All the critics noticed this, but they all called it the crescent of the “new moon:” a little reflection upon their parts would have told them that it was the crescent of an “old moon,” since its horns were pointing to the right-hand side of the picture. “What hair splitting! what does it matter which it is?” It matters a good deal, and a little reflection will show us its mystical value. Such a moon appears only just in the hours before the dawn, the darkest and dreariest, as we know—but the light of day is not far off when the night of terror will have passed away: and so it helped further the motto affixed to the picture, “in the midst of danger and they have no hurt.” A little reflection will show us all the value of these facts, though we may not be artists; a recognition of them will help out our enjoyment of nature and pictures an hundred fold.

Another reason why we must cultivate this faculty of Reason is, that the mind, which is devoid of this attribute, or in which it has not been cultivated, and which possesses the higher sensibility, will be in constant danger of this very sensibility playing him false. He will be always more likely to see only what he expects,

admiring and judging with his heart, not with his eyes. In my first paper on colour I gave you an instance of this—how, because people every day hear of the *blue* sky of Italy, the majority of of them when they go to Italy imagine it is *blue*, whereas its depth of tone is *gray*, not blue. The heat of the climate, the nearness to the Mediterranean, would lead us *on reflection* to expect this, since we know that the heat must draw up a large amount of aqueous vapour into the atmosphere, which, as we shall see when we come to study skies in the next paper, always results in making the sky gray. And we find even in the days of the early masters, when a reflective mind such as Benvenuto Cellini leaves Italy and travels into France, it is the *blueness* of the clear French sky that strikes him, as contrasted with the grayer blue of his own laden atmosphere.

I need not impress upon you at any length the value of cultivating the next faculty—Memory—as a necessary help in the study which we are about to enter upon. And, as regards amateurs, this faculty being the one most burdened with other matters, I would earnestly counsel you to adopt the system of note-taking. A pencil sketch book, nine by six inches in size, a mill to which all facts should be grist, is the simplest and best method. Hundreds of facts will strike your eye in a day's walk, of immense value to note and remember: facts of shadow, of light, of form, which can be jotted down in the space of a minute, noting the colours always if possible. It is most interesting to see the sketch-books of these jottings filled to the corners on both sides of the page, that Turner has left after him, now preserved in the National Gallery. Some of these little books are no larger than an inch and a half by an inch and a quarter, and yet I find I have noted that on one page alone no less than six separate studies are made, each the work of no more than a minute, yet each perfect. Here are the six subjects which I noted. Two fishwomen of Boulogne talking, their attitude perfect, and the colour of each fishwife's separate piece of attire written down on a level with cap, bodice, skirt and petticoat. Above is a sketch of a boat on its side on the shore, the shadow on the boat and on the shore being the chief fact recorded. Next we have three studies of lines of fishing nets hung to dry seen in various perspective, the corks emphasizing the curves and lines. And, lastly, in the left hand corner is a fisherman laying a coil of rope. You may imagine the size of each



of the figures, having given you the dimensions of the page. But indeed I do not want you, nor expect you, to be able, to draw within such small compass as this: nothing but Turner's power over the smallest stroke of the pencil will admit of such rapid and perfect rendering in such small limits. But a sketch-book of the size I have suggested to you will be quite large enough for these memoranda sketches, and you have only to try the method to become assured of its value. As landscape artists, I would particularly advise you to practise groups of cattle, cows, and sheep from Nature, and observe their methods of arranging themselves: for they *have* a method. I have seen a picture of a storm of wind and rain by an amateur, in which some cattle which he had "put in afterwards" were drawn serenely *grazing* with their heads *facing* the wind! It is of importance to render these minor facts of a landscape correctly: ten people out of twenty might be unable to say what was wrong in the above instance; but most probably the entire twenty would *feel* there was "something wrong somewhere."

I had to warn you just now against sensibility unaccompanied by Reason and Memory—the two latter resulting in Knowledge. I have now to warn you against Knowledge, as a factor that very often leads artists astray, in spite of the necessity for its acquisition. The danger lies in this. Sight depends very much upon previous knowledge: we are more apt to see things as they really are, than as they look. Ask a child to draw the corner of a house with the two eaves of the roof on each side, and he will represent them like a letter T; he does not recognise that perspective enters into the right representation of them, and that the two eaves of the roof, though really at right angles to the upright line of the corner, seem to slope downwards towards respective points on the horizon line at each side. Having often viewed each separately at each side, he knows each is horizontal, and he will draw it so until the existence of the phenomena of perspective is explained to him. I must quote for you here an excellent remark of Barry's on this subject—it is taken from his sixth Lecture:—

"The imitations of early art are like those of children; nothing is seen in the spectacle before us (*i. e.*, their rendering of the spectacle), unless it be previously known and sought for; and numberless observable differences between the age of ignorance and that of knowledge, show how much the contraction or extension of our sphere of vision depend upon other considerations than the mere action of our natural optics."

This true statement may be applied by us to all facts in nature, and will serve as a warning that we are in constant danger of *imagining* we see what experience only has taught us to exist—consequently missing the sight of what we do not know beforehand to be visible, or, on the other hand, fully rendering facts that are invisible or only partly visible because we know them to be there. In the Third Paper I drew your attention to this danger when considering the necessity of rendering Nature's confusion of distant detail; I now warn you of it with regard to all Nature's facts: it is of the utmost importance for us to train ourselves to see things just as they are, and so to render them. The study of Nature's phenomena should never lead us to see more than we can see with our fully cultured faculties. But there lies the difference. The man whose faculties are uncultivated, is oblivious to half the world's facts—let him search and he will find. But having found once, let him beware lest he believe that what he discovered in an object a hundred yards away, and recorded rightly at that distance, is also to be recorded as visible in the same object when he has put miles between him and it. Remember that "Knowledge comes" quickly enough, but that "Wisdom lingers;" and that the student in the first flush of his pride in acquired knowledge is always in danger of telling too much, and that then it is he needs Wisdom's aid to help him towards that higher reticence that always in great art is Nature's method of uttering her deepest mysteries, and the guiding hand with which she leads us to the boundary of the Infinite.

MONTAGU L. GRIFFIN.

## MY OWN GALTEES.\*

MY own Galtees! My own Galtees!  
 No statelier hills on earth than these.  
 Sublime in storm, in sunshine bright,  
 Bathed in streams of purest light;  
 Radiant gleams of every hue,  
 Purple and gold, soft green and blue;  
 Forever in my dreams they rise,  
 Like glimpses of lost paradise.

My own Galtees! where'er I roam  
 They give my earliest welcome home.  
 Their graceful curves in lines of light,  
 Or shadowy waves burst on my sight  
 Long, long, before the little town,  
 O'er which they daily smile, or frown.  
 The breeze that plays o'er cheek and tress,  
 Seems like a dear old friend's caress.

My own Galtees! to the far past,  
 What wistful, lingering looks I cast,  
 A dark-haired, grey-eyed child I see,  
 Just budding forth from infancy,  
 Who gazes on the mountains' crest,  
 Her hands close clasped upon her breast;  
 The sky to her is Heaven's door,  
 And God's great throne grey Galtymore.

My own Galtees! from them I drew  
 Each high, pure thought which in me grew;  
 For like a prayer at my mother's knee  
 Was the sight of my glorious hills to me;  
 No earthly feeling, base or low,  
 But melted 'neath the mountains' glow;  
 As twilight softly o'er them stole  
 What solemn gladness filled my soul.

\* The Galtees are a very beautiful and picturesque range of hills near the town of Tipperary. They give a wonderful charm to the landscape on every side of the town, and stretch along at great length between the Counties of Tipperary and Cork, each peak of a different shape, towering, graceful, undulating.

The shadows fall, the night is nigh,  
Oh ! grant, dear Lord, before I die,  
When my soul goes forth on its lonely quest,  
On the hills I love that my last looks rest,  
Peaceful and calm may I lie there,  
My hands close clasped in voiceless prayer.  
And with the old child-love and faith  
Close my tired eyes and welcome death.

ELLEN O'LEARY.

---

TO WILLIAM B. YEATS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WANDERINGS OF OISIN."

THE fluttering white-throat warbles of the Spring,  
In copse and dell, his ditties fresh and clear,  
O'er violet beds and leaves a-blossoming,  
And reed-crown'd banks of burn and mere.  
His notes are pure and sweet, though faltering oft,  
As if they fain would reach a higher key,  
Or break their narrow bounds in woodland croft,  
And wake beyond a wider minstrelsy.

Young Poet ! wandering in these fields, I read  
And welcomed thy first songs ; and, while yon bird  
Was greeting springtime in the larch o'erhead,  
I felt your singing swayed and stirred  
My heart alike : for both were Nature's own,  
Reflected from the primal streams where rove  
The fairy fancies of a world unknown,  
Begirt for ever with the poet's love.

ROBERT REILLY.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. The Most Rev. Dr. McEvilly has completed the labour of many years by the publication of his "Exposition of the Gospel of St. John" (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son). He began with the Epistles of St. Paul while he was President of St. Jarlath's College, Tuam. His elevation to the episcopacy was not allowed to put a stop to his Scriptural studies, and, as Bishop of Galway, he published commentaries on the Gospels of St. Matthew, St. Mark, and St. Luke, which, like his work on the Epistles, have run through three large editions. And now the Archbishop of Tuam completes his Exposition of the New Testament (with the exception of the Acts of the Apostles and the Apocalypse, which latter stands altogether apart) by issuing a full Commentary on the Gospel of St. John. His Grace has fully described the plan of his work on the title-page. It consists of an analysis of each chapter, followed by a critical, exegetical, doctrinal, and moral commentary thereon. Both the English and the Latin text are prefixed in full to each chapter; and yet, instead of requiring us to refer back to these, each separate verse is repeated in both languages in the margin opposite its own portion of the commentary. The practical student will at once recognise the convenience of these arrangements. The substance of the work is such as the reputation of the Archbishop of the West leads us to expect. Besides the priests of Ireland, the Irish priests of the United States will be benefitted by this admirable work, and we are glad to see the Benzigers of New York associated on the title-page with the Dublin Publishers. Is not an index of two pages quite too compendious for a large volume of four hundred pages, of a size which seems to be a mean between octavo and folio?

2. Several pleasant volumes have recently issued from the publishing house of James Duffy and Sons, for the most part reprints of established favourites. Mrs. Dorsey has made herself a reputation in the United States as a writer of wholesome stories of a religious, but not offensively religious, character. She has been working steadily in her useful vocation for nearly half a century; and she has just received the gold medal which Notre Dame University presents each year on Laetare Sunday to some specially deserving lay member of the Catholic Church in America. This was probably the occasion of a sonnet which Mr. Maurice Egan addresses to Anna Hanson Dorsey in *The Ave Maria* of April 6:—

There stood all day above the din and roar  
Of crowded streets a statue purely wrought,  
To heaven pointing. On its fair brow high thought  
Enshrined was; and when the studded door

Of night had closed, it, more enraptured, bore  
 The artist's touch; and those (the few that sought  
 The sculptor's meaning) felt their chilled hearts fraught,  
 Under the silence, with God's love the more:  
 So you, creatrix, with your noble art,  
 Have worked serene above a sordid world;  
 Not prizing much its praises or its blame,  
 But telling secrets to the faithful heart,  
 Learned well of God. Who reads your pages, pearled  
 With faith and love, must hail and bless your name!

Twelve of Mrs. Dorsey's tales are advertised in the same magazine, yet the list contains none of the three which are now brought out anew in Dublin, in three pretty volumes, printed in large, readable type, "Coaina, the Rose of the Algonquins," "The Oriental Pearl," and "The Old Grey Rosary." A similar volume contains "The Flower Basket," one of the best of Canon Schmid's, translated by the Rev. Dr. C. W. Russell in the early part of his career as a Maynooth Professor; and another contains "The Angel of the Snow, and Other Stories," by R. Wogan McDonnell. This last book contains ten short stories, which have a closer affinity with *The Family Herald* than with the good old Canon of Augsburg. Within their narrow limits the sensational element is pretty strong, and the youthful reader will relish them none the less for that. Messrs. Duffy and Sons have also sent us two other volumes quite similar in appearance but of a different nature, "The Great Day, or Motives and Means of Perseverance after First Communion," is translated by Mrs. J. Sadlier from the French; and an American Catholic priest has translated from the German of Father de Doss, "The Pearl among the Virtues, or Words of Advice to Christian Youth."

3. From the same press we have received a copy of the new edition of the Roman Ritual, or rather of the *Ordo Administrandi Sacramento* extracted from the Ritual. This edition was begun by the Most. Rev. Dr. Logue before he became Primate, and it was completed by the Rev. Henry McNeece, C.C. Certain changes and additions make it very much more convenient and serviceable than the portable Ritual hitherto in use. We may mention here also an excellent "Manual of the Children of Mary, for the use of Boarding-schools and Orphanages," translated from the French by F. J. P., and brought out this year by the same publishers.\*

\* We take the opportunity of informing the members of this pious Association that a hymn has been published for their special use—"The Child of Mary," words by the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J., music by the late Hamilton Croft. The music and words are printed on thick cardboard, price one penny, in the hope of passing through a good many hands.

4. "Thoughts on Apostolic Succession, to help Catholics in discussion with their Anglican Friends," by Father Gallwey, S.J. (London: Burns and Oates.) This shilling pamphlet "embodies conversations which the writer has had with many Anglicans, often with happy results." Father Gallwey has had great experience in practical controversy of this sort, and he understands the arguments, and also the difficulties, that have weight with many devout and well-disposed souls in the Anglican Church. His tone of sturdy common-sense, and the freshness and clearness of his style, enhance greatly the force of his reasoning.

5. "Our Lady's Last Christmas" (London: Burns and Oates), is a pretty legend, sweetly versified by "a Child of Mary," who intends it to be the first of a series to be called "Churchyard Flowers, or Memories of the Holy Dead." The proceeds of the sale are to be devoted to a pious object. We can only name the popular edition of Mr. Aubrey de Vere's "May Carols," which contain some of Mr. de Vere's most purely poetical work, and which, in a much less complete form, made us give to their author the proud title of Laureate of the Madonna.

6. Herder, the Publisher—whose headquarters are at Friburg, and who has branches in Vienna, Munich, and Strasburg, and in the New World at St. Louis, in Missouri—sends us the fourth edition of Dr. Schuster's "Abridged Bible History of the Old and New Testaments," which has been approved of by thirty-two German bishops, and by fifteen Bishops of France and Canada. He also brings under our notice his third edition of Dr. Gitlbauer's excellent school-edition of the Life of Cornelius Nepos. Another German-American firm, the Benzigers, have published "The History of Confession," translated from Abbé Guillois by Dr. de Goesbriand, Bishop of Burlington, in the United States. The secondary title of the book is "The Dogma of Confession vindicated against the attacks of heretics and infidels," and this title is abundantly justified by the contents of the volume, which has considerably profited by coming to us from France *via* the United States.

7. We have already announced "Thoughts from Many Minds," compiled by an Ursuline Nun, of Thurles (London: Burns and Oates). The Most Rev. Dr. Croke, to whom it is dedicated, commends it earnestly in a brief preface. Each day of the year has its passage of sacred Scripture, its saying of a Saint or holy writer, and its spiritual practice. Who is the Emerson who is twice quoted? The phrases seem much too Christian for Ralph Waldo Emerson. The name comes in oddly between St. Augustine and Father Faber. If it be

the Philosopher of Concord, he is the only secular sage quoted, except Goethe, whose saying is here set down to the credit of *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*: "Treat people as if they were what they ought to be, and you will help to make them what they ought to be." This compact little volume is exquisitely printed and very neatly bound. It may be procured not only from the booksellers, but directly from the Ursuline Convent, Thurles.

8. "Little Nell," by Frances Noble (London : Burns and Oates), is a short story of a directly religious and edifying character. It is well written by the lady who gave us "Gertrude Mannering" several years ago. If the last vowel in the Christian name had been *i* instead of *e*, would the printer have been obliged to make such frequent use of italic letters?

9. M. and S. Eaton, 95 Grafton St., Dublin, have issued a second series of their "Leaflets," which have already had a wide circulation sold as separate leaflets. There is here a great variety of beautiful prayers and hymns, and, when bound together as "The Little Treasury of Leaflets," they form a novel kind of prayer-book, which is sure to be acceptable to devout readers.

10. We recommended beforehand as a new book for May, "Lessons from Our Lady's Life," by the author of "The Rosary of the Sacred Heart." As it is now out for a few days, many of our readers are already acquainted with it. Its utility will not pass away with this Month of the Madonna.

11. "A Cycle of Verse," by Hélène Gingold (London : Remington & Co.), is in some respects a disappointing book. It continually gives us glimpses of considerable ability, yet is ever falling short of its promise by reason of a want of mastery of the poet's craft. Faults of grammar are by no means uncommon, and here and there the verse halts in a most unverselike manner, suggesting (along with the foreign form of the writer's name) that the muse is not speaking her native language. Yet, when all is said, there remains a solid remainder that deserves praise. One can easily sneer at the last line of "*Die Frauenkirche*," but there is a good deal of power evinced all through this piece. The three poems "To my Nephew," are simple and to the point, while in at least one, "Ages and Ages ago," the verse is genuinely musical. Miss Gingold, with age and experience—she is evidently young—should write a good novel; but good poetry requires a very keen sense of proportion in addition to the other artistic qualities which Miss Gingold possesses, and it is this sense of proportion that she lacks. There is sometimes an echo of the seven-



teenth century in her verse that is quite absent from modern poetry. Some of her *pièces d'occasion* rise above the mediocrity common to such.

12. At the last moment arrives the prettiest book of the season, part of which is not quite unknown to our readers—"The Strange Adventures of Little Snowdrop, and Other Tales," by Clara Mulholland, author of the "Miser of Kingscourt," "Percy's Revenge," "Naughty Miss Bunny," etc., etc., with four full-page original Illustrations (London: R. Washbourne). "Little Snowdrop" takes up 152 pages; and then follow three short and very pretty stories, "A Bunch of Violets," "The Tale of a Green Coat," and "Lazy Nancy." The last of these especially will teach a useful lesson to many young ladies besides those to whom the book is dedicated—"To my three little nieces, Lillian, Margaret, and Alice." A wholesomer or pleasanter book for young folk we have not come across this long time; and Mr. Washbourne, who always brings out his publications with great care and taste, has, we suspect, exercised a special supervision over all the externals of this attractive little volume.

13. We are forced to confine these brief notes to the books which authors or publishers send to us for the purpose. If we could go beyond these, we should echo the praise given to "The Life of Our Life," by one of our American correspondents who represents the opinions of her religious community:—"We are reading Father Coleridge's first volume on the Passion. How beautiful it is! how wonderful! Before Lent I finished his Life of St. Theresa. Never before did I know half of her loveliness, her sweetness and naturalness. In spite of being the most supernatural of characters, she was remarkably natural—and so loving!"

JUNE, 1889.

---

MOLLY'S FORTUNES.

CHAPTER X.

WOMAN DISPOSES.

SIX months had elapsed since Miss O'Neill had been laid in her last resting place; the turf grew green and smooth above her grave, which was always strewed with fresh flowers, and at the Castle everyone was gradually becoming accustomed to the new order of things. I say the new order of things, but in truth the old *régime* was adhered to as strictly as possible, and the management of all within and without the great house carried out as nearly as might be on the same lines as formerly. No one person indeed could adequately fill Miss O'Neill's place, but Molly and Mr. Burke between them did their best to perpetuate her "system," while their subordinates were only too anxious to respect the wishes of their beloved "lady." Sorely was she missed, and very lonely did the Castle seem without the bright, active old figure flitting about it. The sad interval of helplessness and mental depression appeared to be forgotten, and it was the vigorous, masterful personality, familiar for so many years, whose absence made so great a void.

Molly had settled down sadly and seriously enough to her new duties, in no way exultant over the brilliant prospects which, in spite of the strange terms of her benefactress's will, appeared to lie before her.

Mr. Burke had scrupulously carried out the latter's injunctions, and two or three "claimants" had duly asserted their right to the estate, but had proved on investigation to be rank impostors. As time passed, therefore, he was convinced that Molly would remain in undisturbed possession, and that his alarm at the final clause in the old lady's will was groundless after all. The girl herself, who had

stoutly announced her determination to incur any penalty rather than submit to such a marriage as therein set forth, had begun to feel reassured, and to look at such a contingency as hypothetical. Mrs. Mackenzie had let her own small house, and was installed at Castle O'Neill, appearing after a time to take very kindly to her new position; and Molly, as the weeks passed, sincerely as she mourned her kinswoman, and soberly as she had entered on her new life, began to regain her former spirits. The elasticity of youth was hers, and moreover, she possessed an essentially bright and contented nature; she instinctively looked at the best side of things, and was more prone to smiles than to tears. The memory of her friend was enshrined deep in her heart, but the sun shone above it even as it shone above the quiet grave—and the flowers had begun to bloom!

It was the very Molly of old who sat one summer's afternoon in the little morning-room, sipping her tea and chatting to her aunt, a laughing Molly, with blithe, unshadowed face, that looked as if it had never known a care; simple and impulsive as ever in her manner, and evidently unspoiled and untrammelled by the dignities and responsibilities of heiress-ship.

"Aunt," said Molly, "Mr. Burke says we ought to see the world. When shall we begin? Shall we go abroad next month?"

"Dear child, please—please let me down gradually," returned the elder lady plaintively. "Remember what a new life this is for me, and let me have time to breathe. Don't give me too much to do in one year. Next year, if you like, I'll—I'll climb up Mong Blong with you, but I don't feel equal to it yet. Don't you think it would be nice if you took a house for the season in Merriion Square, and were presented at the first Drawing-room?"

"Oh dear, no!" returned Molly, with affected scorn. "Dublin would never do for me, and I couldn't stoop to a trumpery affair like a Castle Drawing-room. No, no, auntie, we'll go in for real royalty, if you please; we'll make our curtsies to her most gracious Majesty in person. You shall have three ostrich feathers sticking straight up in your dear old head, and a train *yards* long."

"Gracious!" ejaculated Mrs. Mackenzie.

"Certainly," resumed her niece. "We are to see life, you know; Mr. Burke says it is our duty. Let us take a nice house in London, and entertain. How you *will* enjoy sitting at the head of a long table, and making a bow to a smart old dowager at the other end, when it is time for the ladies to retire."

"Molly!" cried Mrs. Mackenzie, more and more aghast.

"Yes, and we might give a ball," pursued the latter, led on by the horror in her aunt's face—"two or three balls——"

"I know what will be the end of all this," said Mrs. Mackenzie desperately; "you will develop into a regular *worldly* young lady. I may as well make up my mind to it, Molly, for I see it coming. You will live in a perfect whirl, I suppose, and after dragging me about from one fashionable assembly to another, till I am worn out"—the mixture of complacency and consternation with which this was spoken was comical in the extreme—"you will leave me in the lurch, and get married to a lord."

"Get married to a lord!" repeated Molly, with genuine horror. "Auntie, if you love me, don't talk like that. It sounds like a phrase from the *Family Herald*."

"Should I have said an *earl*?" queried the other, with grave concern.

"An earl! Worse and worse! Don't you remember Kate's song!—'I'm goin' to get married to a markiss or a earl'? Well, Auntie, if you like, I will promise to have nothing to say to the aristocracy—the *mushroom aristocracy*—of these times, that poor Miss O'Neill used to talk about." Here Molly's face saddened for a moment, and a sigh escaped her.

"I should be very glad if you would," returned her aunt in relieved tones. "I do not think the moral character of many in the upper classes at all worthy of admiration. I knew a girl once—she was only a poor girl, but very respectable, a cousin to a servant I had—and she went to be housemaid in a nobleman's house. Well, my dear, I assure you, he was a most ill-educated man, whatever may have been his title. Mary Brennan—the girl I speak of—told me that, when he met her on the passages, he used to stare at her in the boldest, rudest way."

"How very shocking!" laughed Molly, holding up her hands before her face.

"He *did*," pursued Mrs. Mackenzie; "and she said"—sinking her voice, and gazing tragically at her niece, who was now peeping through her extended fingers—"that the language she heard him use to his valet was perfectly awful! She *did*, indeed—*awful*, she said it was."

"Really, I am not surprised at your poor opinion of the 'upper ten,' since these are their manners and customs. If a mere baronet be so ill-behaved, what must be the depravity of a duke! Why, I could make your hair stand on end with some of the anecdotes Miss O'Neill used to tell me about her former acquaintances. Listen——"

"Molly, I have no wish to hear," said her aunt, half rising, and then reseating herself. "Well, go on," she said faintly.

"There was a man she knew once, I forget his name, auntie, who

used to—well, to indulge in rather more stimulants than were good for him. One day he was at a garden-party at Marlborough House——”

“Where the Prince of Wales lives?”

“Yes, of course——” a little impatiently.

“It *isn't* of course at all,” returned her aunt, in aggrieved tones. “How should I know?”

“Well, this man was rather like the militia-man of old—‘not tipsy,’ but ‘powerfully nourished.’ Happening to catch sight of a lady whom he thought he recognised, he rushed up to her, shook her warmly by the hand, and exclaimed: ‘I am quite sure I know you, your face is perfectly familiar to me, but I really can’t remember your name!’ Here Molly burst out laughing. “It is really a funny story, auntie; the lady happened to be the Princess herself!”

“I dare say he *did* know her face,” returned Mrs. Mackenzie, with intense seriousness. “A man like him would be likely to come in contact with royalty pretty frequently. Well?”

“Well, that’s all!” cried her niece, still laughing. “The story ends there. Don’t you think it is rather funny? It always tickled my fancy somehow.”

“I must say it does not tickle mine,” answered her aunt in her most severely matter-of-fact tones. “I think it a most deplorable state of things. A man, who by your own showing was of the very first position, and who should have given good example to those around him, to forget himself in such a way! How you can *laugh*, Molly, really!”——

“Of course, it is very shocking,” said the girl, wiping her eyes, “and I am quite as horrified as you, only the comical side of things always *will* strike me. Now I won’t talk any more nonsense, dear aunt, so don’t look so scandalised. I own I *have* been talking nonsense all along, but I will be serious now. Do not be afraid of my turning out ‘a worldling,’ for I have not the most remote intention of ‘seeing life’ in any of the ways I suggested just now. The mere fact of inheriting this property as I have done, makes it incumbent on me to live as much as possible here, and altogether to devote myself to it as far as I can, after the manner of Miss O’Neill herself. If I do go away now and then, I shall soon come back, I promise you.” She glanced up at her aunt, expecting her to be relieved at this announcement, but it was evidently with no great gratification that the latter replied:—

“All very well, my dear, and very nice, but we mustn’t be too high-flown. I don’t want you to turn out another Miss O’Neill. You must be married, and *well* married, and to find a husband you must go about and see people.”

"Who is worldly *now*?" cried Molly. "I'm surprised at you; don't you know marriages are made in heaven? I am not going to look for a husband, I can tell you. I shall wait till a husband comes to look for me."

"*Very fine*," said her aunt, with a knowing air; "but those theories don't hold good now-a-days. You must do as every other girl in your position would do, and if Dublin is not good enough for you, we can go to London."

She drew herself up, manifestly proud of her own common sense, and also betraying a certain lurking desire to enter straightway on the duties of chaperon. Molly, in spite of her resolutions, was tempted to make another excursion to the realms of fancy.

"No, auntie. So many wonderful things have happened to me already, that I could not end up in a commonplace way. I am sure there is something romantic in store for me. If I live on here like an enchanted princess in a fairy-tale, the prince may come to look for me, you know. Or, better still, some day a weary wayfarer shall pass by. He will be worn, and weary, and travel-stained—I don't exactly know what *travel-stained* means; do you?"

"I should say, grimy," responded Mrs. Mackenzie, who had been listening with wide-eyed, open-mouthed attention; "grimy, and probably very hot."

"Ugh!"—with a shudder. "Then I don't think we'll have him travel-stained, auntie; he can be worn and weary—that will be quite enough. He must lose his way somehow or another, and find himself on the terrace—no, outside the garden gate. He will look in, and see the roses and the fountains, and everything so pretty and quaint, and the birds will be singing and the sun shining; and he will long, and long, to get in. Then I shall come to the gate,—I think I must have a very killing shepherdess get-up ready for the occasion,—and when the wayfarer catches sight of me, he will stare, and rub his eyes, and say: 'Is this Arcadia?' And I shall answer: 'Yes; please walk in.'"

"Really, Molly, you are too silly"—her aunt was beginning, but the girl went on talking loud and fast.

"And then—and then, dear auntie, he will fall in love with me, and I with him, and we shall be married, and live happily ever after."

"*Really*," cried Mrs. Mackenzie, letting the word fall as a sort of bombshell of concentrated exasperation, "I don't know how a girl of your age can talk such rubbish, and display such barefaced vanity. Sitting deliberately down to make up day-dreams, and all about yourself—and not a bit ashamed."

"People always make day-dreams about themselves," responded Molly, who was quite unabashed; "only they are not candid enough to admit it. Why, you dear old thing, did you never indulge in day-dreams?"

"Never!" said Mrs. Mackenzie, energetically.

"What! not when you were young and—and pretty?"—this somewhat doubtfully. "Are you *sure*, auntie? Come, I think you must have, sometimes. When uncle James first began to pay his addresses to you, for instance—now didn't you?"

Decidedly, Molly was in a mischievous mood to-day. Poor, good uncle James! he had been the last person in the world to suggest the faintest particle of romance.

"I did nothing of the sort," returned his relict, with a certain solemn triumph. "As soon as I saw what your uncle's intentions were, I said to myself: 'That seems a sensible, steady young man; I think I'll have him.' You don't call *that* indulging in day-dreams, I suppose?"

"No," acknowledged Molly, and then she began to laugh. "And did he, on his part, think you a sensible, steady young woman?"

"I should hope he did," Mrs. Mackenzie was beginning, when the conversation was suddenly put an end to by the entrance of a footman with the evening's post.

"Such a big, fat letter from Mr. Burke!" exclaimed Molly. "What can he have to say? I heard from him at the beginning of the week, and he is coming, as usual, to-morrow to pay the wages, and look round. Oh!" Her face changed, becoming suddenly grave, and crimsoning up to the very temples. "What *do* you think? An heir has turned up at last!"

"Nonsense!" cried her aunt, making a dive at the letter in her excitement. Molly held it fast, however, and read out its contents steadily, notwithstanding Mrs. Mackenzie's frequent expressions of dismay.

"My dear Molly," wrote Mr. Burke, "I intend to run down to see you, as usual, to-morrow, but, I am sorry to say, not alone. I cannot expect you, moreover, to offer a warm welcome to my companion, who is, I regret to announce it, your rival in claiming the O'Neill estates. He is your cousin, being a descendant of Hugh O'Neill, that great uncle of yours, who emigrated to America early in this century —"

"Well, if so, he can't claim anything," interrupted the elder lady eagerly. "How silly of Mr. Burke to frighten us like that! Of course, he can't claim anything. Only an O'Neill of the *elder* line can dispossess you, you know. That was distinctly stated in the will."

"Hush—wait a bit. Listen:—'Your great-uncle, who emigrated to America early in this century, and who married Margaret O'Neill, the only scion of an Irish-American family, descended (as can be shown) from the elder branch of the O'Neills, of Castle O'Neill. The papers which the present representative of the name has submitted to me prove the above statement beyond a doubt. The fact of the double connection verifies his claim the more easily, that your great uncle had been at some pains to trace the genealogy of his wife, and had carefully collected and preserved all documents relative thereto. This was, however, probably from mere traditional pride of birth, and without any ulterior motive, the rupture between his family and Miss O'Neill's being complete; moreover, the latter's father was at that time alive, and there was then no likelihood of the estates going a-begging. Mr. Hugh O'Neill first wrote to me some weeks ago; he had been travelling, it seems, and only on his return had his attention been called to the newspaper notice ordered by Miss O'Neill. He must have been away from home also, he thinks, on the occasions of that lady's former researches. I cannot help regretting, my dear Molly, that, since Mr. O'Neill is so fond of travelling, he did not further prolong his recent tour; the time allotted for inserting the above-named advertisement would shortly have expired, and your cousin, in all probability, have continued ignorant of his claim. However, it has been otherwise decreed, and we must make the best of matters as they stand. I did not like to alarm you on receiving the first intimation of Mr. O'Neill's existence, thinking it would probably turn out a mere scare, such as we have already had experience of. But now, I regret to say, there is no longer room for doubt. Finding, on further corresponding with Mr. O'Neill, that he appeared to have grounds for his claim, I despatched a trustworthy messenger to Boston, whose report, just received, confirms all the former's statements. In the meantime, your cousin has himself appeared on the scene, we have had two or three interviews, and, as I have already said, we must now make up our minds to look upon him as the rightful heir to the O'Neill estates. He is extremely anxious to inspect the latter forthwith (though I must own he is equally desirous of treating you with all delicacy), therefore I have written this somewhat lengthy statement, to explain to you exactly how matters stand, and to prepare you to receive him ——' "I wonder," said Molly, breaking off suddenly, "why Mr. Burke doesn't give us time to get away before he comes here?"

"Read on, my dear," said her aunt, whose chin rested on the girl's shoulder, while her forefinger pointed to the ensuing passage:—

"I say nothing of his ulterior views, but know your own dignity and self-respect will sustain you under these trying circumstances.'"



"What does he mean by 'ulterior views?'" cried Molly, fiercely.

"I do believe your foolish day-dream has come true," returned Mrs. Mackenzie, with a semi-hysterical laugh. "Here is your husband coming to look for you, my dear!"

---

## CHAPTER XI.

### MAN PROPOSES.

"Now, Molly, what do you think of him?"

"Well, if you want my candid opinion, aunt, I think he is simply abominable."

"My dear!"

"Yes, I do," cried the girl, who was pacing up and down the room somewhat after the manner of her deceased relative. "Not only does he consider himself free to make inane comments on everything here, as if he were already the master (of course he is, but it would be in better taste not to appear to think so), but he looks at *me*, he talks to *me* as if, as if—oh, he is too odious!"

Mrs. Mackenzie rubbed her chin:—

"Well, my dear, you know the circumstances are very peculiar. He is probably wondering if you will suit him or not ——"

"Auntie!" exclaimed Molly, darting at her, and taking her vigorously by the shoulders. "Hush! How *can* you bring yourself to talk of it so calmly? I know quite well what he is thinking of, and it is that which maddens me. That I should be supposed to be anxiously waiting for him to make up his mind as to whether he will, or will not, throw the handkerchief at me! As if, for any earthly consideration, I would have anything to say to him! Why *won't* Mr. Burke let us go away at once?"

"My dear, you know, as he told us, you must not do anything precipitate. Your whole future depends on the step you take next, and he thinks it only right to give you time to know your cousin ——"

"I don't want to know any more of him," interrupted Molly. "He has been three hours in the house, and I hate him already. He has not a single redeeming point about him. To begin with—what does he look like?"

"He looks dreadfully delicate," put in Mrs. Mackenzie, compassionately.

"So he is—'a mass of rheumatism' he told me himself—he loves

talking about his health, I can see that. Did you hear him detailing all his symptoms to me?"

"Molly, he can't help his rheumatism."

"I know he can't, but he should be humbler about it, and not appear to consider it an additional attraction. I tell you, aunt," said Molly, coming to a stand-still, and checking off each statement by an emphatic rap on the palm of one hand with the fingers of the other, "that cadaverous creature thinks himself simply bewitching. He can't say two words without striking an attitude. Did you notice how he was looping himself up against the flower-stand in the hall when he was talking to me? Evidently he goes in for being æsthetic."

"Does he? I thought, he looked as if he had a pain somewhere, and very likely, if he is rheumatic, you know, he had, poor young man. Don't be so uncharitable, Molly, and do go and get ready for dinner."

"Just let me finish, auntie; I shall feel better when I have said my say. Well, my cousin, Hugh O'Neill, is a decrepid little wretch, without two ideas in his head, yet overburdened with conceit—a man that no girl with an iota of self-respect would condescend to look at (from the matrimonial point of view), and nothing would induce me to say or think otherwise, not if he and I were years and years together. There! the sooner you and Mr. Burke make up your minds to that the better. Now I'll go and dress."

Mournfully enough did poor Mrs. Mackenzie retail this speech to Mr. Burke, as the couple sat in the drawing-room waiting for dinner, neither Molly nor her cousin having as yet made their appearance.

"I knew she wouldn't have anything to say to him," said the lawyer, disconsolately. "Of course she wouldn't—anyone who knows her might be *sure* she wouldn't!"

"I thought there was just a chance!" sighed the lady. "He seems a quiet, gentlemanly young man——"

"Pah!" said Mr. Burke.

"And it is really very hard—*very* hard," pursued Mrs. Mackenzie, with a sniff or two, "to be obliged to turn out after all, and for Molly to have to work again, just like Cinderella and her fairy god-mother, when I had let my house and everything."

The lawyer compassionated his old friend's distress too sincerely to criticise this slightly confused speech.

"It is a pretty state of affairs, I must say," he assented, after a pause, "and all the result of one woman's morbid craze about her family. Poor Miss O'Neill! I don't wish to abuse her now that she is gone, but I must say"—here Mr. Burke compressed his lips as though repressing volumes of disapproval—"I only wish," he remarked

viciously at last, "that she could just *see* her heir, that's all! I wonder what she would say to the O'Neill fascination as exemplified in *him*—good Lord!"

Further discussion was prevented by the entrance, first of Molly, and afterwards of Mr. O'Neill himself.

A slight, not to say lean, young man, with a face pallid in hue, and almost triangular in shape, fair hair and moustache, and passably regular features. The gait with which he crossed the room was somewhat halting, it is true, but the air and gesture with which he offered his arm to Molly were graceful to the last degree.

The latter, who had judged him with the impetuous severity of youth, had perhaps spoken with undue harshness in saying her new-found kinsman was "overburdened with conceit;" but there was certainly some grounds for the accusation, Mr. O'Neill's most salient characteristic being a naïve conviction that his private concerns must be as interesting to other people as they were to him. And not even the former mistress of the Castle herself could have manifested more implicit faith in the O'Neill "fascinations" than that of which the present hope of the race gave evidence, a faith almost sublime indeed, when the extremely slight grounds for it (in so far as he was concerned) were taken into consideration.

During dinner he devoted himself gallantly to his cousin, though her pretty shoulder was persistently turned towards him, and his various overtures elicited only monosyllabic replies. The others were too much preoccupied to evince much interest in his unceasing flow of small-talk, while even the vapid little jokes with which he endeavoured to enliven the conversation would have passed altogether unnoticed, had it not been for an occasional lugubrious "Ha!" from Mrs. Mackenzie, who sometimes managed to catch their drift five minutes or so after they were uttered.

Another man would have been discouraged, but Mr. O'Neill's buoyancy was unimpaired; he talked on as though he were "wound up" (as Molly subsequently remarked), and appreciated his own humour, if no one else did. His voice was somewhat high-pitched, and his accent peculiar; he eschewed the nasal twang as completely as the brogue itself, and while he elongated his vowels, and occasionally used words in a sense not usual on this side of the Atlantic, he also rolled his *r*'s like any foreigner.

"You certainly are not a bit like an American," ejaculated, all at once, Mrs. Mackenzie, who had expected their new acquaintance to put his feet on the table, and to "guess" and "calculate" according to the conventional idea of "a Yankee."

"You see, I don't call myself an American," said Mr. O'Neill,

smiling, "and neither"—anticipating the correction which Mrs. Mackenzie was hastening to make—"neither do I consider myself an Irishman. I have lived pretty nearly everywhere, and do not claim to belong to any particular country; in fact, I am, as I say, a citizen of the world."

Molly shot a disdainful glance at him over her shoulder; it struck her that the term was not altogether original.

"Like the dear little busy bee, you know," he pursued, "flitting from flower to flower, and extracting the honey from each, I have wandered over the face of the globe, assimilating the best characteristics of every country. Yes, I have had a very good time"—with a blandly retrospective smile. "I never stayed long enough anywhere to get bored, but while I *was* in a place I made a point of conforming to the habits and studying the language of the natives. The result is rather alarming: I am neither more nor less than a polyglot."

"A *what*!" gasped Mrs. Mackenzie, to whom the somewhat pedantic term was altogether new. "Gracious!"—She leaned back in her chair, staring in blank horror.—"Are you—are you going to bring any of them over here?"

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. O'Neill, in some amazement, "any of —?"

"Any of—your wives!" sighed the lady faintly.

It was now the visitor's turn to gasp and stare.

"My wives!" he echoed, gazing from one of his new acquaintances to the other, as though craving some explanation.

"*Really!*" ejaculated Mr. Burke, in deeply scandalised tones.

"Well, I'm sure there *are* people in America who have several wives," explained poor Mrs. Mackenzie, covered with confusion; "I know there are; and he said *himself* he was a poly-something-or-other."

"A polyglot—not a polygamist," explained Hugh, politely, as the source of the blunder dawned on him; "though I am supposed to be an American, I am not necessarily a Mormon. I assure you, when I claimed to be the master of several tongues, I did not intend to convey the impression that they were feminine ones. No, I have not gotten *one* wife," he added, "not even *one*—fortunately."

"Fortunately for *her*, do you mean?" cried Molly, checking the laughter evoked by her aunt's mistake, and deeply resenting this speech, which her cousin pointedly addressed to her. "You are a modest man, Mr. O'Neill."

"No, I did not mean that," he returned, imperturbably, notwithstanding the warning flash in the girl's eyes, and the bright red

danger-signal on either cheek; "I meant fortunately for everyone—under the circumstances."

What was to be done with a man of this sort? A man whom it was impossible to snub, who *would* not see that he was meant to "keep his distance," who was persistently good-humoured under the most severe rebuffs. In spite of the coldness and dark looks with which he was received in every quarter, the obvious indignation and dismay with which his advent was greeted by the tenantry,—every man, woman, and child about the place being desirous to impress on him the fact that he was unwelcome,—he was determinedly charmed, not only with his new possessions, but with Molly herself. Do what she would, say what she might—and I must confess that occasionally her exasperation betrayed her into something closely akin to rudeness—she could not manage to offend him. Not satisfied with conveying his admiration to her in a thousand ways, he appeared to take it for granted that she reciprocated his feelings, and that Miss O'Neill's last behests would be carried out to the letter.

To Molly the position was almost unendurable, and she revolted against it with all her strength. Passionately, almost tearfully, she besought her aunt to go, and that at once, and no longer to subject her to attentions which were the more distasteful to her that—her cousin having refrained from putting his intentions into words—she could not finally reject them.

Poor Mrs. Mackenzie pleaded, reasonably enough, that she was making all the haste she could, but must give her tenants time to leave her little house at Donnybrook; in the meantime, as she pointed out, they could not afford to go into lodgings.

"It is all very well for you to talk in that sort of 'money-no-object' style," she said, in her downright way. "'Let us go—let us go!'. Where are we to go to, I should like to know, and who is to pay? You will have to get rid of your fine-lady ideas now, Molly, and consider ways and means."

"That is true, certainly," sighed the girl, who, little as she had hankered after her whilom inheritance in the past, was not above acknowledging keen regrets in giving it up now. "But I would rather do anything—I would rather be a maid-of-all-work"—clenching her small hands—"than continue to eat that man's bread, and to appear to accept his attentions."

Luckily, however, she was not called on to take so disastrous a step. Mrs. Mackenzie's tenants, in consideration of the circumstances, were induced to surrender the house to its owner at once, and, about a fortnight after Mr. O'Neill's arrival, Molly was informed that they were free to depart.

After the first eager joy at the unexpectedly speedy deliverance from so painful a position, and when preparations for their flight were being actually made, many and acute were the regrets which she inwardly felt, but which her pride forbade her to acknowledge openly. She wandered round the house and out of doors, saying goodbye to her favourite haunts, and taking a last look at spots dear to her, not only for their intrinsic beauty, but for association's sake.

Hugh O'Neill, proceeding in search of her at as rapid a pace as his somewhat feeble limbs were capable of, came upon her all at once, leaning against an old tree, beneath which their kinswoman had formerly been wont to sit, her arms flung round it, her young face pressed against its rough bark, the sorrowful *abandon* of her whole attitude touching, as much as it surprised him.

"Cousin," he said—a designation very repugnant to Molly, but which he had adopted from the first—"what is this I hear? Why are you leaving to-morrow?"

"We always intended to leave," she returned, starting into an upright position, and hastily dashing away her tears. "We were only waiting till our house was ready to receive us. You were very kind to allow us to remain so long, and now we must not further trespass on your hospitality."

"Well, but surely you are aware of the conditions of our late relative's will," resumed Mr. O'Neill, his eyes growing rounder and rounder in his amazement and distress. "You and I, you know——"

"Oh don't!" said Molly, faintly.

"Yes but we *are*, you know" he insisted. "I thought it was all right, and that you understood. I assure you I don't mind in the least," he added; "really I don't."

"Well, but I do," cried Molly, desperately. "I can't marry you; Mr. O'Neill, and so you see I had better go."

"You can't marry me!" he echoed. "Good gracious—why not?"

"To this embarrassing question she at first vouchsafed no answer, but on being further pressed observed decisively, that she did not want to.

Hugh's surprised chagrin at this announcement would have been ludicrous, had it not been almost touching in its naïveté.

"But—but why?" he persisted, leaning against the tree, and throwing one arm over a branch—"looping himself up" as Molly termed it—in an attitude of studied grace. "Don't you like me?"

"N—not in that way," owned the girl, who was desirous of putting the matter as delicately as she could, being softened by his dismay.

"Gracious! what am I to do? I thought we should get along so

nicely, and that you would help me to manage everything. What on earth am I to do here all alone, with nobody to put me in the way of things?"

"You must find some nice American wife," suggested Molly, consolingly, "or perhaps,"—dubiously—"you might get an Irish one."

"Do you think so?" moaned poor Hugh, "But I want *you*, cousin; I had made up my mind to have you."

He drew a step or two nearer, gazing tragically at her, and clasping his hands; in all his distress he could not refrain from being theatrical.

"It is certainly unfortunate," agreed Molly, looking very sympathetic, but edging a little further away from him all the same.

And then, to her great confusion and dismay, down went Mr. O'Neill on his rickety little knees."

"Oh, do!" he pleaded humbly, "pray do think better of it, dear cousin. Really you would not find me half a bad fellow, and I—I would try to keep out of your way a good deal if you wished it. *Couldn't* you, cousin Molly?"

"No, I really couldn't," said the girl decidedly. "Please get up, Mr. O'Neill. Oh dear!" half laughing and half crying—"this is so bad for you! Do get up. You will make your rheumatism much worse if you kneel like that on the damp ground."

"Do you suppose I care about my rheumatism?" returned the other, slowly rising nevertheless, and dusting the kness of his trousers with his handkerchief. "It don't matter what becomes of me now—I don't care a cent if I *die*."

"Hush, hush, nonsense!" stifling an increasing desire to laugh, as the ludicrousness of the situation grew upon her. "You can't like me so much as all that; why you hardly know me, and I am sure I have never encouraged you to suppose —"

"No, you haven't, and I think that is why I like you so—I kind of respect you so much. I *do* like you dreadfully, cousin Molly! I think you're just lovely," said poor Hugh, getting more and more American in his distress. "Even if I was'n't thinking of myself, I should feel real bad at turning you out. Say, cousin, let's divide everything; *do* let us? I should feel much happier. You needn't take *me*, you know," he added sorrowfully.

Molly was touched at this chivalrous offer; she had not given the little man credit for so much generosity. Like most of us, she was too prone to judge by externals, and to forget that much affectation and absurdity may often hide real kindness and delicacy of feeling, even as the mud and slime of rivers may conceal gold as pure as any to be met with in the solid quartz.

She declined his offer with all gratitude, however, and began to walk homewards at an accelerated pace, Hugh trotting beside her, and gasping out various petitions the while.

"At least, you'll take fi-ive thousand pounds?" he pleaded.

"I couldn't," said Molly, almost breaking into a run in her anxiety to put an end to the painful discussion. "It would be against Miss O'Neill's wishes."

"But as a present from me," came the breathless rejoinder. "I'm your cousin after all. Well, two thousand, one thousand? No?"

"I am very, very much obliged to you," returned Molly, gratefully, "but it must be—No!" And unable to endure the sight of the woe-begone face any longer, she darted into the house.

M. E. FRANCIS.

---

LAUS REGINÆ.

---

*An Apology.*

AS a gleaming, white pearl in its shell,  
Lies the thought or the wish in the triolet.  
'Tis as slight—but 'tis precious as well,  
As a gleaming, white pearl in its shell,  
Or the note of a silvern bell,  
Or the scent of a springing violet.  
As a gleaming, white pearl in its shell,  
Lies the thought or the wish in the triolet.

*Regina Angelorum.*

O sweet! O strong! O glorious hymn  
To the Queen of the Ninefold Choir!  
Hark to the rich-toned Seraphim!  
O sweet! O strong! O glorious hymn!  
Thrilled with the love of the cherubim,  
With the Virtues' peace, with the Powers' desire.  
O sweet! O strong! O glorious hymn  
To the Queen of the Ninefold Choir!



*Regina Patriarcharum.*

Grave and magnificent-souled,  
 They rejoice in the light of her face.  
 One thought in their hearts they enfold,—  
 Grave and magnificent-souled,—  
 She has held Whom the world cannot hold  
 In her womb, she, the child of their race!  
 Grave and magnificent-souled,  
 They rejoice in the light of her face.

*Regina Prophetarum.*

O singers of God, whose songs inspired  
 Foretold your Queen in the dawn of time,  
 She has borne Him at last, the Long-Desired. —  
 O singers of God, whose songs inspired  
 Thrilled the world's heart, are your hearts not fired  
 To praise her anew, in new songs sublime,  
 O singers of God, whose songs inspired  
 Foretold your Queen in the dawn of time ?

*Regina Apostolorum.*

From twelve white thrones with hearts a-flame  
 They rise, and pay her homage meet :  
 They rise and bless her holy name,  
 From twelve white thrones with hearts a-flame,  
 Mindful that in their hour of shame  
 She was their strength, their refuge sweet ;  
 From twelve white thrones with hearts a-flame  
 They rise and pay her homage meet.

*Regina Martyrum.*

Oh, the waving palms, and the burning faces,  
 And shining robes of the martyr-band,  
 Chanting thy praise from their lofty places !  
 Oh, the waving palms ! and the burning faces  
 That turn to thee through whom all graces  
 Flow to men from God's right hand !  
 Oh, the waving palms, and the burning faces,  
 And shining robes of the martyr-band !

*Regina Confessorum.*

They live with thy love in their heart,  
 They die with thy name on their lips.  
 Ah! theirs is the better part;  
 They live with thy love in their heart.  
 Thrust aside in the world's fierce mart,  
 Torn with the world's red whips,  
 They live with thy love in their heart,  
 They die with thy name on their lips.

*Regina Virginum.*

Sweet virgins, aureoled, white,  
 Surround thee, O lily of God!  
 Who are nearest thee, left and right?—  
 Sweet virgins, aureoled, white,  
 Whose lamps from thine took light,  
 Whose feet where thine went trod.  
 Sweet virgins, aureoled, white,  
 Surround thee, O lily of God!

*Regina Sanctorum Omnium.*

Louder and fuller, till God's vast domain  
 Throb with the passion of the mighty psalm!  
 Sing—ye, to whom life's loss was glorious gain,  
 Louder and fuller, till God's vast domain  
 Tremble! O ye that sadly and in pain  
 Fought out life's battle, fill the empyrean  
 Louder and fuller, till God's vast domain  
 Throb with the passion of the mighty psalm!

*Regina sine Labe Concepta.*

Perfect, stainless as a star  
 From the hand of God new-springing!  
 No least clouds thy pure light mar,—  
 Perfect, stainless as a star!—  
 Regent of these skies, that far  
 And near with this rare grace are ringing,  
 Perfect, stainless as a star  
 From the hand of God new-springing.



as teacher of the people, and also as the "muezzin" calling them to prayer.\* Remember that this Art is only possible when it is "the expression of the artist's true delight in something greater than the art;" and for us Landscape Painters, we know that it is this world, which "is no blank nor blot," in which we must take true delight, and to find whose meaning should be meat and drink to our intellects.

I think I said enough in the preceding paper to convince you that this science is not a simple one, which the untutored mind, however sympathetic towards Nature's beauties, will all at once grasp or fathom. All the difficulties which lie in the way, all the faculties, the cultivation of which was given in the last paper as necessary for obtaining full comprehension of the science, would still exist even though Nature's truths remained always the same. But we know that no two things in Nature, though they be of the same species, are ever exactly alike. The truths of Nature, here as elsewhere, show the same infinity—an infinite variety, an eternal change. No two trees of the forest, the same in kind, bend into the same network in the ramification of their branches; no two leaves on one tree but could be distinguished one from the other; no two waves of the sea since first they heaved and fell have been exactly alike. I put this truth before you, since, through recognising it, you will see that if the tenour of last month's paper seemed unjust, it was because it did not insist that out of all this mass of varying, yet agreeing beauty, only long and patient study will give us the conception of the constant character—the ideal form—hinted at by all, yet assumed by none; and that, therefore, it is not surprising, nor to them anything of a reproach, that the majority of people are unable to appreciate those works where Nature's highest and most complex truths are rendered by a master's hand. Hundreds, if cultivated in the right direction, will appreciate Turner's paintings, for they will all possess the fundamental necessary sensibility to Nature's beauties; but out of that hundred I doubt if there would be three who could understand his greater works, without any previous culture upon their parts other than their inherent sensitiveness might have unconsciously given them. And thus it is, as Browning makes his artist monk tell us,

\* "All true great Art is praise, and therefore prayer. God requires forms of prayer other than those which beg for personal favours. We must first praise His Name, and desire the coming of His Kingdom, before we ask for daily bread."

the truth shown to us in pictures is often the first glimpse which we get of it, since we set our minds to examine and study pictures, whereas the daily cares and occupations of life leave little inclination or time with the majority now-a-days for seeking for the same truths in Nature. And thus it is, that, gradually, the study of the best art leads the mind and inclinations towards the study of that which is far greater than Art—Nature herself.

Therefore, it is far more necessary for us Amateurs to obtain clear knowledge of the truth, and labour in the *right* path, no matter how far behind excellence our own work may be, through the difficulties that necessarily will beset us, than endeavour, through learning a few dexterous or conventional methods, to produce sketches and “blots” of a world, which is neither in itself a sketch nor a blot. Turner’s sketches are not of this kind.\* If he had not time in his sketch to *finish* the entire, he did not daub the whole wrongly; he finished some one bit completely, as a guide to the perfect completion of the rest; and that should be the principle of all students in sketching. Having first got your outline correct, if you then determine that you cannot paint the whole of the picture at that sitting, it is far better for you to finish a part of each distinctive feature of the subject, than, through the feebleness of an imperfect mastery of hand when forced by haste, slur over the whole and render nothing rightly.

I think most people will agree, that one of the chief faults to be found with the landscape painting of amateurs, as evident in the exhibitions of their works lately put before the public, is the almost total want of study to be found in their rendering of the sky. Much cleverness is to be found in their rendering of other facts of nature,—this one paints trees well, that one gives clever hints at the sea, this other shows careful study of mountain and moor—but scarcely one of them, in their pictures at least, would seem to look upon the sky as other than a convenient back-ground of colour, and vehicle for the dominant note of brightness or gloom which they intend their picture to possess. There would be nothing wonderful in this, did we suppose that the mind of the landscape painting amateur represented nothing more than the mind of the general public, whose chief concern about the sky is centered in the absorbing question—will the day be wet or fine?

\* Sketches should not be confounded with *colour* notes, where nothing but the colour is aimed at. These will be taken into consideration later on.

"It is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky. It is the part of creation where Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered if once every three days or thereabouts a great, ugly big rain-cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with perhaps a flow of morning and evening mist for dew. And instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest and beauty, has this doing for him constantly. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them: he injures them by his presence, he ceases to feel them if he be always with them: but the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not

'too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food;'

it is fitted in all its functions for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart, for soothing it and purifying it from its dross and dust."\*

In spite of this fact, man scarcely deigns to look at it, unless it be to learn the weather. He will cross leagues of sea and land to look for a little space on what he thinks to be the most stupendous of material things, the great mountain ranges crowned with eternal snow: and yet, if he cares to examine into the matter, he will find that none of these are more stupendous or grander in their forms than the masses of sunlit cumulus he will find at home, some one day out of ten, piled upon the horizon towards the north. True, there is not the same sense of the sublime to be obtained from these clouds as that given by a range of the Alps; they are not everlasting hills—they come but for a little while, and vanish as swiftly—but none the less should their forms and colours be studied and enjoyed, since they are themselves often far more stupendous and beautiful than any mountain range on earth.

How many of us, professedly loving Nature, have stored up in our memories the light and loveliness of a single sunset? We have kept recollection, no doubt, of many other scenes—scenes often spoiled by man; but these scenes, fresh from the hand of God, we either do not look at, or they pass unregretted. If we

\* "Modern Painters." Vol. I., Part ii., § iii., Cap. 1.

do remember anything distinctly concerning the sky, is it not the blackness of storm-cloud, the white glare of lightning, rather than the quiet intensity of the peace of God's presence, the "clear obscure of autumn sunset," the "silence and wide mystery" of summer dawn, or the noontide's slumberous repose of light and cloud shadow on the distant hill? What have we to tell of these hours, when, did we but listen, we might have heard "the voice of God, walking in His garden at the cool of day?" For it is the same now as of old—He comes not in the tempest, nor in the earthquake, nor in the lightning, but in the "still, small voice."

I do not know anything more typical of how the finest feeling may sometimes be led astray, than the instance shown in Wordsworth's poem, "*Nature and the Poet*, suggested by a picture of Peele Castle in a storm, painted by Sir George Beaumont." The Poet, left to his own inner teachings, felt the full sublimity of the old ruin as he himself saw it day by day beneath a peaceful sky, "its image ever sleeping in a glassy sea"—"the mighty deep seeming ever the gentlest of all gentle things." But the lampblack and lightning of Sir George Beaumont changes his mood. A poet is very often the worst judge of a picture. Tell him a wash of Indian ink, and a white patch on the paper, represents a ship in a storm, and he will probably at once transfer his own feelings concerning storms at sea to the picture, and imagine that the picture displays all the grandeur that exists only in his own mind. It is sufficient for him that the notion of a storm is suggested to him. But, on the other hand, show him a picture where all the facts of storm are fully worked out, and he will quarrel with whatever facts in the picture differ with his own previous feelings conceived on the subject. This, perhaps, accounts for the fact that, though Wordsworth may be truly considered the Turner of the poets, we find no sonnet by him to Turner or Sir Joshua Reynolds, and we do to Sir George Beaumont and Haydon. We may also remember that Scott consented that Turner should illustrate him on protest—because he "seems just now to be the fashion." And, so, when Wordsworth sees Sir George Beaumont's picture of Peele Castle, he takes himself to task for having found sublimity in the mood in which he himself beheld it, almost turning his devotion away from the facts of Nature to the "passionate work" of his friend; and he vows he will think of Peele Castle ever after, not as he saw it, but as his friend portrayed it. It will not be rash to say

that there is far more sublimity in the picture of this Castle, by Turner, in South Kensington—a sunset of ineffable calm—than in the “passionate work” of Sir George Beaumont.

Most people’s notions about the sky are conventional, largely borrowed from the skies of the old masters. Let us now enquire what are the principal phenomena which the sky manifests? and, to be systematic, we shall begin at the beginning.

THE OPEN SKY is the colour of the pure atmosphere—the pure azote and oxygen that lie between us and space. This colour is modified by two circumstances. FIRST, by the quantity of aqueous vapour which it holds in suspension. SECOND, by the condition in which this vapour exists. The first circumstance modifies the colour of the sky, inasmuch as the greater the quantity of aqueous vapour suspended, the paler will be the colour. Its colour is modified by the second circumstance that, when the aqueous vapour is in complete solution, it remains invisible, and when in imperfect solution it becomes visible, resulting in what we know as “cloud.” Between this absolute condition of local vapour in imperfect solution and aqueous vapour in complete solution, there lie all the infinite gradations between *cloud* and simple *haze*. We may, therefore, say, that for our purposes the sky should be considered as a region of atmosphere of vast depth, at different altitudes of which aqueous vapours are suspended in varying density, and in various degrees of solution.

These are facts you all know. How many of them do you strive to render? Are you content when you have painted the colour of your sky evenly with the masses of cloud neatly isolated—caring nothing if the blue which you have laid on represents a solid roof, against which, did it so exist in Nature, an adventurous aeronaut would be in imminent danger of bursting his balloon? Each of us can best answer that question as regards ourselves. At least, we see now that such representation of the open sky is not the true one; and that the beauties which it manifests are equalled by the difficulties which beset the artist who would paint them. Let us glance at the chief facts which we must strive to render.

Go to the window of a room facing the north, on a clear day, take a piece of white paper in your hand, and notice the following facts. The colour of the paper, held towards the light, tells as distinct light against everything up to the horizon. But the moment it is held in opposition to the blue of the sky, it becomes



a shadow compared with it, in spite of the fact that it is white and the sky is blue. This distinctly proves the fact that the sky is not mere blue colour—it is “blue fire,” so to speak, actually holding light within it. I draw your attention to this to begin with, to show you your limitations. That white paper which you hold in your hand in the ordinary daylight of your room is the highest light at your disposal in painting—and yet it is distinct darkness compared with what must be evident to you to be by no means the highest light in the landscape before you. No doubt, if you took the paper into the glare of sunshine, and held it turned to the sun and against this blue sky, it would then tell distinctly as a high light against the sky. But your picture is to be viewed in ordinary daylight; therefore, it is the value of white paper, or paint under that condition, that you must consider.

You see now that, if you attempt to paint the blue sky as strong in colour as it is in Nature, you will sacrifice its light. It is all very well for artists to do this when they have to paint only a patch of blue here and there showing through a rift in the clouds. The general truth of the picture will not be then lost, since the balance of light can be rendered in the masses of cloud. But we are now considering the *open sky*, and I must impress upon you that you cannot render the sunlight it holds and the *depth* of the blue colour at the same time. Knowing, therefore, now that we must subordinate colour to chiaroscuro, the blue must be lessened in depth of colour, and the light maintained.\*

If you look at the Nicholas Poussin—“The Sacrifice of Isaac”—in the National Gallery, you will find there the solecism which an artist may be guilty of when he attempts to render both depth of blue, and maintain the relation of light in the sky to the distance of the horizon. He paints the sky intense, even blue down to a few degrees of the horizon, and then discovering he cannot make his distance tell against such dark colour, he serenely ceases to use the blue colour, and paints the remaining hands-breadth of sky at the horizon with pure, unmixed yellow! Such a glaring absurdity as this is beyond all excuse, yet this picture, I believe, is considered a particularly fine specimen of ancient Landscape art. One cannot, however, think of the skies of the early Italian masters with other than the utmost admiration. It would seem, indeed, as if they had

\* One of the first charms in Corot's work, is his rendering of the light in the sky by subordinating the depth of the blue to it.

inherited the power of Prometheus, and had veritably stolen the fire of heaven. If you look at the sky in the one and only Fra Angelico in the National Gallery of Ireland, you will agree with me that it approaches nearer to perfection than anything possible in modern painting, and that, whatever be the cause, whether defective pigment or method of using it, such rendering in painting of the blue of heaven is a lost art. The effort in this direction by some moderns renders the above statement all the more palpable through the evidence of the attempt, and the signal failure.\*

Having recognised our limits, then, we must only bravely face them, and sacrifice the depth of the blue to the light. I think, however, that in painting a blue, unclouded sky, if you will remember the fact I told you in the first paper, that in such a sky there is scarcely any raw, pure blue, you will find that on the addition of gray, much of its depth will be preserved, without losing the light. In painting (*i.e.*, oils) you will find that an addition of a small quantity of "Strontian Yellow," well mixed with the blue tint already prepared, and an equally slight amount of "Rose Madder," to convert the greenish tone, resulting from the yellow being mixed with the blue, into a tender blue-gray, will work wonders in clearing away the chief difficulty. Added to this, careful attention to perfect gradation towards the brightest parts of the sky, which in many cases will be towards the horizon, in other cases as the sun is approached, is absolutely necessary, and will, in the end, repay the patient labour which its achievement demands. But nothing except long experience will give you success in this very difficult problem—the painting of the light of the sky. I shall therefore pass on to the next phenomenon to be observed.

The great depth of the sky is one of its chief beauties. By this I do not mean depth of colour, but depth of space. Since it is the colour of the atmosphere between us and space, it follows that the atmosphere just above us enters into the cause as well as the last particle at the extreme distance. I shall not forget the feeling of awe that seized me when, as a child, this truth manifested itself to me first. I was lying on my back, in shelter of a haycock, one summer's noon, and looking up at the sky, I suddenly became aware that I could look not at it, but into it. It seemed all of a sudden to open up new worlds to me, and to reveal the infinite

\* Rossetti's painting of the Annunciation, in the National Gallery, London, is a fair example of such an effort and its results.

even more than the sight of a starry sky. Since then, of course, I found that nearly every poet who has written has in some way or another noticed the fact. Dickens, in his "American Notes," describes himself as lying on deck of the vessel, and looking up into and through the sky—and most people have found out, I dare say, that it is an occupation that will quickly enough wile away an hour on a summer's day. To give an illustration, I cannot do better than quote the passage in "The Excursion" which Mr. Ruskin uses to illustrate this fact:—

" The chasm of sky above my head  
Is Heaven's profoundest azure. No domain  
For fickle short-lived clouds to occupy,  
Or to pass through ;—but rather an *abyss*  
In which the everlasting stars abide,  
And whose soft gloom and boundless depth, might tempt  
The envious eye to look for them by day."

Therefore, though the Psalmist called the sky a hide or tent stretched above the earth, though Shakspeare called it the floor of Heaven, and "this majestic canopy," it is neither a canopy, nor a floor, nor a tent, if we will only examine it, but a measureless abyss, into which the eye can wander farther and farther, until it becomes exhausted with the effort, yet cannot reach the end. It should be painted, therefore, not flat, dead colour, but breaking fragments of quivering blue and mingling light, spacious, infinite, and immeasurable.

I cannot conceal from you that to render this fact in painting requires infinite, untiring labour. Many artists try to solve the difficulty by leaving the blue and white colours only partially mixed on the brush, each on separate bristles, giving a broken, palpitating colour by cross-hatching the canvas with this tint. This method has its disadvantages, in that it leaves everything to chance, and often thus loses as much as, and more, than it gains. Turner, I think, faced the difficulty in his directly simple manner, and there are spaces of sky in his oil paintings that are simply infinite in depth and bewildering in their fragments of broken light. To copy a hand's breadth of one of these skies\* I have known art students occupy an entire week, and then retire in despair; yet

\* A fine example is to be found in the left-hand upper portion of the sky in Turner's "Lake Avernus, or the Golden Bough," now in the National Gallery, Dublin.

they were all executed by Turner with unerring swiftness of execution, and one of the reasons why the best copyists of his paintings always fail in producing fac-simile is, that their work shows the absence of this swift and at the same time perfect execution. Of two touches equally correct in other respects, that which has been laid on with the swift, unerring hand of the master is always far the finer in quality of the two. This is a point better discussed later on; I only mention it as an explanation why the most laudable, painstaking effort of the copyist of great works is nearly always behind the original; it is inevitable,—since the swift, unerring touch, guided by years of practice and stored-up knowledge, and impelled by reverence and love, is the crowning and distinctive mark of the master's hand.

This leads me to point out to you a danger which lies in the way of the water-colour artist. It is well known that the quality of depth which belongs to the sky is more fully rendered by one dash of a brushful of well-mixed cobalt on a piece of good paper slightly damped, than can be given by an entire day's niggling in oils. The very ease by which this quality is obtained in water-colour drawing is a temptation to the amateur artist to trust to that quality alone for giving sufficient truth to his skies to please the majority, and leads him to discard the other facts to be rendered—perfect gradations, accurate cloud drawing, and subordination of colour to light. You know that in water-colour drawing the accuracy of cloud forms, to be spoken of in next paper, will depend mainly upon correctly laying in the colour of the open sky within its proper limits; and inasmuch as swiftness of execution in laying on the blue colour, so that it will dry nowhere before all of it is laid on, is one of the necessary means to be adopted in obtaining this quality of depth, the artist is often led into a style of rapid, thoughtless execution, which depends for success upon the frequent occurrence of happy accidents. It may seem, at first, to the amateur that such advice as that given by Ruskin upon this point in "*The Laws of Fesole*" is too harsh and severe. Speaking of these happy accidents, he says, "Never allow yourselves in such things; better at once efface a happy accident . . . unless indeed it be that rewarding chance which always follows rightness of method." Now, with regard to this present question—the painting of the sky—this advice might be said to be overstrained, were there nothing more than its depth to be rendered. But since we know that fact to be


only one out of many which it manifests, we must not sacrifice everything to it. We all know well enough the limits of our powers of swift execution combined with accuracy; and we cannot be said to be drawing clouds, or watching the proper gradations of colour, when our brush is being sent over the paper at a rapid rate, instead of carefully and deliberately laying the colour within previously determined limits. We shall never draw the sky rightly, or anything else rightly, if we commence to work as William Hunt advises, with "persistent carelessness—daring to make a mistake, if only it be a bold one." When we come to study cloud forms in the following paper, we shall see that it will take all the labour of the hand and the thought of the mind to render their forms as they deserve to be recorded; and as this depends chiefly upon your care in laying on the colour of open sky, which defines their contours, I have warned you against hasty carelessness at some length.

As an illustration of this, I will now ask you to look at the vignette after Turner, lithographed by Mr. Long—"The Tower of London." Here the drifting fragments of vapour leave spaces of blue between, which in their turn are as varied in depth as the vapourous clouds. If I were asked to instance the greatness of Turner's infinity of execution with the help of these excellent copies of his work, I would, I think, single out this sky from amongst the entire series, and stake his reputation without hesitation upon this. Here, in spite of the one dominant spirit pervading the whole sky, not a fragment of vapour is the same shape, not a space of blue sky the same depth, and there is not throughout a single touch that repeats the other. Into each small space of blue sky the eye wanders without once reaching the end, to return bewildered and find the next space as infinite. To me it seems that such success in lithography is little short of marvellous. You will find that in most lithographs the quality of the blue of the skies remains always extremely hard, dead, and flat, and knowing the methods of the lithographer, it is only to be expected. I have taken this lithograph by Mr. Long and placed it beside the original in the National Gallery, and I can only say that were it a water-colour drawing after Turner's Vignette, its accuracy of form and quality of colour would amaze me; how the result was achieved in lithography I cannot conceive. I will ask my readers to take this vignette, and copy the sky *only*, twice the size of the

original. Strive with all endeavour never to put two touches where Turner has put one; and when, having failed again and again, you at last succeed in rendering somewhat of its infinity and depth, as you will if you only persevere, you will have learned more of the right method of painting the sky than all the art text books ever written can teach you.

Leaving this phenomenon of the blue sky to be earnestly practised and studied in nature at all opportunities, let us now proceed to other phenomena which are manifested by the open sky.

I was sketching some years ago in the lovely "Valley of Tempe," as Mr. Ruskin calls it\*—the Valley of the River Wye, that lies between Buxton and Bakewell (well nigh ruined now in some places by the hand of man), having for a companion a well known English artist; and we were both startled by a phenomenon in the sky that neither of us had observed before. It was about an hour after noon, towards the end of August; we had returned to the river bank, having taken shelter from a summer shower, and recommenced our work. We both laid down our brushes, with a simultaneous exclamation at the soft, tender rose light that had fallen suddenly upon everything. Mr. G—— pointed upwards to the sky over our heads, where the sun was behind a mass of fleecy cumulus, lined with a fringe of dazzling silver; the sun's rays, cast laterally across the sky on all sides of the cloud, had totally obliterated the blue colour, changing it instead into the intense rose colour that had startled us. The effect lasted no longer than a minute, and vanished as swiftly as it had come. I do not think I ever saw anything so startlingly beautiful as this effect, and yet, as Mr. G—— remarked, "Who would dare to paint it? He would be scouted at as a falsifier of nature at once." I am not scientist enough to explain the cause, but I have no doubt it was due to the refraction of the sunlight cast laterally through the rain-laden atmosphere: and I mention the occurrence, since it proves that certain circumstances tend to modify and altogether change the colour of the open sky even at mid-day. The yellow colour of the sky at the horizon in the noontide landscape of Poussin, before found fault with, would be quite possible if the sky were altogether covered with cloud, leaving only the hand's breadth of clear sky at the horizon. That hand's breadth of sky would be a pale lemon yellow under such circumstances, as you

\* "Fors (lavigera)." 

may see for yourselves often enough. And on moderately cloudy days, when clouds extend from the zenith to within forty or fifty degrees of the horizon, the blue undergoes a marked modification from its ordinary intensity into a pale green, very beautiful in its tender light-bearing quality, and more difficult to be expressed, so far as I know, in water colour than in oils. The sun being behind the mass of cloud, this effect is accompanied, in my experience, with subdued light upon everything, until the extreme distance is reached, and if this distance be mountain, some of the most beautiful lights are produced upon their flanks.

This leads me to speak of the phenomena of the open sky at the evening hour. It would be folly to attempt to describe the different possibilities which the effects of this hour manifest, since they are illimitable. But there are certain fundamental laws concerning it which never change, and which must be understood; and there is also the plastic side of the problem, which must be recognised, as you will shortly see.

The first fact which I will call your attention to is, that the open sky at the hour of sunset never displays any positive colour.

Of the early Landscape painters, Cuyp has always been looked on as the master of the sunset hour. You will find amongst some of his works, however, glaring untruths. One of them, in the National Gallery in London, represents the sun surrounded by alternate bands of orange, yellow, and crude pink, each ungradated, and distinct from the other, and above all an ungradated raw blue sky. Now, in nature, whatever the colours may be which surround the sun, each will be imperceptibly blended one with another, so that it becomes impossible to say, "here the yellow ends, there the rose colour begins." The result of this is, that each colour is modified by that which is next it, more or less, according as it approaches or recedes from the region of its neighbour. Thus, owing to the presence of rose colour next it, the yellow is modified into orange, and the rose colour into violet as it is near the blue, whilst the rose colour, modified by the orange on the one hand, in its own turn modifies the blue into a purple-gray. It is very necessary that amateurs should understand this: the atrocities which they are often guilty of under the name of "sunsets" are enough to drive true artists mad, I have little doubt. Even the clouds of pure vapour, which take to themselves such gorgeous

colours at the sunset hour, are not raw positive rose or orange colour, since the gray of distance enters into the circumstance.

Hence, the most brilliant open sky at sunset is bright, not through positive colour, but *through its light*. If you will observe the evening sky, you will see that even the most brilliant part that blazes round the sun shows a large amount of gray in the tone of its gold. The question then arises, how can this light and colour of the sunset sky be best and most fully rendered with the limits imposed by limited means? As this is our first attempt in the study of particular truths, it may be well to suggest a method for approaching such problems, and thinking them out before we render them. A good general will always strive to learn the forces of the enemy, and compare their strength of number and position with his own, before he will risk an encounter; and there are times when a judicious retreat from one portion of the field, and a concentration of forces on another part, will gain the day for the weaker side.

It is needless to insist that, if we cannot paint the light in the *blue* sky, we shall be less able to do so in the case of the gold of sunset. Nevertheless, we must render it as best we can, and the three main facts we have seen to be as follows:—

1. That the open sunset sky is intensely bright in light-bearing quality rather than in colour.
2. That its colour is a tone of yellow approaching that of gold, into which a certain amount of gray colour enters.
3. That these phenomena of colour belong to the hour when the sun is near the verge of the horizon.

Now we know that in (1) we have the truth of light and shade to consider, and that in (3) we have the fact that gives its distinctive character to the hour. It remains then for us, whilst maintaining the latter, to subordinate any facts in (2), which would contradict the truth represented in (1). The problem, therefore, is twofold—FIRST, shall we record the gray colour mentioned in (2)? SECOND, what tone of yellow shall we use? We must paint the sky yellow, since upon this colour depends the truth noted in (3). I state the case thus for the sake of brevity and clearness.

As regards the FIRST part of the problem, you will find that in pigment, any mixture of black with yellow kills the latter, converting it into a gray or green colour, which, however luminous



in tone, will yet be wanting in conveying the sense of yellow colour, the necessary fact recorded in (3). Hence the first fact we must eliminate from (2) is any admixture of gray.

As regards the SECOND part of the problem, we shall find that if we paint the sky the full depth of the golden colour of Nature, the light will be lowered several degrees in the painting—too low in fact for full statement of shade through the rest of the landscape. We must then find some yellow which will be distinct enough to convey that colour, and yet which will give to the sky as high a light as yellow can give.

It may be as well to draw your attention to the faulty result attending the attempt to render the full depth of gold colour in Nature's sunset sky, even in a master's work. So far as quality of colour goes, nothing can be finer than some of the evening skies by Cuyp. There is one in the National Gallery of Ireland—"A Hunting Party"—in which the deep gold of the sky is finely preserved and the gradations maintained throughout with exceeding care. But the light is altogether, and only, in the sky. The very use of this finely toned golden-yellow is the cause of the twilight gloom which prevades the rest of the picture, a gloom quite impossible in Nature under so clear and bright a sky, but to which the painter is condemned through lowering his light so many degrees with the colour he has used in the sky. Nature can afford to use this gold when she has real sunlight to support it, but the painter cannot. Long before he comes to the foreground, he is compelled to use pure black, and his figures can scarcely cast a shadow owing to the gloom of the ground on which they stand.

But now, if you will take up Mr. Long's lithograph of Turner's "Datur Hora Quietis" ("The Tranquil Hour"), you will see how the problems connected with this hour of sunset are solved as fully as art can do. The first thing that strikes everyone, is the blaze of light, not only about the sun, but all through the sunlit parts of this little picture. Here, undoubtedly, the problem of rendering light is solved as fully as art can. Now, if you examine the yellow used, you will find that it is not pure gold, but inclining to a lemon yellow—a mixture, I would say, of "aureoline" and "lemon yellow." Turner had to get his light right first; and so, though this is not the exact colour of the sky in Nature, yet it is the only one that will adequately suggest it, and at the same time leave sufficient light to enable him to render the relief of the

distance and nearer objects against it, without on the other hand obliterating the sunshine in them. But the chief daring stroke of genius is the expression of the sun in *pure white*. In Nature it would be yellow—but how can art paint the sun as he really is? it must only suggest its *light* as best it can, and leave the colour of everything which it lights to express its own colour. This method of so fully realising the glory of the sunset hour is Turner's own discovery, and nothing greater in the history of plastic art has been ever achieved. Owing to his sacrifice of the truth of the actual colour in sun and sky, Turner has rendered the far nobler truth of intense and breathing sunlight down to the last touch in his picture; and thus, realising in his sky the sunset hour as fully as Cuyp has ever done, he renders what Cuyp does not—the wide and tranquil light that bathes and beautifies all things, expanding and enlarging the heart beneath the blessing of its peace.

One other phenomenon belonging to the open sky remains to be considered. That, and the truths connected with the cirrus cloud region, will occupy our next month's paper.

MONTAGU L. GRIFFIN.

---

### THE FOUNDING OF ACHONRY.\*

THUS saith the legend of the bard:  
 To do the holy will of God,  
 To Leyney's land from old Clonard  
 Afoot the saintly Finnian trod.

Then laid on Nathy in his cell,  
 Below the hill, anointed hands;  
 And gave him crozier, book, and bell,  
 As bishop-prince of Leyney's lands.

\* The diocese of Achonry, which takes its name from a small village in County Sligo, includes portions of Sligo, Mayo, and Roscommon. St. Nathy (whose feast is the 9th of August) was the first bishop of the diocese, about the year of our Lord 530. The legendary circumstances of his consecration by St. Finnian of Clonard, whose disciple he was, are narrated in these verses. His present successor is the Most Rev. John Lyster, D.D. The name of Leyney still survives in the barony of Leyney, in Sligo, originally the patrimony of the Clan O'Hara.

With knitted brows of doubt he frowned,  
Where he should set the corner stone  
Of Nathy's church,—on level ground,  
Or on the purple mountain cone ?

So Finnian slept, revolving deep,  
And while he slept, an angel face  
Of glory whispered in his sleep,  
"Lo, Nathy will appoint the place."

Because of comfort of the words,  
Soul-glad went Finnian o'er the land,  
About the singing of the birds  
Of dawn, with Nathy hand in hand.

And while they went, behold, a field  
Through which a silver stream did run,  
Shone like a warrior's golden shield  
In battle opposite the sun.

The lark sang shrilly o'er the trees,  
The finch and linnet in the bowers ;  
There was a drowsy drone of bees,  
Gold-girdled in among the flowers.

And since his heart was pure, and he  
Loved all things for their native worth,  
"Lo," Nathy said, "God giveth me  
Unto mine own this plot of earth.

"Here will I build my church, and make  
Mine altar and my lowly cell,  
Where morning music of the brake  
Will mingle with my matin bell."

And even as he spoke there came,  
Knee-deep in flowers across the ground,  
The master of the field, aflame  
With anger, at his side a hound ;

And laid rude hands upon the twain,  
On Finnian and on Nathy mild,  
Who stood with eyes upon the plain,  
And simple-hearted as a child.

Then sudden wrought a mighty sign  
Unto the master of the plot,  
That so by miracle divine  
For God he might possess the spot.

A spear's cast from the place there lay  
A rock, in stature like a man,  
A swarthy crag of mossy gray,  
And many cubits in the span.

Nor thinking any thought of ire,  
Nor saying aught of mild reproof,  
In heart with holy zeal afire,  
Went Nathy from the man aloof.

Then raising psalms of prayer, while sweet,  
Dim glory shone about his face,  
He blessed the rock, which, at his feet,  
Broke sundered to its flowery base.

Prone at the feet of Finnian fell  
The prince, and gave the field ; and so  
Was builded there Saint Nathy's cell  
In Ireland's golden long-ago.

And well in woe have clung to God  
The shepherds, who have bravely prest  
O'er paths that Nathy's feet have trod  
In sweet Achonry of the west.

PATRICK J. COLEMAN.

*Philadelphia, April 30, 1889.*

## THE STORY OF AN ORANGE LEAF.

ALL who have lived any time in Rome, know how one's thoughts keep tune there with the ecclesiastical year; the outside influences there are so strong that they mould minds to their own ways, and awaken sympathies so keen and lively as to be beyond belief to those who have not been in the way of them. The exultation of the Church after the waiting time of Advent, when the King comes with herald, psalm and antiphon, is an all-pervading joy. The Epiphany, with its memories, is photographed in Roman life, in Roman streets even, and in Roman faces. The sermons in S. Andrea, intelligible to every comer on *one* day at least of the octave, the strange rites, the foreign faces and new styles of dress and deportment—all indicate the great fact, that the nations have been called, and have hearkened to the summons. Then the joy-season is over, and the sonorous thunders from the Vatican proclaim the season of penance and the solemn fast of Lent. And then, how our poor northern, animal ways accommodate themselves to the meagre fare of these forty days; how even our thoughts become sad-faced, and, in some unheard-of way, reach, at least, farther heights of self-denial than we would have thought possible! And what a time Lent in Rome can be; the stations in famous churches each afternoon bringing countless feet to pace old corridors and ancient sanctuaries, where names are enshrined and bodies entombed that recall thoughts coeval with the founding of the Christian polity, and lives that live in the world's annals as of those who, more than any other of the sons of men, have directed the most momentous tendencies of its history. On the Janiculum, we see where Peter suffered, and walk where his ashes lie above the city to which his name has ensured another and more perfect immortality. In the heart of the streets below, we tread the spot linked with the times when Rome had its primeval kings, and when Tarquin woke for a while the nobler forces of the young commonwealth; and we turn aside to enter the house where Paul was a guest, and where he wrote one of those letters that go to formulate the new creed of that higher philosophy so far above the possibilities of Roman thought or the

farthest flight of Roman genius. What thoughts cluster together here—Paul and Tarquin; the Rome of to-day, and the Rome whose empire rose on the seven hills, and grew to be commensurate with a hemisphere.

Later on, through the Quarantine, we make the perfect round of the Eternal City. The sanctuaries that have grown round the Forum; the Mamertine, with its damp walls and terrible aspects, and deeper depths, where the dim Tullianum stretches the same as it lay 2,500 years ago. Once I prepared myself for a visit to this place by reading up carefully Sallust's "Conspiracy of Catiline." I was long before touched by his description of the prison of the conspirators whose story he has immortalised. I saw such touches in it, that I looked for as much truth in it as if in its dark chambers some chance sunbeam had stamped its outline in a camera and caught them fast for all time. I was not disappointed; that chapter is a photograph; if the measure of his historical truth is that of his word-picture of the Mamertine, Sallust's place is very high among the writers of authentic history.

But where is the Orange Leaf? Why continue further this proem to my little story? Every day brought its measure of interest, its glorious music, its many memories, its multiplex influences that insensibly form to better ideals the lives that allow themselves a little passivity even to their energy. To complete a picture of a Roman year, one should reproduce his diary, and one should bring to the composition of his book of days, such wide sympathies and generous culture as but few can boast of in these days of intellectual hurry and literary restlessness.

It will be my apology for all yet said, that it leads up to the incident which has induced me to write even one word on these familiar themes. It will explain, too, how such a trivial matter has remained in my thoughts, untouched by the many changes of the years, and undisturbed by the bustle and tossing of a very active interval spent in far other than Roman environment. On the first day of Lent, as all will know who look up the Missal, the station is held at St. Sabina, in the Aventine. It is an old convent of the Dominicans, whose foundation there goes back to the very cradle of their order, and whose sainted founder lived and moved among those walls and trees and cloisters that are even now to be seen there. With many others, I walked merrily through the busy streets, into the cold old-world centre of the Forum, and through

the pretty steep way that leads towards the Aventine. There were many with us, as I have said, in the same journey; the schools were up, and the students of every nation and every race were wending their way slowly along to the point of universal devotion on that day. We met groups on the return, and, indeed, their direction guided us as we doubted sometimes whether we should ever reach the outlying detached suburb where Santa Sabina lifts itself in the cold March air. At length we got safely into the holy place, and saw already many people making the round of its treasures, venerating its relics, and trying from guide-books, old and new, to catch glimpses of its associations and history. The perfume of the myrtle filled the church; the old walls had a rich dignity of their own, as they glistened in the light of the fading day; the tombs spoke their lessons of life once, and then death, with a force that recent graves never know; and over and above all there was a *nescio quid* of calm rest and intangible spirituality that made everything venerable with the best influences of religion.

Amid all, I remained very quiet, as is my wont, and turned at length to the neighbouring cloister, which very soon led my steps to a little garden where once the holy recluses gravely walked during their interval of daily recreation. Two beautiful orange trees at once attracted my notice, and I went towards them, speculating, perhaps, if they might have had a history. Just then a type of the Italian religious accosted me, and with characteristic courtesy began an account of the trees. Above all, they were dear to the Dominican family; for, like it, they were set to bear fruit, and grow to their fullest heights by the hand of the sainted founder, Dominick. Further, the brother told me, that they languished for a while, as if to indicate the slow growth of a religious institution. But when the Order took root, and gave forth its fruit of holy lives and vigorous thinkers, then the tree, too, put forth its leaves and grew steadily toward the skies; nay, when some time passed, a new growth sprung from the part planted by the saint, and thus symbolized the daily increase and continuous glory of the Dominican family.

Having told me the story of the orange tree, he kindly offered me a few leaves from it, which I promised to treasure as a souvenir of the day and the place. I kept them safely for some years between the leaves of my breviary, where they shed a perfume among

the other leaves whose function is to perpetuate the memories of God's saints and tell their wonderful works.

One day, however, I thought they could do better than lie idly in my book, and could go abroad to bring happy thoughts to others, who might treasure them even more than I did. For I knew a religious circle where Dominick's name is a benediction—where the dream of gifted souls is to live up to his high ideals and walk in his appointed paths. Could my little souvenir find fitter soil wherein to do its fullest work than this? So I folded my leaf neatly, and sent it to a member of this Dominican Sisterhood.

In their midst there is one who has the rare and glorious gift of song. I asked if, in return for this little leaf, she would make it the theme of a verse or two. At once the following rondeau\* was thrown off:—

“ An orange leaf! Six hundred years and more  
Since Dominick, our great patriarch and chief,  
First set the ancient, hallowed tree that bore  
That orange leaf.  
So through the ages, spite of unbelief,  
And waning love and persecution's roar,  
Stands the great Order that he set of yore  
In Augustinian soil ;—and so in brief  
A type art thou of us and many more,—  
Dear orange leaf !”

This was the answer and the reward: it takes the place of the leaf of Santa Sabina in my breviary—another leaf planted by Dominick's hand, another symbol of the vitality of his Institute.

I am not a poet, as the following attempt at a rejoinder will show. These lines awoke something in me of admiration for the vision that saw such remote meanings in a little leaf. The leaf only reminded me of an open spring day, of a happy group of student-friends, of a many-voiced crowd in a Roman church, and of happy years of study and youth spent amid the world of Rome. To this Irish singer they told more, brought higher and more lasting associations, and covered loftier analogies than occurred manifestly or articulately to me. And thus I tried to express this difference between the “Two Readings”:—

\* Whether or not strictly so called, the reader of another page of our present Number may decide.—*Ed. I.M.*



A tiny codex by me lay,  
 With two texts in its fibrous fold :  
 One, fresh and bright, of yesterday,  
 Laid o'er another dim and old.

I read the one that all the rest  
 Who run and read may also know :  
 You came, and in the palimpsest  
 Saw deeper words and thoughts below !

A. W.

### REGRETS.

I WISH the swallows never came  
 'Mid summer roses flitting :  
 Red roses with their hearts aflame,  
 White lilies that have never found a name,  
 Their fragrant sweetness fitting.

They leave me when the Summer's dead,  
 When all things fair are dying ;  
 They glance and sing, light wings wide spread,  
 White-breasted, happy, shooting high o'er head,  
 From me, from Winter flying.

To-day they muster to depart :  
 Where will they sing to-morrow ?  
 To-night when cold, wan moonbeams dart,  
 The rose will weep, the lily break her heart,  
 For swallows gone, for sorrow.

I think upon that sweet spring day,  
 I heard the first lamb bleating ;  
 I think when swallows came in May—  
 I weep for all the music passed away,  
 For happiness too fleeting.

Now lambs are moaning since the noon,  
 Within the green fold lying ;  
 A few weeks hence—in one full moon,  
 They will forget their mothers just so soon,  
 Nor pain me with their crying.

Sweet summer days will come once more,  
Dark swallows will be singing,  
Red roses blossom as before,  
White lilies dream beside the open door,  
Upward their fragrance flinging.

But not for me, oh ! not for me  
These golden days are keeping :  
My birds lie drowned in the wild sea,  
My flower and root lie perished in the lea ;  
There's nought for me but weeping.

The lambs will soon forget and rest,  
Forget and cease complaining ;  
And on the green earth's kindly breast  
Could I forget, and sleep, sleep sound—'twere best—  
Sleep long, from tears refraining.

ALICE ESMONDÆ.

---

## BISHOP ALEXANDER'S POEMS.

IN the modest preface to his poems, Dr. William Alexander, Protestant Bishop of Derry and Raphoe, says that some of his friends "care for the things, such as they are, and do not think them worthy of death," and he hopes that God may enable him to say, in the sweeter dialect of poetry, some things which he has failed to say in prose. We are quite of the opinion of those friends, and we would earnestly recommend all lovers of genuine poetry to peruse these beautiful verses which Dr. Alexander has presented to the world under the title of "*St. Augustine's Holiday, and other Poems*" (London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.).

The collection consists of odes, sonnets, and translations; the one giving title to the volume being the longest and finest in the series. This poem, "*St. Augustine's Holiday*," illustrates one of the most beautifully idyllic passages in the Saint's life, when his spirit, freed from its torture of sin and error, sought repose in the quiet of the vine-clad hills of Cassiciacum, to prepare for his

baptism. Some few friends go with him, and his mother, Monica, and his son, Adeodatus, form part of the small company. The beautiful lines descriptive of the scene, and of the little circle's conversation, exhibit in a masterly form Dr. Alexander's classic style, and his thorough conception of St. Augustine's cultured mind ; and the touching allusion to the boy's mother :—

“ Into the dark she glides, a silent shame,  
And a veiled memory without a name,”

shows the subtle master-hand of the poet in dealing with the darkest passage of the Saint's life.

A few fine stanzas describe the birth of Christianity—its lowly birth, its poor display, when as yet—

“ No visible throng of angels made their home  
On the white wonder of the Gothic dome.”

But the dream of future magnificence was ever present in the Church's bosom :—

“ So the pale bud, where quietly it grows,  
Dreams itself on superbly to the rose.”

Lightly touching on the glorious days of pagan philosophy, when thought was young, and truly men found “tongues in trees,” he shows St. Augustine's delight in Virgil's delicious love-tale ; and here some of the most powerful and musical verses are to be found, as he sings of Elissa and her lover. The gentle Monica fills with sadness at the story :—

“ The saint, perhaps, condemned it, but alas !  
The woman sighed, and said how sweet it was.”

We indeed get a beautiful picture of Augustine in this exquisite “ Holiday ” from

“ The sunlit heresy of youth ”

to

“ The old man falling asleep with psalms.”

And, as in the present day, no saint in the whole calendar has such a fascination for the wise and pious of all creeds, and even for those of no creed, we would recommend the study of this fine poem to those of our readers who have found peace and consolation in his works.

The other poems in the volume are of a religious cast for the most part, one, on the subject of St. Bernard, being in some parts of the very highest type of poetry.

The translations are from Virgil—who seems to be a prime favourite with Dr. Alexander—and Victor Hugo. There are two renderings from the latter, “Boaz Asleep,” and “The Swiss Mercenaries,” which seem to us to be the most perfect specimens of translation from one modern language into another that we have seen, and we would even venture to say that the poems have gained much by the music and fire of the English interpretation. It is a matter for regret that Dr. Alexander has not translated more of the gems of foreign literature, which have generally suffered by the unattractive and ill-suited garb in which they have been presented to English readers. The bald system of translation for which English literary taste is remarkable, acts rather as a deterrent to the study of the real beauties of foreign literature than otherwise, and poets of Dr. Alexander’s calibre are sadly needed for this kind of work.

DENE-BERNARDS.

## ON VILLANELLES AND OTHER METRICAL VILLAINIES.

BY THE PRESENT WRITER.

THIS villainous title is only a foil to anticipate and disarm the wrath of the profane reader, who will at once turn away from such a paper, and will merely *guarda e passa*, without even taking time to change Dante into the proper tenses. The more sympathetic reader, however, will hardly need to be reminded that the younger race of contemporary poets have, for a few years past, been trying to naturalise in English literature certain very artificial forms of verse, which derive their names and their nature from the old Provençal poets of France, and which, having in this century come again into fashion in their native country, have lately put on an English dress and crossed the Channel, and even the Atlantic. Our own readers have once or twice tasted these exotic dainties without knowing them by name, just as they might partake of *soufflé de volaille* at a banquet without being able to name it, much less to spell it. For instance, not to go further back than our first number for this present year, the lively lines with which Miss Frances Wynne banished “An Intruder” from her garden—or rather threatened to do so, for she

relented finally, and bade the intrusive Speedwell speed well—these lines were thrown skilfully into the form of a rondeau, and derived therefrom some of their charm, even for readers who had never heard of a rondeau. To the same category belongs Mr. James Bowker's very pleasant "Five O'Clock Tea," in our number for last July; and earlier still, in March, 1888, his rondeau, "March Music," had its music partly spoiled by the printer's failure to indicate to the eye that it was indeed a rondeau. Another contributor who re-appears this month under his initials, "I. D.," has given us "Winter Roundels," and several others of these dainty metres.

What, then, is a rondeau? Those who are curious on the point would do well to buy for a shilling a volume of Mr. Scott's *Canterbury Poets*, "Ballades, Rondeaux, etc." Mr. Gleeson White, the editor of the book, furnishes, in an introduction of ninety compact pages, full information about the history and construction of all these species of verse, and then three hundred pages of English and American examples, many of them, on their own merits, apart from their form, very pleasant and delicate poetry. For our present purpose it will be enough to let the rondeau and its kindred speak, each for itself, as we have on several occasions asked the sonnet to explain its own nature and properties. Thus the famous French poet, Voiture, makes a regular rondeau, while telling how a regular rondeau is made:—

" Ma foi, c'est fait de moi, car Isabeau  
M' a conjuré de lui faire un rondeau.  
Cela me met en peine extrême  
Quoi ! treize vers, huit en *eau*, cinq en *ème* !  
Je lui ferais aussitôt un bateau.

" En voilà cinq pourtant en un monceau.  
Faisons-en huit en invoquant Brodeau,  
Et puis mettons, par quelque stratagème :  
Ma foi, c'est fait.

" Si je pouvais encor de mon cerveau  
Tirer cinq vers l'ouvrage serait beau ;  
Mais cependant je suis dedans l'onzième :  
Et ci je crois que je fais le douzième ;  
En voilà treize ajustés au niveau.  
Ma foi, c'est fait.

Mr. Austin Dobson gives the following very free translation of the foregoing:—

" You bid me try, BLUE-EYES, to write  
A Rondeau. What ! forthwith ?—To-night ?  
Reflect. Some skill I have, 'tis true ;  
But thirteen lines !—and rhymed on two !—  
' Refrain,' as well. Ah, hapless plight !

“ Still there are five lines—ranged aright.  
 These Gallic bonds, I feared, would fright  
 My easy Muse. They did, till you—  
 You bid me try !

That makes them eight.—The port’s in sight :  
 ’Tis all because your eyes are bright !  
 Now just a pair to end in “ oo,”—  
 When maids command, what can’t we do !  
 Behold ! The RONDEAU—tasteful, light—  
 You bid me try !

Thirteen eight-syllable lines, therefore, with only two rhymes amongst the whole baker’s dozen, and arranged as above in three divisions—five lines, three, and again five—and to the second and third division, half of the first line tacked on as a refrain. The two rhymes are to be marshalled in the order of the foregoing examples, to which the present writer may add his first rondeau :—

My first Rondeau, this is the hour  
 Predestined to behold thee flower,  
 Thy petals opening without flaw,  
 Obedient to a hidden law,  
 Like Spring’s young leaves in sun and shower.

Whence cometh the mysterious power  
 Which doth sounds deftly ordered dower ?  
 Whose were the happy eyes that saw  
 The first Rondeau ?

Now art thou rounded, like a tower  
 O’erhanging some fair garden bower ;  
 Yet thou, like nobler works, shalt fa’  
 Into oblivion’s ravening maw :  
 For instance, *who* now reads “ The Giaour,”  
 My first Rondeau ?

Besides the arrant nonsense of it, this rondeau is defective in varying the refrain from “ my first Rondeau” to “ the first Rondeau.”

These examples and definitions are sufficient to enable an intelligent reader to recognize a rondeau when he sees it ; and this is enough for the present, as something has still to be said about villanelles and divers other metrical villainies. A grave Professor, Mr. Walter Skeat, in *The Academy*, May 19, 1888, instructs us “ How to compose a Villanelle, which is said to require ‘ an elaborate amount of care in production, which those who read only would hardly expect existed.’ ”

It's all a trick, quite easy when you know it,  
 As easy as reciting A B C ;  
 You need not be an atom of a poet.

If you've a grain of wit and want to show it,  
 Writing a villanelle—take this from me—  
 It's all a trick, quite easy when you know it.

You start a pair of rhymes, and then you 'go it'  
 With rapid-running pen and fancy free ;  
 You need not be an atom of a poet.

Take any thought, write round it or below it,  
 Above or near it, as it liketh thee—  
 It's all a trick, quite easy when you know it.

Pursue your task, till, like a shrub, you grow it  
 Up to the standard size it ought to be ;  
 You need not be an atom of a poet.

Clean it of weeds and water it and hoe it,  
 Then watch it blossom with triumphant glee.  
 It's all a trick, quite easy when you know it ;  
 You need not be an atom of a poet.

This burlesque example explains sufficiently the metrical scheme of the villanelle : two rhymes only, the first and third lines ending alternately each succeeding triplet. The first and third lines of the first stanza must form the final couplet, which makes the last stanza consist of four lines. Mr. Austin Dobson, in his "Note on some Foreign Forms of Verse," appended to Mr. Davenport Adam's "Latterday Lyrics," says that there is no restriction as to the number of stanzas ; but the *Canterbury Posts* volume of "Ballades, Rondeaux etc." (in which, by the way, I notice the phrase which Mr. Skeat prefixed satirically to his mock villanelle, quoted a moment ago)—this latter authority lays down that the villanelle is best confined within nineteen lines, namely, five triplets, and the concluding quatrain. This is the theory and practice, the precept and example, of M. Joseph Boulmier in his *Les Villanelles* (Paris, 1878). This ingenious Frenchman furnishes the following recipe "pour faire une villanelle" :—

" Pour faire une villanelle,  
 Rime en " elle " et rime en " in,"  
 La méthode est simple et belle.

" On dispose en kyrielle  
Cinq tercets, plus un quatrain,  
Pour faire une villanelle.

" Sur le premier vers in *elle*  
Le second tercet prend fin :  
La méthode est simple et belle.

" Le troisième vers, fidèle,  
Alterne comme refrain  
Pour faire une villanelle.

" La ronde ainsi s'entremêle ;  
L'un, puis l'autre, va son train ;  
La méthode est simple et belle.

" La dernière ritournelle  
Les voit se donner la main :  
Pour faire une villanelle,  
La méthode est simple et belle."

Whereof our contributor, Mr. James Bowker, has kindly furnished us with this translation :—

To make a tripping villanelle,  
With rhyme in *el*, and rhyme in *ain*,  
A simple method will serve well.

The poet takes (his trick I tell)  
But five tercets and one quatrain\*  
To make a tripping villanelle.

Upon the first verse with its *el*  
The second tercet ends *ain* ;  
A simple method will serve well.

The third verse like a choral bell  
Alternates aptly as refrain  
To make a tripping villanelle.

The tercets thus in sound and swell  
Swift follow in each other's train,  
A simple method will serve well.

The quatrain like a sentinel  
Takes care the rhymes clasp hands again.  
To make a tripping villanelle  
A simple method will serve well.

\* The poet defends this rule in prose : " Plus, ce serait trop. On mettrait du plomb aux ailes de ce léger poème."



Our translator has avoided the phrase in the second tercet "*en kyrielle*," which M. Boulmier used for the sake of rhyme rather than of reason: for a *kyrielle* is "merely a poem in four-lined stanzas of eight-syllable lines, having the last line of each the same." The example Mr. Gleeson White gives from the Protestant hymn-books is borrowed from our Catholic Father Faber—"Jesus our Love is Crucified." Each four-line stanza ends with this, but Father Faber had no notion he was writing a *kyrielle*.

The same M. Boulmier, under the title of "*Rondeau Manqué*," has another villanelle on the subject of villanelles, beginning:—

"Vraiment le diable s'en mêle;  
Il une fallait un rondeau,  
Je trouve une villanelle."

This "*Spoiled Rondeau*" has also been translated by Mr. Bowker for our present use:—

I'm truly under a spell:  
I wanted a staid rondeau,  
I find but a villanelle.

The choice of a rhyme in *el*  
Has caused my trouble and woe;  
I'm truly under a spell.

It must be: for "*fair damoel*"  
Is surely followed by "*beau*,"  
I find but a villanelle.

The innocent village belle  
Precedes her swain with a hoe;  
I'm truly under a spell.

And though I've tried to excel,  
On ending my labours, lo!  
I find but a villanelle.

My brain I cannot compel  
A better result to show:  
I'm truly under a spell,  
I find but a villanelle.

Keeping to our plan of only giving such samples as themselves describe and exemplify the particular form of verse they belong to, we give another villanelle on the Villanelle by Mr. William E. Henley:—

- " A dainty thing's a villanelle.  
Sly, musical, a jewel in rhyme,  
It serves its purpose passing well.
- " A double-clappered silver bell  
That must be made to clink in chime,  
A dainty thing's the villanelle ;
- " And if you wish to flute a spell,  
Or ask a meeting 'neath the lime,  
It serves its purpose passing well.
- " You must not ask of it the swell  
Of organs grandiose and sublime—  
A dainty thing's the Villanelle ;
- " And, filled with sweetness, as a shell  
Is filled with sound, and launched in time,  
It serves its purpose passing well.
- " Still fair to see and good to smell,  
As in the quaintness of its prime,  
A dainty thing's the Villanelle,  
It serves its purpose passing well."

The same clever writer makes the Triolet describe itself thus in triolet form, of which a much graver example is the poem, *Laus Regina*, in an earlier page of this Number of our Magazine :—

Easy is the Triolet,  
If you really learn to make it.  
Once a neat refrain you get,  
Easy is the Triolet.  
As you see !—I pay my debt  
With another rhyme. Dence take it,  
Easy is the Triolet  
If you really learn to make it !

The inquisitive reader who yearns to know all about ballades (not "ballads," remember, but with the French "*e* mute"), and also about chant royal, pantoum, etc., must obtain possession of that shilling volume of *The Canterbury Poets*, which we have more than once commended. But, as we have discussed the rondeau, we cannot separate from it the rondel or roundel. Here is the way in which "a roundel is wrought," according to the full-mouthed muse of Mr. Algernon Swinburne—whose muse once deserved a ruder epithet of very similar sound :—

" A roundel is wrought as a ring or a starbright sphere,  
 With craft of delight and with cunning of sound unsought,  
 That the heart of the hearer may smile if to pleasure his ear  
 A roundel is wrought.

" Its jewel of music is carven of all or of aught—  
 Love, laughter, or mourning—remembrance of rapture or fear—  
 That fancy may fashion to hang in the ear of thought.

" As a bird's quick song runs round, and the hearts in us hear—  
 Pause answers to pause, and again the same strain caught,  
 So moves the device whence, round as a pearl or tear,  
 A roundel is wrought."

This precise arrangement of rhymes is more or less of Mr. Swinburne's own invention. Here is a pretty example of a stricter form of rondel by the Rev. Richard Wilton, the only poet who is allowed in this paper to treat any other theme than the special form of verse immediately under discussion :—

" O all ye Green Things on the Earth,  
 Bless ye the Lord in sun and shade ;  
 To whisper praises ye were made,  
 Or wave to him in solemn mirth.  
 For this the towering pine had birth,  
 For this sprang forth each grassy blade ;  
 O all ye Green Things on the Earth,  
 Bless ye the Lord in sun and shade.

" Ye wayside weeds of little worth,  
 Ye ferns that fringe the woodland glade,  
 Ye dainty flowers that quickly fade,  
 Ye steadfast yews of mighty girth :  
 O all ye Green Things on the Earth,  
 Bless ye the Lord in sun and shade !

We may end for the present by claiming for a Catholic writer the merit of having forestalled the recent revival of these dainty forms of verse. The editor of the shilling volume of "*Ballades and Rondeaux*," to which we have often referred, thanks Mr. Austin Dobson for being able to quote from "a scarce and little known book, published in 1838, and entitled, *Rondeaux, translated from the Black Letter French edition of 1427, by J. R. Best*." This Mr. Best was father of the Rev. Kenelm Digby Best, priest of the London Oratory, a contributor to this Magazine, with whose help we hope to give some account of the litterateur who, forty years before Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Edward Gosse, and Mr. W. E. Henley, attempted to naturalise anew in English "ung bon rondeau."

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

As a first step towards the discharge of our duty towards the books that are awaiting notice this month, it has occurred to us to begin by counting them; and we find that the number is twenty-five, not including sundry pamphlets and brochures. More than half a-dozen of these come from a firm that has only been mentioned once before in connection with new publications. Baron Munchausen tells us of a Russian postboy, who in a severe winter played his horn as usual, but the tunes were frozen, and nothing was heard till the thaw came, and then all the pent-up tunes were played out one after another—a wild anticipation of the phonograph. Something similar has happened to the publications of Sealy, Bryers and Walker, of 94, 95, and 96, Middle Abbey Street, Dublin. Their new books come upon us all at once, some of their earlier publications having been delayed by an accident.

1. The most important of these (after Dr. McEvilly's "Gospel of St. John," already introduced to our readers) is another Scriptural work—"An Introduction to the Sacred Scriptures. By the Rev. John MacDevitt, D.D., Professor of Scripture, Ecclesiastical History, etc., in All Hallows Foreign Missionary College, Dublin" (Sealy, Bryers, and Walker, Dublin; Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago). In his preface, Dr. MacDevitt gracefully acknowledges his obligations to his late brother, the holy, amiable, and learned predecessor of Dr. O'Donnell in the see of Raphoe. His work consists of two parts; the first being a general introduction to the study of the Bible, and the second dealing with the separate portions of the sacred Scriptures. The three hundred octavo pages contain a great quantity of useful matter from the oldest and newest authorities, made accessible to the student of these pages by clearness of style and methodical arrangement. The publishers are their own printers, and they have produced the work exceedingly well. Indeed a smaller type might have been sufficiently good for a class-book. The typography is very careful and accurate, and could not be more legible.

2. The most ambitious product, however, of this Press, is the exceedingly handsome quarto by the Rev. William Ball Wright, M.A., T.C.D., "The Usher Memoirs, or Genealogical Memoirs of the Usher Families in Ireland" (Dublin: Sealy, Bryers, and Walker; London: Mitchel and Hughes). Marvellous industry and perseverance have been shown in accumulating from public and private sources

this vast quantity of minute details about all the Irish branches of the various Usher families (whether spelt with one *s* or two), and all their pedigrees, marriages, and births. Archbishop Ussher is the most important name in the list, whether or not he deserves the title bestowed upon him in the preface, "Ireland's greatest scholar." The volume is illustrated by eight authentic portraits. With good reason, the author acknowledges his special obligations "to Messrs. Sealy, Bryers, and Walker, of Dublin, who have taken such a great interest and spared no trouble in the publishing of this book."

3. When the late Dr. Kavanagh, of Kildare, was President of Carlow College, there was a spirited attempt at a "Carlow College Magazine." In its short and somewhat varied career, fiction was not its strong point. This element was first supplied by one of the lay professors, and later by an unpublished novel of William Carleton's, which, like many things published in his life-time, seemed quite unworthy of his fame. However, we only looked at the opening chapters; and, when produced at full length in a large, handsome volume by Messrs. Sealy, Bryers, and Walker, it appears to improve as the story advances, though we should be sorry to accept *The Red-haired Man's Wife* as a representative Irish novel.

4. Another Irish novel, produced in a fine readable two-shilling volume by the same publishers, is "Eily O'Hartigan, an Irish-American Tale of the Days of the Volunteers." The author allows himself to be known only by the name of "Eblana," author of *The Last Monarch of Tara*, *Buck Fox*, etc. The latter of these we have not heard of before, but a disagreeable person of that name takes up quite too large a space in this new book; and he and his wives, with their *soi-disant* English accent, are most decided bores. The battle of Bunker's Hill on one side of the Atlantic, and on the other the Declaration of Irish Independence in 1782, are the two most important incidents in the tale, in which sundry historical names are mixed up. The writer has a warm Irish heart, and has made a special study of Irish things, and may probably be trusted as to such details as that the Enniskerry Coach, a hundred years ago, started from 21 Chatham Street. But in spite of good intentions, "Eblana" is not likely to furnish us with an Irish Waverley.

5. Another prose work from the pen of Aubrey de Vere is a welcome event for every lover of the higher literature. His "Essays, Chiefly Literary and Ethical" (London: Macmillan), are full of elevated thought, expressed with the utmost grace and refinement of diction. The opening essay is on "Literature in its Social Aspects," and who but Aubrey de Vere could take the high and broad view of the theme which is here expounded? But he appears in this volume

to even greater advantage in the character which *The Athenæum* assigned to him in reviewing an earlier volume of his essays—"a cordial and appreciative critic of the poetry of others." Coventry Patmore, Archbishop Trench, and Sir Samuel Ferguson follow each other, and each of the three essays is a hearty but discriminating tribute to the merit of these three genuine but curiously dissimilar poets. The other most important papers are "A few Notes on Modern Unbelief," and "Some Remarks on the Philosophy of the Rule of Faith." The latter is the longest essay in the book, and could hardly fail to make a deep impression on any sincere searcher for religious truth.

6. Messrs. Macmillan and Company have brought out, in a large and attractive volume, with type contrasting strongly with the newspaper type in which even State Trials are reported, an authorised edition of the recent thirty-hours speech before the Parnell Commission, which Mr. John Morley has publicly described as "that magnificent speech, in which Sir Charles Russell exhibited, I do not hesitate to say, some of the strongest powers of the human mind in their very highest degree on behalf of one of the noblest of causes." A more impartial witness, *The Standard*, ranks it among the most famous of English forensic efforts: "It was distinguished by undoubted eloquence, by its masterly handling of a vast mass of material, by the remarkable self-control of the speaker, and by the importance of the subjects with which it deals and of the events that called it forth." It was necessary that the speech which called forth from the organs of all political parties thousands of remarks like this should be preserved in some form more readable than the crowded columns of our morning newspaper. "The index," says *The Pall Mall Gazette*, "is copious and carefully compiled, so that the work may become an arsenal of reference, as it deserves to be. One needs to see the pages in good type (continues this writer) to understand what a scholarly deliverance the speech really was. Hearing it was a treat; quietly reading it will be an education."

7. "Old English Catholic Missions," by John Orlebar Payne, M.A., is brought out by Messrs. Burns and Oates, of London, in a large sumptuous octavo, hand-made paper, rough edges, gilt tops; yet it is only a compilation of the registries of births, deaths, and marriages, deposited at Somerset House, London, from some eighty Catholic churches in England. A great many, from different reasons, will find abundance of interesting and valuable matter in these volumes, which, to the casual reader, may seem trivial enough. Would that we had some similar records, however scanty and

fragmentary, about Irish parochial affairs a hundred years ago. Are we taking sufficient care, even yet, of our parochial and diocesan archives?

8. *The American Ecclesiastical Review* (New York: F. Pustet), is edited by the Rev. J. Heuser. It began its career a few months ago. Its scope seems to be more strictly professional than even that of *The Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, and it does not venture, at least as yet, on such lengthened and elaborate disquisitions as the admirable theological review which emanates from Maynooth.

9. We have no notion of praising a book because it is very well printed, tastefully bound, innocent, fairly grammatical, and probably by a Catholic writer. All these particulars can be predicated of "The Castle and the Manor, or My Hero and his Friends," by M. A. de Winter, of Rome (London: Burns and Oates). But we cannot take it on our conscience to say anything more in its favour.

10. "The Irish Travelling Guide and Railway Stations Handbook" (Dublin: Sealy, Bryers, and Walker) comes under the head of literature by virtue of its second title, which is earned by a hundred very interesting pages, giving a brief account of the towns passed by all the great and small railways of Ireland.

11. We think we announced some months ago "Esoteric Buddhism," by Mr. E. H. Dering, author of the clever novel, "Freville Chase." His present little work, which is enlarged from two articles in *The Month*, regards one of the forms of modern heathenism which is not likely ever to come under the notice of any of our readers. It is published by Mr. R. Washbourne, of London.

12. Mr. C. L. Murray has composed a very sweet and devotional Benediction Service, consisting of an *O Salutaris Hostia*, and a *Tantum Ergo* in F. No publisher is mentioned on the title, but it is to be had of all music-sellers. The music is admirably printed at *The Freeman's Journal* Printing Works.

13. The sermon preached at the Requiem of the late Dr. Ullathorne, first Bishop of Birmingham (and Cardinal Newman's bishop), has been published by Burns and Oates. The preacher was Dr. Hedley, Bishop of Newport, whom *The Saturday Review* lately styled "the most literary-minded of the English Catholic Bishops." The title of the sermon, "A Spiritual Man," aptly indicates the scope of the discourse, which is in a high degree interesting and edifying for priest and people. An excellent biographical sketch of "Archbishop Ullathorne," has been issued by the Catholic Truth Society, price one penny.

14. "The life of John Mitchel, with an Historical Sketch of the '48 Movement in Ireland," by P. A. S. (Dublin: James Duffy and Co.) This is an interesting little book, as it could hardly fail to be with John Mitchel for its theme. It has been compiled with considerable skill and industry, and is particularly rich in apposite extracts from Mitchel himself, and others of the Young Ireland Party. The writer says his sketch was completed several years before the appearance of the Life of Mitchel, by Mr. William Dillon, from whom he has borrowed nothing.

15. It is a pity that Messrs. James Duffy and Co. did not prefix to their new issue of "Father Rowland, a North American Tale," some account of the writer. This controversial story is one of the best of its class, and has done good service for the last fifty years; and, therefore, it deserves a biographical and bibliographical note about its author and its various editions.

16. "The Felon Literature of Ireland," is the subject of a very original and very interesting lecture, delivered by Mr. Daniel Crilly, M.P., to the Cork Young Ireland Society. It has been printed and published by J. Mahony, Cook St., Cork, and shows that, like Aberdeen in Scotland and Newcastle-on-Tyne in England, Cork can produce just as neat typography as the metropolis. The lecture itself is extremely interesting, the matter novel and striking, and set forth with an eloquence that is always under the control of good taste.

17. *The Literary World* of May 17 notices in the May IRISH MONTHLY "an article on Landscape Painting, by Mr. Montagu Griffin, which might be studied with advantage by some art critics as well as by painters." By way of retort courteous, we may remark that *The Literary World* is one of the best weekly penny-worths of literature that we are acquainted with.

18. It is very creditable to Lord Tennyson to write of so earnest a convert to Catholicity as the late Dr. Ward the following lines, which are prefixed to Mr. Wilfrid Ward's Life of his father, just published by Macmillan and Co:—

"Farewell, whose living like we shall not find—  
Whose faith and work were bells of full accord—  
My friend, thou most unworldly of mankind,  
Most generous of all Ultramontanes, Ward!  
How subtle at tierce and quart of mind with mind!  
How loyal in the following of thy Lord!"



9. The inexhaustible energy of the Catholic Truth Society has forth a new crop of tracts, at a penny or twopence a-piece. The of them seems to be "The Bible and the Reformation," by C. F. Jlnatt. Like everyone of Mr. Allnatt's polemical treatises, it is of facts, put forward in the most satisfactory and authentic way. Priorities are quoted with precision; the pith of many pages is heaped into the small print of the notes; witnesses are cited who not be rejected by our opponents; and, on the whole, the Catholic doctrine on the subject is established more clearly in these thirty-four pages than in some ambitious volumes. In the same form, and for the same price, we have "The Church Catholic," by Mr. B. F. Costello, .., who addressed this plea to a non-Catholic audience at the South Kensington Institute, London. The same subject is treated for a different class of Protestants by the recent convert, the Rev. Luke Rivington, .., in a speech which is published for a penny by the Art and Craft Company of Leamington.

10. We must postpone till next month our examination of several volumes of verse, of which the most important and the most interesting is "The Poems of Eugene Davis" (Dublin: Sealy, Bryers, and Walker). The same Publishers have issued cheap and good editions of Sir Samuel Ferguson's "Lays of the Western Gael," and his "Remains of St. Patrick," to both of which we must return. On account of having the same Publishers, and the same name, this distinguished Irishman has been confounded with Mr. Samuel Ferguson, author of "A Synopsis of Lockhart's Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," drawn up for the use of Intermediate Schools. Other similar volumes to be considered hereafter are Mr. Thomas Irwin's series of "Poems, Pictures, and Songs" (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son); the second part of Sir John Croker Barrow's "Mary of Magdalen" (London: Burns and Oates); and a blank-verse translation of Molière's French tragedy, "Campion" (London: Burns and Oates). Cassell's National Library, edited by Professor Henry Bradley, gives for threepence in paper cover, or for sixpence when cloth bound, Mr. Aubrey de Vere's "Legends of St. Patrick," which contains some of his highest poetry. The first two quarterly parts of the "Magazine of Poetry" (C. W. Moulton, Buffalo, New York), are especially valuable and interesting, furnishing portraits, autographs, facsimiles, and abundant examples of a very large number of poets, nearly all contemporary. English and Irish are not excluded, but naturally America runs away with the lion's share. There has as yet never been a magazine so sure to be preserved by subscribers as these bound volumes.

JULY, 1889.



## MOLLY'S FORTUNES.

### CHAPTER XII.

CHATEAU DE LA PEPINIERE.

"WELL, here you are, back again," said Mr. Burke, calling on Molly and her aunt some days after their departure from Castle O'Neill.

"Back again, shorn of all my glories," returned Molly, with a somewhat doleful glance round the shabby little parlour. "Cinderella, without even the glass slipper."

"Talking of slippers, what do you think I found in mine this morning?" said Mrs. Mackenzie. "The biggest black beetle I ever saw. It is perfectly disgraceful the way these people—the lodgers I mean—have let them get ahead. Indeed you can have no idea, Mr. Burke, how dreadfully everything in the house is upset. There is a large hole in the parlour hearth-rug, and the carpet is covered with grease. As for dirt—the charwoman tells me she does not think the kitchen stairs were scrubbed for months. That reminds me—she is waiting to see me now. You will excuse me, won't you? I shall be back directly."

"Is not my aunt wonderful?" said Molly, as the door closed after that lady. "I assure you, she is as happy as possible, poking about the house, ferretting out the lodgers' iniquities, and inventing new farthing-economies at every turn. I really believe, now that the first shock is over, she more thoroughly enjoys this sort of life than that we led at the Castle. I suppose it is natural, after all the years she has been used to it. What do you think she said to me the first evening we arrived? I was rather inclined to choke over my tea, you know, and my ears were still ringing with the lamentations of all the

dear old folks who came to see me off"—here her voice shook a little—"but auntie looked round the room quite contentedly—this poor little hideous room—"After all, Molly dear," said she, "there is no place like home—is there?"

"Bless us and save us!" ejaculated Mr. Burke, "what did you do to her, child?"

"Do? I laughed till I thought I should never stop again, and it was rather a good thing I did, because, if I hadn't, I should have cried. Auntie was rather offended, but I told her it was the irony of things in general which amused me."

"Well for you, Molly!" said the lawyer, looking admiringly at the pretty face, which, if a little paler, and perhaps less bright than usual, was sweet and good-humoured as ever. "If you can always look at life in that spirit, you will get on better than most people."

"Don't imagine I'm invariably cheerful, though," put in Molly, hastily. "There are times when I don't at all feel inclined to laugh, I assure you, and—I can't say that I *like* the change. In fact, between ourselves, sometimes I feel as if the breakages, and the black beetles, and the old, old régime of pinching and scraping were driving me crazy. But I daresay I shall be all right when I have got to work again; I must put my shoulder to the wheel in earnest now, Mr. Burke."

"Poor little shoulder!" said Mr. Burke, and, being a tender-hearted man, he blew his nose very hard and blinked a little before he continued: "I have been thinking about you a good deal, child, and have come to the conclusion that the best thing you can do is to go away for the present. If you could find a situation out of Ireland, altogether"—with a sweeping wave of his hand—"and could go for a time clean away from all things associated either with your past or present life, I think it would be better for you."

"Yes, I should like that," assented the girl eagerly, "and I am quite sure it would help me to make a fresh start."

"Suppose you went to France, for instance," pursued her friend, "as governess, or say companion. Even a residence of a few months there would make a complete break with the past, and would, moreover, be an advantage to you hereafter. If you came back a perfect French scholar, as I have no doubt you would, for I believe you are already well up in the language, you would be likely to get a better engagement here."

"Oh, dear Mr. Burke!" cried Molly, enthusiastically, "do, do, do help me to find a place in France at once."

"I saw an advertisement in yesterday's *Daily Telegraph*," went on

Mr. Burke, "which I thought (if you approved of my idea) looked rather promising."

He produced a slip of paper from his pocket, balanced his spectacles on his nose, and read as follows:—

"'Wanted Companion for an Invalid lady, in North of France. Experienced person preferred. Salary 500 francs a year. Apply in the first instance to M. le Baron de Sauvigny, Château de la Pépinière, Vauxmoncour, Par Vire, Département de la Manche.'

"The salary is small," added the lawyer; "let me see—a hundred francs, four pounds—twenty pounds, altogether, and I don't know if one could exactly term you an experienced person; but still, everything considered, I think it would be quite worth your while to apply for the situation."

Molly being of the same mind, he and she concocted and despatched a letter in their very best French, setting forth the latter's qualifications, and referring M. de Sauvigny to her former employer, Mrs. Murphy, for particulars as to her character, an instance of "the irony of things," at which the quondam heiress of Castle O'Neill was constrained to laugh somewhat wofully.

An answer came in due course, written in excellent English, explaining the duties she would be required to fulfil in the event of further enquiries proving satisfactory. She was to read to, and otherwise entertain, the writer's sister, the Comtesse de Treilles, an elderly lady afflicted with a nervous complaint. The salary was small, and the baron, while regretting his inability to increase it, hoped that the facility afforded for obtaining proficiency in the French language—on which account he offered the post in preference to a foreigner—would be considered some compensation. If his terms were accepted, and he were content with Mrs. Murphy's account of Miss Mackenzie, he begged she would prepare to enter on her new duties at once.

"A very straightforward letter, I must say," commented Mrs. Mackenzie. "I am sure this old baron is a nice, kind, fatherly man. I don't think you could do better, Molly."

All preliminaries having been satisfactorily arranged, the girl prepared to depart about a week after M. de Sauvigny's final letter, and Mr. Burke was invited to tea with her and her aunt on her last evening at home.

Mrs. Mackenzie was equally fussy and depressed, and Molly herself had hard work to keep up her spirits, though she tried to conceal the fact by a brave affectation of mirth. Mr. Burke encouraging her to the best of his ability by various ponderous jokes.

"Whatever you do, Molly, come back to us heart-whole," he observed. "Do not bestow your affections on any conceited *mussow*!"

"Perhaps there are some young barons," put in Mrs. Mackenzie, aghast at the idea. "I hope you'll be careful, child—the French are so insinuating."

"Don't be afraid," laughed Molly, "they are too *finicky* for me. I couldn't stand an admirer with a fringe and a waist."

"Sensible girl," commented Mr. Burke, who was particularly struck with the wisdom of this remark. "I think we may consider her safe, Mrs. Mackenzie."

Molly travelled straight to her destination—a long journey, as it appeared to her, though in less than two days she reached the Château de la Pépinière. The drive from Vauxmoncour took rather more than an hour, through a lovely wooded country, that grew wilder and more lonely the farther they advanced. At last the jingling, rattling open equipage, with its solitary occupant, and the couple of trunks piled beside the driver, passed through a tumble-down hamlet perched on the side of a steep pine-grown hill, ascended a rocky path for about a quarter of a mile, and finally stopped before a huge, rusty iron gate, set in a high stone wall.

In answer to the driver's deafening shouts, a very old woman appeared from the lodge on the opposite side, rattling a bunch of keys; the great gate creaked open, and the vehicle proceeded at a slow pace up a narrow avenue, much overgrown with grass and weeds, and deeply indented with ruts. The grass of the wide expanse of park grew too luxuriantly, the branches of the overhanging trees almost swept their faces; here a fallen trunk lay almost across the path, there a broken-down paling clung round an ill-thinned plantation. An ancient horse, and a meagre cow or two, were the only living things about the place, and when they came in sight of the château itself, the general air of desolation appeared to be intensified. The long frontal was discoloured with damp, the thick coating of ivy wholly untrimmed, and even in some places detached from the stone wall; the woodwork of the door and windows was almost guiltless of paint and much decayed, and the panes of many of the latter were broken. All along the upper story, the dilapidated blinds were drawn, and even here and there on the ground floor the shutters were closed, a fact which gave an inexpressibly gloomy look to the mansion. Yet seen thus, in the full glare of the afternoon sunshine, under the wonderful Norman sky, the old château, with its grey turretted walls, and dark back-ground of pine-grown hill-side, was not without a certain picturesque beauty of its own.

Molly got out, trembling a little, and looked for bell or knocker whereby to announce her arrival, but none such was visible; a little hole, indeed, with a circular mark round it to the right of the

door, testified to the fact that a bell had once been there, but was of no avail under present circumstances. The driver hammered vigorously with his whip, and shouted, his stentorian voice arousing the echoes far and near, but apparently nothing else. Then he took down Molly's boxes, asked for his fare, and climbed up quite contentedly on his seat.

"*Faut croire qu'on n'entend pas !*" he observed, and advising Molly to "make the tour of the house," in search of another entrance, he admonished his horse with a prodigious, "*Hu,*" turned the animal's head, and jogged off down the approach, the forlorn little traveller blankly staring after him.

After a pause of dismay, she thought she could not do better than follow his advice, and entered timidly on her tour of inspection, following a pathway which wound to the east of the château. A wide sunny lawn, bounded by a dilapidated wire fence, stretched before her on this side, the grass growing high and rank, and a tangle of weeds almost choking the few flowers that lingered in the old-fashioned borders. High-growing, luxuriant rose-trees climbed up the old grey walls, devoid of all pruning, but covered with a profusion of creamy blossoms. Sweet-william and groundsel thrived equally well in the border beneath, while the air was heavy with the scent of the cabbage-roses which hung across the pathway, and the tall white lilies, growing apparently wherever they listed, and lying, many of them, prone on the ground.

Molly found there was even less chance of effecting an entrance on this side of the house than on the other, as, though the walls were lined with long, narrow windows, there was no vestige of a door. She was disconsolately retracing her steps, still anxiously scanning the building, when she suddenly discovered that she was herself the object of close and severe scrutiny.

A man was leaning out of one of the upper windows, with his folded arms resting on the sill; his dark face, with its keen, enquiring eyes, being turned towards Molly with an expression of displeased, almost fierce surprise.

"I beg your pardon," said the girl, pausing and gazing up deprecatingly at this apparition, "I have just arrived, and I could not get in. There is no bell, and I think no one heard my knock."

"Ah, Miss Mackenzie, I suppose?" returned the man in English, the frown vanishing from his heavy brows, but the face remaining serious as ever. "I beg your pardon; I did not expect you till to-morrow. The servants are probably out—it is our apple-harvest to-day—but if you will kindly return to the hall-door, I will open it for you."

He disappeared from the window leaving Molly amazed, startled, and confused. Was this the Baron de Sauvigny? This solemn, moody-looking man, with his stiff manner, and his faultless English—not half so pleasing a personage as the white-haired, courtly old patriarch whom she and her aunt had pictured to themselves. Patriarch, indeed! this man looked barely forty, if even so old.

"Now that I think of it, I don't know why we should have imagined he was old," said Molly, to herself, "except that he said his sister was elderly. Heigh-ho, my vision was nicer than the reality all the same! How he did glare at me! I suppose he took me for a trespasser."

When she reached the door, she found it already open, and M. de Sauvigny standing on the threshold awaiting her, and appearing more alarming than ever, seen thus at close quarters. A form, tall and of almost herculean mould, a swarthy, clean-shaven face, shaded by thick, dark hair, features as regular and almost as impassive as those of a statue, the prevailing expression gloomy, not to say morose: decidedly M. le baron, though handsome enough, was not an attractive-looking man.

"I regret extremely that you should have been put to so much inconvenience," he said politely, but in cold, measured tones, as Molly entered. "It was entirely my mistake. I imagined the journey took longer."

"It does not matter in the least," said Molly; and then the pair stood facing each other in the great square hall, both apparently equally embarrassed.

"Can I see Madame de Treilles?" asked the girl, after an awkward pause.

"I fear not at present. My sister has been very unwell to-day, and must not be disturbed. After one of these attacks she does not care to see anyone except her maid."

This was a cold welcome; Molly felt a lump rising in her throat, but struggled to conceal her annoyance and distress.

"Could I go to my room, then?" she petitioned timidly.

"Certainly; I believe it is quite ready. I will show you the way."

Molly meekly followed him up flight after flight of stairs, and along apparently interminable passages. The inside of the château stood in even greater need of repair than the exterior. Many of the carved balusters of the beautiful old stairs were broken or displaced, the paper in some places was peeling off the damp, discoloured walls, here and there the plaster had fallen from the ceilings, and everywhere dust and cobwebs abounded. At last, at the end of a long,

dark passage, her guide came to a stand-still, and pointing to a narrow door, informed Molly that it led to her abode.

She thanked him, and then with some dismay watched the tall figure stalking away again. She had been travelling incessantly for nearly forty-eight hours, and longed for a change of garments; yet there was no mention of conveying her luggage to her.

After a moment's struggle with her shyness, she gathered up courage and ran after M. de Sauvigny, blushing furiously as he turned at the sound of her pattering feet.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" he asked, surveying her in surprise.

"Please, I should like my boxes to be brought up," said Molly.

"Pardon me, I had forgotten"—he paused, frowning a little—"I will see to it. Do you want *both* your trunks immediately?"

"No, the little one will do. Really," she thought, as the dark head disappeared down the stairs, "he need not make such a fuss about it. I never saw such a queer man in my life."

She entered her room, the quaintness of which somewhat atoned for the unfavourable impression caused by her reception. It was of irregular shape, being situated in one of the aforesaid turrets, with three long, narrow windows, one of which stood open, allowing green streamers of ivy to float in. The floor was polished, and the walls tapestried with some silken stuff, once probably crimson, but now uniformly faded to old-fashioned rose-colour, of the shade that one insensibly associates with relics of a bygone age—the colour of the narrow ribbon that ties up bundles of yellow letters, of the curtains that line the glass doors of tall, carved cabinets, the velvet padding of sandal-wood dressing-cases, or antique, delicately carved ivory caskets. Curtains to match, hung by the windows, and round the high four-post bed; a washing-stand, dressing-table, and two chairs of white painted wood, completed the furniture of the room.

Molly sat down by the window and waited patiently. The stillness was almost oppressive; never in all her life had she been in so silent a house; no sound of human voices to be heard, not even the barking of a dog, or the mewing of a cat. The rustle of the ivy, the hum of summer insects, the dripping of an unseen fountain without, seemed to accentuate the noiselessness within.

Was that trunk never coming? True, M. de Sauvigny had said all the servants were out, but surely, thought Molly, there must be someone about the place—a coachman, or a stable help, or an "odd man" of some kind. It was unconscionable to keep a poor little, tired, dusty traveller waiting such a time. Just as her patience was at its last ebb, she heard the welcome sound of approaching footsteps, slow,



heavy footsteps, which echoed along the passage, and at last stopped at her door. She joyfully ran to open it, but started back in unutterable dismay—there stood the baron himself with her box on his shoulder.

"Where will you have it placed?" he asked, pausing on the threshold.

"Oh, anywhere—wherever you like," stammered Molly, overwhelmed with confusion.

"It is for you to choose," he said; then, as she was still unable to collect her wits sufficiently to indicate any particular spot, he stepped past her somewhat impatiently, banged the trunk down in the middle of the room, and marched off again without another word.

Molly sat down on her trunk, and blushed till her cheeks positively burned. Her request had appeared to her the most natural thing in the world, but now she felt as if she had been guilty of a terrific breach of good manners. M. de Sauvigny had more or less given her to understand by his hesitation, that it would be more convenient if she waited a little for her belongings, but she had not taken the hint, and behold, she had been the unwitting cause of subjecting her employer to an unheard-of indignity.

Here was a baron of high degree reduced to the condition of a porter by an unknown dependent, subsidised at twenty pounds a-year! Would he ever forgive her?

---

## CHAPTER XIII.

### "BOGY."

When Molly had sufficiently recovered herself to open and unpack her box, and was refreshed and invigorated by a liberal use of cold water, and a change of gear, she began to feel conscious of inconvenient but unmistakable hunger. After her recent blunder, she was determined to make no further efforts to look after her interests, and, therefore, having regaled herself with the remains of a stale bun rummaged out of her bag, sat down to write a letter to her aunt, and to wonder when it would be dinner-time.

Rather more than an hour passed, and Molly's healthy appetite had reached a frantic point, when there came a tap at her door, and, obeying her invitation to enter, a brown-faced, grizzled, queer little man, in greasy dress-clothes, appeared on the threshold.

"Dinner will be served in a little quarter of an hour. (We dine at

half-past five at the château)"—this parenthetically. "Madame la comtesse is not well enough to descend. Does mademoiselle wish her dinner to be served to her in her room?"

"Certainly not; *I* am not ill," returned Molly, who did not see why madame la comtesse's indisposition should cause *her* to be treated as an invalid.

"Dame! there will only be M. le baron—but as mademoiselle wishes. Would mademoiselle like me to show her the way to the dining-room?"

"Mademoiselle" having intimated a desire to that effect, she was piloted through the aforesaid mazes of passages, and down the dark, worm-eaten stairs by the little man, whose name, as he informed her, was Isidore, and whose office that of maître d'hôtel. Besides these interesting facts, he imparted to her a variety of others more or less noteworthy, and by the time they had reached the dining-room Molly was in possession of much valuable information respecting the inhabitants of the château. She knew that "we" did not see much company, Madame la comtesse being always suffering, and M. le baron being a bachelor, and, moreover, "*un peu farouche*"—that "we" were occasionally a little more gay at the château when the young Comte de Treilles, only son of Madame la comtesse, came to visit her; but he took care not to stay longer than he could help. Mademoiselle would conceive that he found us a little dull—that was easily understood—and young men accustomed to the great world did not like to be bored.

"Ah, but—we are now at the dining-room. Will mademoiselle go in? She will find M. le baron there, and dinner will be served immediately."

M. de Sauvigny, who looked up in evident surprise as she entered, was already in possession of the great gloomy room with its tapestried walls, and heavy carved ceiling. Beside him, on the faded hearthrug, stood a large black retriever, with a solemn and rather unamiable expression of face.

Molly, according to her custom with all dogs, endeavoured to make friends, but he resented any attempts at familiarity, finally uttering a deep, bass growl, and showing the whites of his eyes in so alarming a manner, that she was forced to desist.

"Is he ill-tempered?" she asked, hastily withdrawing her hand from the dog's velvety head.

"Not exactly, but he does not like strangers."

"Like his master!" thought Molly.

An embarrassing pause ensued. M. le baron gazed out of the window, "Ourson," the dog, laid his head between his paws and

glared suspiciously at the new-comer, while the latter debated in her own mind whether she should, or should not, venture to make a small remark about the weather.

Before she had decided this knotty point, Isidore entered, bearing a large soup-tureen.

"M'sieu le baron is served," he said a moment later, making a low bow to his master.

"Will you sit here?" said M. de Sauvigny, pointing to the foot of the table, while he installed himself in a chair opposite, and Isidore, with a soup-plate in each hand, proceeded to minister to their wants.

Molly was, as has been said, extremely hungry, and shared the sentiment prevalent among so many of the untravelled, that "French Cookery" must necessarily be good; therefore, it was with a certain amount of pleasurable anticipation that she prepared to attack the fare set before her.

But her countenance fell as she contemplated the pale fluid in her plate, at the bottom of which were thick lumps of sago, while the top was completely covered with amber-coloured grease. After various efforts to skim off some of this, or to dive beneath it, she gave up the attempt in despair, and sent away the compound almost untasted.

"Ah, mademoiselle cannot take our soup," observed Isidore, as he removed it. "One must confess that it has not a good appearance. I said as much to Jeannette when I went to fetch it:—'my good girl,' I said to her, 'thy soup is simply grease.' 'Is that thy affair?' she answered, not more politely than that. What would you have? Women are not always reasonable."

"Isidore," said M. le baron, who had hitherto been disposing of his soup in silence, but whose keen eyes were now quickly raised in disapproval.

"M'sieu le baron?" said Isidore.

"No observations, if you please."

"Very good, M'sieu le baron."

With a countenance of unimpaired cheerfulness, Isidore retired, and presently reappeared carrying a dish on which were set forth some slices of stringy boiled beef surrounded with maccaroni. Molly was supplied with a plateful of this delicacy, supplemented with potatoes, and managed to despatch it, her appetite at this point having reached such a pass that she would, *faute de mieux*, have endeavoured to dine off shoe-leather, which material, indeed, the viand before her closely resembled both in colour and consistency.

Presently Isidore sneezed, and drawing a large pocket-handkerchief from his pocket, observed that he had a very bad cold.

"This is the third handkerchief I have used since this morning," he added pleasantly.

The baron glanced up from his plate again. For a moment Molly thought the usually rigid mouth relaxed; but the dark brows were sternly contracted, and the voice sounded formal and severe as ever when next he spoke:—

"Isidore!"

"M'sieu le baron?"

"For the moment we are not interested in your health."

"*Parfaitement*, M'sieu le baron."

Standing behind his master's chair, Isidore, who appeared totally unabashed, smiled benignly at Molly, and extended three of his fingers, doubtless to impress on her the exact number of the necessary articles aforesaid of which he had been obliged to make use. He did not again venture to break silence, however, and for some time there was no sound in the room except the play of knives and forks on the plates. Having ascertained that his guest's wants were supplied, M. de Sauvigny troubled himself no further about her; and beyond an occasional order to Isidore, did not utter a word of any sort.

Molly found this state of things so oppressive, that after enduring it for some time, she resolved to put an end to it.

"It does not take so long as one would expect to get here," she remarked in a very small voice all at once, and paused, frightened at her own daring.

"Oh?" said M. le baron, with that swift upward glance of his.

"I found the journey very pleasant," pursued Molly, timidly.

"Ah!" said M. le baron.

"The country is so pretty," she went on, "and everything is new to me. I have never been abroad before."

"Indeed?" said M. le baron.

His tone implied that the fact was perfectly immaterial to him, and Molly shifted her ground, resolving desperately to try if a reference to things with which he was more nearly concerned would not awaken some show of interest.

"This is a charming old place," she remarked, with her brightest smile, "very quaint and old-fashioned."

Though flattery was, as has been already shown, abhorrent to her, she possessed the Irish faculty of saying a pleasant thing when truth allowed of it, and was somewhat startled at the reception accorded to her innocent little speech.

M. de Sauvigny scowled more than ever, and the colour slowly mounted in his brown cheeks, and rose even to his temples. There

was a curious quiver in his voice when he spoke, moreover, betraying an emotion which the measured tone sought to conceal.

"Very quaint indeed," he said. "For so young a traveller your astuteness is remarkable. La Pépinière is quite unique of its kind—there is not so tumbledown a château in all France."

Crushed as Molly was by this sardonic rejoinder, she was conscious of a gathering indignation. Why was he so angry? Did he think that she was venturing to make fun of his baronial halls, or was the subject such a sore one that even a careless touch upon it was more than he could bear? "No more talking for me, anyhow," she said to herself, with a shrug of her shoulders, and she devoted herself in solemn silence to her tough boiled beef, which, in course of time, was succeeded by a bitter little roast thrush or blackbird, the match of which her *vis-a-vis* ate with apparent relish; the repast concluding with a dish of apple-*compote* and cheese. As soon as the latter was placed on the table, Ourson rose from his place by the hearth, stretched himself, and stalked over to his master's side, wagging his great tail, and looking appealingly in his face.

"Ah, thou art there?" said M. de Sauvigny, in French. "Art thou hungry, then?"

A few lumps of cheese were cut off and flung to the dog, who disposed of them as so many pills.

"Good Ourson," said the baron, passing his long, brown hand gently over his favourite's head. "Thou art a brave dog, a good friend."

Ourson's delight at these eulogies was unbounded: he made one or two clumsy gambols, sweeping his huge tail backwards and forwards the while in dangerous proximity to the glasses on the table, and uttering a strange sound, half bark and half howl, doubtless in token of satisfaction. Finally, sitting down close beside his master, he flung his great black head with a sudden impetuous flop upon the latter's knee, his honest eyes full of adoring doggish devotion and love. M. de Sauvigny continued to stroke him gently, and looked down on him in return with an expression that astonished Molly. The lines in the rugged face were softened, the brow smooth, there was a look about eyes and mouth that was almost tender. No doubt about it, this strange pair understood each other.

After a pause, as the master of the house had apparently forgotten her presence, and as dinner was undoubtedly over, Molly thought it was time to retire. She rose softly, and was about to leave the room, when the other coming suddenly to himself, pushed back his chair with a muttered excuse, and opened the door for her with a certain grave politeness, not to say deference, which took her by surprise.

"Now I wonder where I am to go?" she thought, as he closed it

after her, and she found herself alone in the dark passage without. "I suppose there is a drawing-room somewhere, but the question is, how am I to find it?"

She wandered about, opening door after door, and closing them again in dismay after a peep into the ghostly-looking rooms within, Dim, silent saloons, with the furniture shrouded in white, the windows closed and shuttered; only a ray of light filtering in here and there through the chinks, touching the faded hangings on the walls, or resting on the dingy gilding of pier-glass or cornice.

At last she heard footsteps behind her, and turning, caught sight of Isidore, who, with a green baize apron over his evening clothes, and bearing a large tray, was evidently preparing to remove the dinner things.

"Does mademoiselle wish to return to her room?" he enquired, bowing over the tray with equal grace and dignity.

"I want to find the drawing-room," returned Molly, "but the whole house appears to be shut up. Where is one to sit in the evening?"

"Well, mademoiselle, Madame la comtesse remains in her room—"

"Yes, but M. le baron?" this impatiently—"I suppose he stays somewhere. Is there no such thing as a sitting-room?"

"*Ma foi!* mademoiselle," in deeply scandalised tones, "M'sieu le baron has also his room—and mademoiselle has *her* room, *n'est-ce-pas?* Then there is the garden, is there not?" with an insinuating wave of the tray. "*Mon Dieu*, one habituates oneself——"

"Oh, the garden!" interrupted Molly, catching eagerly at the suggestion. "Of course I can go there, I suppose?"

"But certainly"—brightening up, and whisking round, tray and all; "this way, mademoiselle."

He preceded her down a narrow passage, having at the end a glass door, which, adroitly balancing the tray on his knee, Isidore contrived to open, and Molly passed out into a green, sweet wilderness, bounded by an avenue of tall trees. The golden light of the summer's evening was glorifying all it rested on; birds were singing jubilantly, clamourously; there was a drowsy hum in the air, too, and the little fountain trickled and plashed with a musical rhythm. Molly found all these sounds pleasant, after the stillness of the château, and wandered onwards under the great trees, sniffing the sweet odours of the summer's evening, and marking the wild luxuriant beauty of the shrubs and flowers, which appeared to thrive all the more for being wholly untrammelled. Presently the sound of voices caught her ear, and, pushing through the branches, she found

herself close to a dilapidated cottage or lodge of some sort, on the threshold of which sat a little child supporting an empty bowl on its chubby, brown knees, and sucking a large wooden spoon with apparent relish.

"*Ah, ça, art thou finished, then?*" cried an impatient voice within. "Make haste, I have a thousand things to do, and am waiting to undress thee."

"*Tout de suite, maman!*" replied the little creature, nodding its white-capped head, and continuing to suck the spoon with unmoved composure.

There was a pause, broken only by the clatter of crockery within; probably the mother was utilising the interval by disposing of one at least of the thousand jobs which she had alluded to. But after a minute or two she again called her offspring.

"Arrive directly, I tell thee, or I shall fetch *Croquemitaine*. Dost thou hear? Here is *Croquemitaine* coming to eat thee up!"

At this reference to the household boggy, the dread of whom weighs so heavily on the guilty consciences of French small fry, the child uttered a dismal wail, dropped its spoon, and hastened into the house with all possible speed.

Molly turned away, smiling to herself, and regained the avenue aforesaid, wherein reigned a mysterious gloom, intensifying in the gathering dusk. Presently the sound of approaching footsteps caused her to raise her eyes, and she started as she caught sight of M. de Sauvigny. His tall form looked taller and more formidable than ever in the waning light, his arms were folded on his breast, his eyes fixed on the ground; behind him stalked the dog, with slow, deliberate steps, in imitation of his master.

"If the small sinner yonder were to catch sight of this apparition," thought Molly, "she would surely think it was *Croquemitaine* in person coming to devour her."

She stood a little to one side, to allow the baron to pass her, a timid "good night" ready to flutter from her lips in return for the greeting which she expected. But none such was vouchsafed. *Croquemitaine* walked on, without appearing conscious of her presence, though his black "familiar" treated her to an evil glance from the corner of his eyes, and a low growl.

Molly turned homewards after this, being desirous to avoid a fresh encounter with her employer.

As she re-entered the silent house, and groped up the dark stairs, she shuddered involuntarily. There was something weird, mysterious, terrifying about the place, in spite of its charm. It might be an ogre's castle.

"Well, so it was," thought Molly, endeavouring to rally her courage by joking to herself—"it was *Croquemitaine's*!"

She reached her own room at last, after taking various wrong turns and peering into sundry dark, empty chambers, and sat down by the open window to think.

How queer everything was; how little like what she had expected! The "baronial halls" crumbling to ruins; Isidore, the odd-looking, talkative major-domo, who, with the *cordons-blous* whose culinary achievements had been so little to her liking, and the hitherto invisible maid, appeared to constitute the entire domestic *suite*; the countess (her especial charge), who was too ill to see her; and then—the baron. The baron, with his dark, melancholy face and frigid manner, whose demeanour towards her had been civil, perhaps, but certainly neither friendly nor considerate,—what was she to think of *him*? Of the fact that he was very poor she had ample evidence; that he was very proud she could not doubt; and that he was very, extremely disagreeable she was absolutely certain.

"I wonder if his sister is like him," she thought; "if so, I shall be sorry I came. Poor dear Mr. Burke, your happy thought is rather a failure after all."

Visions of Castle O'Neill rose before her in her present loneliness, and then her thoughts wandered on to the little home at Donnybrook, where, as she knew, she must be so much missed. At that very moment her aunt was probably thinking of her, picturing her to herself surrounded with splendours, possibly as the centre of a group of admirers, receiving compliments and attentions from the "young barons," whose fascinations she had dreaded.

"Thank heaven, there are no more of them!" ejaculated Molly, viciously. "One *Croquemitaine* is quite enough for me!"

M. E. FRANCIS.



## IN LONDON'S MAZE.

A H! yes, there is Wealth on ev'ry hand,  
 A Here in this opulent, favoured land,  
 Where Avarice never tires nor sleeps,  
 While piling gold upon golden heaps ;  
 Where Greed and Envy grow rich and reign,  
 And know no God but the idol Gain.

Such wealth as this let the sordid crave,  
 In winning it let the misers slave.  
 A brighter wealth can my vision see,  
 A wealth untold is in store for me,  
 Far, far away, from this city's maze,  
 These sunlit, nourishing Summer days,  
 Where fair Rostrevor smiles sweet and rests  
 (As slumb'rous babes do in downy nests)  
 Amidst its framework of circling hills,  
 And woods where sparkle a thousand rills.  
 'Tis there I can find rare wealth, I know,  
 The wealth that gleams where the blossoms blow,  
 Where buds mature in the sunshine bland,  
 And bright green leaves in the heat expand,  
 Where hawthorn trees o'er the fairy dells  
 Are watching like white-robed sentinels.

A wealth of fragrance scents all the air,  
 Where the roses woo each other there,  
 Where the sunbeams haste to kiss, each morn,  
 A host of flow'rs in the night-time born.

A wealth of song floods each woodland scene,  
 Where, hiding behind some leafy screen,  
 The thrush and linnet with folded wing,  
 Perch on the branches and gaily sing.

What an endless wealth of beauty glows,  
 On Slieve-Ban's face where the bracken grows,  
 Or where the breeze with a faint touch stirs  
 The purple heather and yellow furze  
 That deck the sides of Killowen's braes,  
 Where wand'ring sheep feed their lambs and graze !

Were I not chained to this city's stake,  
By Duty's fetters that will not break,  
I'd haste away from these endless streets,  
Where one day's heartache the next repeats,  
Where men are millions and friends are few,  
And legions false to the one that's true.  
I'd seek the shores that I know so well,  
And taste the joys that no tongue can tell ;  
The mountain nooks I'd again explore,  
From Croc-Shee's summit to old Cloughmore,  
Or steering some craft of saucy trim,  
With gunwale kissing the water's brim,  
And skilful setting on sail and spar,  
From Warrenpoint to Greencastle's bar  
I'd sweep through the broad expanse of bay,  
As oft I did in my boyhood's day.

The mouldering castles, legend-stored,  
Of Narrow-water and Carlingford —  
By whose crumbled keeps oft flashed the steel  
Of stout Magennis and bold O'Neill  
In many a bitter border fight—  
Would rise before me, a welcome sight,  
And call up times of the long ago,  
When Ireland's sorrow was Ulster's woe,  
When in Ireland's danger Ulster shared,  
And as Ireland lived, so Ulster fared.

These joys, alas, in this summer-tide,  
By Fate's decree are to me denied,  
But Hope is casting its golden rays  
Into my heart that from London's maze  
I'll soon escape, and, my thralldom o'er,  
I'll sail to my own loved land once more.

DANIEL CRILLY.

## SOME NOTES ON THE BUILDING OF A PLAY.

PLAY writing is a very distinct branch of literature, complete in itself, and bearing in its essence not much affinity either to Fiction or Poetry. People who have not practical experience of it are apt to consider it simply a secondary appendage to Fiction, or, at best, a consequence to be taken as a matter of course. This is a very erroneous view, and it does not bear the test of second thought. For it must be evident to anyone who thinks at all carefully on the subject, that dramatic writing has a completely different set of difficulties and pitfalls, and produces a totally different effect, in a totally different manner, as compared with the difficulties and the effect of Fiction. In other words, the Theory of the Drama is quite distinct and separate from the Theory of Fiction.

The difference between the two theories, when we look into them, at first seems very small. Both depend upon the representation of character and incident—the Theory of the Drama depending very much upon both, though rather more on the latter than the former; and the Theory of Fiction depending sometimes on one, and sometimes on the other, but rarely on both equally. At first sight, it would seem that the theories are identical, beyond a slight difference in the manner of treatment, a narrative form being used in the latter case to help out the development of the characters, while in the first case the characters develop themselves by means of incident and dialogue solely. Yet this is not so, for the difference in the manner is essential and radical, and really argues a different conception of the subject treated, and the distinctness of the two species of art.

Our business at present is with the Theory of the Drama, and it may be well to state its chief points as clearly as possible, so that we may be able to see where attention is most needed.

A play must be an embodiment of one central motive or idea, or at all events, must turn on and have its origin in some one concept, whether this be an incident pure and simple, or the reaction of an incident on a character. Around this central motive the play must be built up, and every character and every incident

must bear a definite relation to this central motive, this relation being its only absolute *raison d'être*. In a good play there will be several minor motives which are perfectly harmonious with the central idea, and assist in its development, and each of these will be interesting in itself, and be treated in a natural manner.

Every play must be an artistic whole, with a well defined beginning, and a logical conclusion clearly led up to. All the parts must fit into each other without any important breaks, or unsightly gaps. This brings us to our first conclusion, which, as usual in the statement of theories and abstract laws, is apparently a paradox. It is, that the essence of the Dramatic Theory is the realisation, or making realistic, an unnatural or rather preternatural succession of events. In nature, events have no well defined beginning, and no very logical end, except the great end of all—Death; consequently, in representing them on the stage as following each other in a perfectly logical sequence from the narrow point of view of one central idea, we are not following nature, but making nature follow us. And our whole effort is to clothe our Pseudo Nature in the garb of Real Nature, and to carry the deception as far as possible. We eliminate the infinite variety of connecting links which in the natural order of things join events together; instead of the infinite succession of points composing the circle, circumscribing a regular hexagon, we have the six hard and fast lines from the six equidistant points. The circle is Nature—the hexagon is the Pseudo Nature of the Drama.

It must be clearly understood that this law only applies to the skeleton, the anatomy of a drama—to the ordering of its parts and the arrangement of the whole; when each separate part comes to be clothed with flesh and blood, then we must go to Nature and draw entirely from her storehouse.

Now I can better illustrate the difference between the Theory of Fiction and the Theory of the Drama. Speaking in an abstract form, the Theory of Fiction is the Idealization of the Real, and the Theory of the Drama the Realization (*i.e.*, making realistic) of the Ideal, or artificially natural. The distinction seems one without a difference, yet in practice it is very considerable, as it means starting from a totally different point in the one case from that in the other. In the former case we start from Nature, and work on to an unknown or shadowy point; in the latter case we start from a certain point, and endeavour to work back to

Nature. A little thought will show that a widely different treatment is required, according as either theory is practised.

With one more remark on this point, I come to an end as far as Theory is concerned, and plunge at once into the practical portion of my subject. It is evident, from what I have said, that a play cannot be wholly a "study of character," as many excellent works of fiction are. It may be so in a secondary way, but the chief point in a play is the central idea and motive, and while this may very largely depend (and, in fact, it generally does) upon the reaction of an incident upon a certain character, yet it is the *incident* that forms the foundation of the play, and it must not be subordinated to the display of "character." If a choice has to be made between an incident and a character, both of which are apparently necessary, each being incompatible with the other, the character must go. This is equivalent to saying that the *osteology* of a Drama is more important than the—shall I say?—*pathology*; incident being supreme in the former case, and *character* in the latter. The closer the relationship and concord between the two things in a play, the better the play, and the more natural the result.

Now let us see what the process of constructing a play is like. In the first place, of course, comes the central idea. This is generally the first thing that presents itself to our imaginary playwright, and it does so, I imagine, generally in the form of a scene or picture illustrating some quality, virtue, noble act, or striking contrast, such as we meet on every page in the works of so dramatic a writer as Victor Hugo—I am thinking more particularly of his work, "*Les Misérables*," than of his dramas. This is at once the starting point and the climax of the embryo play. Sometimes it is a simple "situation," and sometimes a very complex one, with many threads, each of which must be more or less clearly followed to a beginning. I am somewhat nonplussed to find a suitable example of each in a sufficiently well-known play—in fact, I will confine myself to giving one example, neither very simple nor very complex. Victor Hugo's drama, "*Ruy Blas*," is perhaps the most perfect dramatic skeleton that I can call to mind at this moment. Its motive, or central idea, is revenge, with which are incorporated some lesser ideas duly set forth in the crisis. Don Sallust, a Spanish grandee, has been exiled by order of the Queen of Spain. He by chance learns that his lackey (in reality of noble

birth) loves the Queen, and he resolves that he will humble her by placing him in a high position at the court (causing him to take his cousin, Don Cesar de Bazan's, place), fostering his love for the queen, and when she shall love him, declare his true position to her and cover her with disgrace. The crisis is reached at the point where he discloses to the queen the position of her lover. This is the turning point of the play. We can trace four distinct threads that require following up—the Queen's character, and how it is possible that she can love Ruy Blas, the quondam lackey; the character and ambitions of Ruy Blas; the character of Don Sallust, who has plotted the whole affair; and, lastly, the logical probability of the sequence of events which lead to the crisis. Any incident or character tending to elucidate or illustrate any one of these threads, is necessary and in its place; any not doing so is superfluous, and out of place. This is the test that must be rigorously applied in the construction of a play.

Space will not allow of my giving a detailed analysis of "Ruy Blas," though to an intending playwright such an analysis, carefully and conscientiously made, would be an excellent exercise; but, for the benefit of those who may have read the play, I will summarize the chief point to be noticed in its construction—it is *concentration*. Every incident, and every character that is presented, has its due place in the system or scheme of the drama. None will bear removal without distinct loss. One of the first points that troubles a dramatist when he begins to construct his play is—how shall I arrange for the lighter, or comic portion of my drama, so that it shall not be superfluous and too manifestly tacked on as a species of afterthought? For in every play there should be light and shade, or else the effect, unless in a master's hand, is apt to be one of monotony. In "Ruy Blas," the comic interest is worked into the scheme with infinite skill. Don Cesar de Bazan is a masterpiece of comic character, and those scenes in which he appears, and more especially those in which he is actually the moving influence of the catastrophe, are models of what the comic scenes should be, and are irresistibly mirth-provoking. Don Guritan is a subtle character-study, and the manner in which he has his part to play in the crisis proves the wonderful forethought of the dramatist. There is a definite reason easily visible for the presence of every one of the characters of the play, from Ruy Blas down to the women of the Queen's court. And yet all

is naturally and spontaneously combined, apparently without forethought, or according to a preconceived or laboriously worked out scheme. It is true that in one or two places we hear the whirring of the cog-wheels in the great machine; the dialogue among the ministers of the King paints, perhaps, a little too coarsely the universal corruption in the administration of affairs, but this is a fault on the right side, and is the fault most common in Victor Hugo's dramas.

One other point to be noticed in the drama of "Ruy Blas" is this—the idea in which the play takes its rise, although the chief idea and motive, is not kept prominently before the eyes of the audience, it is eclipsed in the superior interest of the lesser idea, the mutual love of the Queen and Ruy Blas. This is quite natural and allowable, as the human interest is manifestly greater in the latter case, and to keep the other too prominently forward would be to destroy the artistic balance of the play. Of course, it is never forgotten.

Having got the central idea, or motive, well in view, the next thing is to consider what characters and incidents are most suitable to embody it most perfectly and naturally. I should again remind the reader that the process of selection of character and incident is largely unconscious and spontaneous, and that it is almost impossible that there should be any defined steps in the process. The action of the play seems to shape itself, so to speak, automatically. Incidents will suggest themselves in connection with characters, in quite a disconnected and scrappy manner, and the play will be built up in many pieces, that are by no means consequent or dependent as they occur. In fact, the actual process to be gone through consciously by the playwright will partake much more of the analytical than the constructive, the imaginative faculties doing the latter part of the work unconsciously, and the critical the former, although a great deal of the work will be done simultaneously. One cannot rule off one's thoughts and ideas into spaces clearly defined and separate.

We must postulate a certain number of things in our scheme. We must postulate the central idea, and the characters, and also such incidents as may seem necessary for the action. But a distinction must be drawn at once between two classes of incident I shall name them in the abstract—*coincidence* and *consequence*. Reverting to our original propounding of the different theories of

fiction and the drama, we remember that the latter depends upon the "Realization of the Ideal or artificially natural." Now, in nature, it is perfectly evident that it is the "long arm of coincidence" that rules everything; while in art, though it be not so evident, *consequence* is the ruling power—everything is depicted with reference to one idea, which is the *consequence* of the means used for the depicting process. Therefore, still reasoning in the abstract, we arrive at the conclusion that *consequence* must be our guide in the choice of incident—that is, our incidents must depend upon and follow each other, naturally it is true, but in sequence with reference to the central idea. Any incident not directly arising out of the characters or incidents, must be postulated, and it is quite evident that, according to our theory, the more that we have to postulate, and the less we develop from postulates, the less perfect our play.

In *Ruy Blas* "the long arm of coincidence" plays a most important part. Don Sallust finds his most powerful weapon ready to his hand *by chance*. Ruy Blas' love for the Queen is postulated; as against this, the Queen's reciprocation of his passion is almost entirely developed in natural course. Again, though, in the final catastrophe, the part played by Don Cesar seems a fair and natural development of his character as postulated, yet his portion in the final catastrophe, intensely important as it is, is mainly governed by *coincidence*. His appearance in the house in which Ruy Blas is living under his name at such a moment is manifestly pure chance; it is not a logical consequence of what has gone before.

Thus, in "*Ruy Blas*" we have the most important incidents postulated; this we may consider a fault in the construction.

Having decided on our postulates, we must proceed to use them as artistically as possible, so as to produce the maximum of artistic effect with the minimum of effort. It is impossible to give any *minuter* directions to the playwright in forming the scheme of his play, than that he should refer each incident and each character to the one central motive, and ask with reference to each, Is it necessary or advantageous to working out my main idea? If not—if its *raison d'être* is that of displaying the character, or introducing the incident simply because it is dramatic—it must be ruthlessly ruled out. The crisis of the play, the turning point of the story, is generally reached in the last act, or last but one. In "*Ruy Blas*" the crisis is reached on the return of Don Sallust and the



commencement of Ruy Blas' torture. The play has ascended, so to speak, to that point; it then descends to the catastrophe or finish. It is not necessary that a play should have two strongly marked movements, although such is nearly always the case. But it is distinctly necessary that the interest should steadily rise, that the second act should be stronger than the first, and so on. Therefore, it is clear that the first act should not be too crowded with incident, more especially as it is to be remembered that our postulates are to be made almost all in the first act, and that the subsequent acts are to be given up to the developments thereof. It is not advisable that the second act should be too strong—it is much more advisable to begin weakly and end strongly than *vice versa*; but if the second act ends with a strong “situation,” the third must be at least equally strong.

It is easier to construct a play in three or four acts than in five;—the reason for this is evident. There is great danger of the fourth act falling below the others in interest, or else of the first three not being strong enough. To keep the balance well preserved throughout, a five act play is very difficult.

With regard to the working out of the scheme, a very important point is to be noticed. Just as a scene used in a theatre differs from a picture of the same scene, say, on the walls of the Royal Academy, so must the method of presenting traits of character in a drama differ from that employed in a novel. Everything must be on an enlarged scale, in a louder tone. It must be remembered that immediate effect is what is aimed at in a play. We cannot take it home and think over each sentence leisurely, and read it as we do a book; the point to be conveyed must reach our mind at once. The dialogue must be epigrammatic, and never involved or obscure. Consequently, we must not—or at least, unless we be Shakespeares, we should not—attempt to portray delicate and subtle shades of character; the effect, in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, is lost. It is far better to err on the safe side, and make our characters more or less *types*, than to attempt a display of complex character, though, at the same time, eccentricity is always admissible. “Bits of character,” as they are styled in the profession, are very tempting for a novice in play-writing, but the same rule as to all other characters and incidents must be ruthlessly applied here as elsewhere. If they are simply presented as “bits of character,” and have not a good or sufficient relevancy,

they must go. Even Shakespeare has not escaped the pitfall; his grave-diggers in "Hamlet" are flagrant examples of "bits of character," dragged in by the heels to raise a laugh.

A great deal depends upon the right tone being struck at once. "Tone" in a play is a somewhat difficult word to describe or explain, but I think I can borrow Mr. Montagu Griffin's definition (given in the March number of this Magazine, in his interesting article on "Tone" in pictures), and alter it to suit my purpose. "Tone" in a play means the relation of its various parts to each other, and also the relation of each to nature. The key-note of a scene is, so to speak, the length, breadth, and depth of the means used to present the ideas of the scene, and, although each scene may have its own particular key-note, the combined effect of all should be harmonious.

Let us say, for instance, that we have to present upon the stage the meeting of a set of conspirators, say a Nihilist circle—an exceedingly difficult picture to present, by the way—we have to decide upon our key-note. How many of our conspirators are to take an active part in the scene? Is it to be represented in grimly serious manner, or in careless, commonplace manner? How many details are to be given, how many to be suppressed? This is striking the key-note of the scene, and an exceedingly difficult process it is. For instance, if we select the grimly serious manner, we are apt to overshoot the mark, and bathos and anti-climax will be the result. On the other hand, if we transact excessively important business in a careless, commonplace way, an effect of exaggeration is at once apparent. Between the two extremes, A and G, lies the true and proper key-note, say D, and this we must endeavour to strike as nearly as possible. Of course, in finding the key-note of each scene, we have to be guided by the business to be transacted in that scene, and the space and time available, care being taken that the space shall neither be deserted nor overcrowded, nor the time crammed or only half full.

Although I have said that it is safer that our characters shall be very typical, yet we must not forget that once our scheme is settled upon and arranged in order, we must look entirely to Nature, and draw entirely upon her, not merely for our postulates, but also for the ways and means of their development. With regard to the depicting of character, it should be as far as possible done by the character itself, without using such expedients as

description by another. This rule holds good in the Art of Fiction. And while the characteristic acts and incidents must not be too evidently characteristic—for it is not necessary that we grasp a character at once, but rather by degrees—they must be *more evidently* characteristic, and painted in slightly stronger colours, than seems natural in the cold moment of writing. This is again a question of tone, and the great difficulty is attaining the proper effect with the very least amount of artificiality.

Broadly stated, then, the chief *special* difficulties of the playwright—in addition to his difficulties as an artist—are these: The proper construction of the skeleton, taking care that the interest pursues its proper course of ascent to the climax, and *never* falls back; it is allowable that it stand still a space, but very unadvisable, for it argues a superfluity somewhere; and, secondly, the striking of the proper keynote in each scene, and the taking care that all shall be in harmony.

JOHN LITTLEJOHN.

## CONSTANT.

### I.

SINCE cold my precious singing bird lay there,  
 I want no bird of sweeter song instead;  
 No second dog replaced the small friend dead,  
 That loved me well through good and evil fare.  
 I nursed a strange plant once with time and care,  
 A thing of fragrant bloom and golden head,  
 "Its delicate grace," a dear voice dream-like said,  
 "Has breath of olive woods and south-warm air."

Since then the roses bloomed and died three times,  
 Unmarked by me who rear no flower again;  
 Kind voices blame that I but catch sad chimes  
 Of death bells ringing through the patient years,—  
 Past any gentlest face, but see through tears  
 A face more dear for death, more sweet for pain.

## II.

I prize no aftermath in glen or wold,  
 No grasses 'mid brown stubble all alive,  
 With early winter bird that scream and thrive;  
 I want no second summer's promised gold.  
 Dearer familiar paths I took of old,  
 Through meads thick-set with flowers for honied hive;  
 Dearer remembrances that must survive  
 All change, to me more dear a hundred-fold  
 The hopes, the friends, the days for ever passed,  
 The white sails set, the ocean wide before.  
 No venture now on any seas I cast,  
 No wreck provide for second surf-beat shore,  
 To one heart cold and still, my heart clings fast,  
 My hands but dead hands clasp for evermore.

ALICE ESMONDE.

## OUR POETS.

## No. 23.—WILLIAM B. YEATS.

WE have already taken more than one opportunity of introducing to our readers this youngest of our poets, but not as a member of this series. Some one has spoken of "the impenetrable oblivion of yesterday's newspaper." Still more impenetrable the oblivion which falls upon an article published at the Antipodes. Our readers will therefore be grateful to us for incorporating in our own series an account of Mr. Yeats as a poet, given by Miss Rosa Mulholland, in the form of a letter to a friend, in the *Melbourne Advocate* of March 9, 1889.

\* \* \* \* \*

There is no doubt that Ireland is in need of a great poet; surely he is already on the wing towards us. God will not deny us this voice of our nation, a nation than which none has ever

produced patriots with more faithful and impassioned souls and hearts more golden, sons and daughters stauncher and truer to all that is beautiful and good, saints and heavenly-minded men and women of more purely spiritual aspirations. We have earned our right to a poet whose voice will be heard over the world, and praised among the nations—earned it by our long suffering and patient endurance, and the indomitable hope and faith in our ideal, without which nations and individuals must deteriorate and fall. Mr. R. D. Joyce addresses him, saying :—

“ O, thou to come, though yet perchance unborn,  
My country’s poet, prince of bards sublime.”

The time is ripe for him. As one of our youngest singers, Miss Katharine Tynan, sings :—

“ In the years’ cradles many a babe hath lain ;  
And who shall be inspired  
To tell our hearts that weep  
What gifts the sweet, small hands bring faro-ff years.”

And we may yet hear our nightingale (Ireland has never yet produced a nightingale, though it is the only part of the three kingdoms where baby-lions thrive) ; we may hear our nightingale sing before we die.

We cannot deny that, up to the present, our poets have been only the fragments and beginnings of poets, each after each a promise and a disappointment. I mean, of course, when judged from the standpoint of our most ambitious desires. Such treasures as they have brought us are precious and dear to us, and though we be never so indignant with Mr. Robert Buchanan for failing to appreciate Moore as the interpreter of the lovely, wild, and unique music of our national melodies, yet we must agree with him in saying—“ Do not let us forget that Ireland can boast of such poets as Thomas Davis, John Banim, Gerald Griffin, Callanan, Curran, Samuel Lover, Wolfe, Samuel Ferguson, Edward Walsh, and Clarence Mangan.” “ Where,” says Mr. Buchanan, “ in Moore’s tinsel poems shall we find such a piece of wondrous workmanship as Mangan’s ‘ Vision of Connaught in the Nineteenth Century,’ such a heartrending ballad as Banim’s ‘ Soggarth Aroon,’ such a torrent of native strength as Ferguson’s ‘ Welshmen of Tyrawley,’ such a bit of rollicking vigour as Lysaght’s ‘ Sprig

of Shillelagh,' or such a thrill of simple pathos as Gerald Griffin's 'The tie is broke, my Irish Girl?' " Mr. Buchanan judges Moore unfairly, inasmuch as he reads and does not sing him, never considering the tyranny of the wayward music to which he wedded his words. Heine's lyrics were read before they were sung. Such a lovely pathetic line as

" *Mein Lieb, wir sollen beide elend seyn* "

fell from the poet's heart unfettered, and it was for the musicians to give melody to its pathos. But our ancient Irish music was in reality our untranslated poetry, and Moore was to our melodies what the musicians of Germany were to the *Lyrishes* of Heine. We will take leave, in despite of Mr. Robert Buchanan, to go on singing our "Minstrel Boy," and "Oh, Breathe not His Name," and the rest, while we are yet willing to admit that Moore is not the true national poet of power we are waiting for.

Meanwhile, if we have not yet the nightingale, the boughs of our trees are full of singing birds sweet enough to harmonise with the runnelling of our mountain brooks, the piping of our singing birds, and the music of golden cymbals and silver trumpets that clash and call in the breaking of our summer sea waves. Among the newest and sweetest notes to be heard are those of Mr. W. B. Yeats, who, quick upon his volume of "Fairy and Folk Tales," edited and selected, published in the Camelot Series, has given us a dainty volume of as delicate poetry as ever found its way into print. Our first impression on dipping into the volume is that the poet must be a changeling of the fairies himself, so keenly is he in sympathy with the lives, ways, and works of the elfin creatures whose loves, joys, and sorrows he sings. We often hear it stated with regret that the fairies have left Ireland, but Mr. Yeats forbids us to believe it, and we suspect they will not go so long as humanity, in the form of our youngest poet, seeks to detain them with such evidence of brotherly love. The longest poem, and which takes the place of honour in the book, is a narrative of the wanderings of Oisín in the Isle of Youth, the Island of Victories, and the Island of Forgetfulness, beguiled and bewitched away from his comrades, the "long-haired warriors," by the enchanting Naim, his faithful and loving fairy wife, who, however, is deserted by him at last, when, after three hundred years, the "human sadness" comes back upon him too

strongly to be resisted, and forces him to return to the sad earth from the raptures and sweetnesses of the immortals. The sea washes to his feet the shaft of a dead warrior's lance:—

“ The stains  
Of war were on it and I wept,  
Remembering how, along the plains  
Equal to good or evil chance  
Of war, the noble Fenians slept.”

He suffers the sorrow of parting with Naim, and returns to Eri, where he finds the Fenians and the old gods dead and gone, and is confronted with Patrick, “The Man of Crosiers,” to whom his tale is told, and who administers many a rebuke to the hoary heathen warrior by the way. The most dramatic part of the poem, which is full of beauty, is the ending, where Oisín having demanded of Patrick to know where the dead warriors have gone, is informed by the saint in plain terms, and thereupon declares his determination to go and join his old friends in the terrible place where they be:—

“ Put the staff in my hands ; I will go to the Fenians, thou cleric, and chant  
The war-songs that roused them of old.”

They will batter the gates of hell, he says, overcome the demons, and make an end of the place altogether.

“ Then feast, making converse of Eri, of wars, and of old wounds, and rest.”

There is a touch of unconscious humour in the easy way in which the aged warrior intends to dispose of Perdition, but none the less, his simple good faith and forlorn age are full of pathos as he departs, hoping to find his comrades of battle and their hounds together, expecting him.

“ I will go to the house of the Fenians, be they in flames or at feast,  
To Fin, Caolte, and Conan, and Bran, Sgeolan Lomair.”

The book contains a group of little fragmentary dramas, in all of which the thrill of human passion is distinct and subtle, the poetry aerial as a rainbow, and delicately coloured as a butterfly's wing. Of these “Mosada” is the strongest and most human; but there is prisoned lightning in the little floating cloud of pure poetry, named “Jealousy.” Anashuya, the priestess of the

Indian temple, makes her prayers for the land, and feeds her red flamingoes, and sings her songs to the stars, and the arrow of jealousy is in her heart, while

“The sun hath laid his chin on the grey wood  
Weary, with all his poppies gathered round him.”

She prays for another besides the land, and her prayer is fierce and cruel, or tender, as the demon comes and goes :—

“Send peace on all the lands and flickering corn,  
Oh, may tranquillity beside him go  
As in the woods he wanders, if he love  
No others. Hear, and may the indolent flocks  
Be plenty. If he gives another love  
May panthers end him. Hear, and load our king  
With wisdom hour by hour. May we too stand  
When we are dead, beyond the setting suns,  
A little from the other shades apart,  
With mingling hair, and play upon one lute.”

Except for the savage words “may panthers end him,” she is sweet all through, and when her lover comes, and throws a lily at her, she only bids him—

“See how the sacred old flamingoes come,  
Painting with shadow all the marble steps.”

We get but one flash of the lightning with which the floating cloud is charged as it sails past us, to burst elsewhere, as we feel assured. In her last song Anashuya's pain is lulled :—

“I have forgiven. Oh new star,  
Maybe you have not heard of us, you have come forth so newly ;  
You hunter of the fields afar !  
Ah ! you will know my loved one by his hunter's arrows truly.  
Shoot on him shafts of quietness that he may ever keep  
An inner laughter, and may kiss his hands to me in sleep.”

Except through the medium of the fairies, Mr. Yeats is not as Irish in his subjects as he might be, and the more is the pity, for he could do much for us, as perhaps he will one day. In the striking



poem of "How Firencz Renyi Kept Silence," why have we "Hungary, 1848," instead of "Ireland, 1798?" "Hung'ry, 1848," does, in truth, read so Irish as to be startling at first sight; however, this is no tale of the famine, but a scene from Hungarian history. Renyi refuses to betray the rebels in their hiding place, and is threatened with death. His mother and sister are sent for, and urge him to constancy. It is asked—is there no other who might shake him? and a soldier answers:—

" By the camp's far end  
I saw a girl, afraid to be too near,  
Afraid to be too far."

She is easily found

" When the tall red deer  
In trouble is, the doe will hnger near."

There is something in the idea of this tragic poem akin with that of "Honour's Martyr," by Ellis Bell, but in the latter one feels that the unseen woman would not quail, would bear her own anguish without deepening unnecessarily the pain of another. Renyi's promised wife, when her prayer to him for mercy upon their love and hopes of happiness are answered only by his silence, turns upon him with hate, and is dragged away to the death from which he refuses to save her, cursing him. This is a jar in the beauty of the tragedy. We may reasonably believe that an Irish-woman would have consented to death for the honour of so brave a lover. If someone would take up such an incident, place it in Ireland in '98, and make the woman worthy of the trust of man, we might have a dramatic poem which would be worth all the fairies to be found in Tir-na-n-Og. Perhaps Mr. Yeats will think of it. Meantime, his "Kanva, the Indian on Sol" is more poetic than his Irish ballad of "Moll Magee." "The Priest and the Fairy" is, however, quaintly Irish, and, "The Phantom Ship," though it might have sailed in the track of the "Ancient Mariner," has an Irish touch—

" 'Pray for the souls in purgatory,' the pale priest trembling cries."

"The Stolen Child" is as original and Irish as Ferguson's

“Fairy Thorn.” All the songs are fairy songs, except one Indian song, and a curious little song beginning:—

“ Full moody is my love and sad,  
His moods bow low his sombre crest.  
I hold him dearer than the glad—  
And for him make me wise and bright.”

But I have given you enough quotations. We may expect a great deal from Mr. Yeats, who is not much more than twenty years of age.

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

### IN MEMORY OF GEORGE FRANCIS WATERS, S.J.

Born October 3, 1853—called to the Irish Bar, 1877—entered the Society of Jesus, 1884—died November 12, 1888, in the Island of Grand Canary.

THE chain that bound thee to the world was strong;  
Thy parents' hope that thou their first-born son  
Wouldst be their stay—the work thou couldst have done  
In thy land's service—all the dreams that throng  
Aspiring minds, and pleasure void of wrong:  
These were the links thou brokest one by one,  
With tears for others' pain, for thine own, none,  
That to thy God thou mightest whole belong.

If when thy day—thy day too brief—was spent,  
Thou in far clime didst cherish the desire  
At home to die, once more a bond was rent  
When He who'd have thy sacrifice entire  
Denied that longing and thou wast content:  
So to its rest thy spirit chastened went.

G. T.

## ST. BRIGID'S BIRTHPLACE.

READERS of St. Brigid's life\* will remember what diversities of opinion exist respecting many circumstances of her birth and parentage. They will recollect, too, that about one of those circumstances most authorities agree—that Faughard was her birthplace. Some say that at the time of Brigid's birth, her father was a dweller in this place, although he may afterwards have removed to another part of the country. Others surmise that he happened to be here with his family, it may be, on a visit, or that by the mere accident of a stoppage on a journey, "Faughard of St. Brigid" gained its name. It is impossible now to settle such minor details, but we may safely conclude that somewhere in the townland of Faughard St. Brigid was born.

To visit those places connected with the traditions of the saint, is in itself a worthy pilgrimage for an Irishwoman, and when to the holy fame of Faughard are added the attractions of lovely scenery and historic associations, perhaps many will like to go, in spirit at least, with one who lately made such a pilgrimage in the body.

You must let me choose the day. It shall be a day late in Spring, with a fresh breeze blowing, for we want our view to be clear and open, and withal varying, not shrouded in soft mistiness, nor steeped in too universal sunshine. Proceeding from Dundalk on such a day, along the old highway leading from that town to Newry, we come, after two or three miles, to a narrow road turning off to our left, winding this side and that, clambering up hill and diving down again, yet in reality always ascending, till it leads us to Faughard Churchyard. Within the enclosure of this cemetery, standing among the graves, are the ruins of a very ancient church. On the opposite side of the road, some distance farther on, rises a high dun, called by the people "Faughard Moat." Tradition says that the spot covered by the ruins of the church is the site of the house where Saint Brigid was born, and tradition is supported by one of the old lives of the Saint. More

\* Nowhere better told than by S. A., in our Sixteenth Volume (1888), pp. 11, 67, 159, 211.

modern biographers consider the dun the more likely situation. This fort is a very high one, constructed of earth and stones, and surrounded at the base by the remains of a deep trench. The interior has not been explored of late days, but is said to contain extensive chambers. Whether it is the actual site of St. Brigid's birthplace is another insolvable question, and when we have climbed to the summit and looked at the view before us, unless we are very ardent antiquarians, a question we shall speedily forget. Above us the dome of the sky seems deeper, bluer, more gloriously free and distant than ever, the fleecy clouds more dazzlingly white against that fathomless azure. Out before us stretch the shining waters of Dundalk Bay, and, bounding our view to the north, the Cooley mountains raise their summits in emulation of distant Slieve Gullion, and gaining a victory after many efforts, sink contentedly into the sea. You may watch those fair hills the day long, and never see twice just the same tinge of colouring, or the same disposition of light and shadow. Now splendid depths of purple and blue, where the cloud shadows loiter, then delicate grey-blues, and faint yellows and greens, and pale mauves, when the clouds have passed, and the sunshine again rests on them, brightening even the sombre masses of Tippings Wood.

These beautiful heights are separated from the lesser heights of Faughard by a valley as beautiful as themselves. The shadows are at work here too, casting a hazy veil of mystery on the fresh green of the fields, chasing the sunshine from the darker verdure of the trees, clouding the dazzling brightness of whitened cottages, then leaving for a moment the whole fair vale to the empire of the sun, and again swooping over it in vain attempts to supplant that triumphant monarch. Looking to the other side, beyond the intervening fields, and the fir-grown ridge that marks the railway line, you see Dun Dealgan, crowned now with a thick belt of trees, guarding the busy town that lies below, between it and the sea.

A typical Irish landscape it all is. With no bold majesty of form, or gorgeous depths of colour challenging our admiration, but with tender grace and delicate loveliness wooing our most passionate love, making us cry out in gratitude to God for the beauty of our land, and vow eternal allegiance to her. A typical Irish landscape in this too, that, side by side with the life and work of the present, it shows us the work, and calls before us the life of the past. Wherever the eye rests, whether on the

distant trees of Castletown Mount, or the shimmering silver of the bay, one association after another is recalled, memories, sad and glorious, crowd upon the mind. We think we see again the ships of Dathi riding at anchor in the bay below, waiting the bidding of their regal commander; or a later scene, that battle where Fingall turned the tide of fortune spreads its scenes of fierce fight and terrible bravery before our gaze. If we turn from sea to land, imagination peoples the scene with strange figures of the past. Edward the Bruce, in his plain disguise, hurrying his troops with unwise impetuosity to the charge; the wild figures of his mingled army of Irish and Scotch; the jester in the gay apparel that cost him his life; the English with their steeds and their armour, and all the warlike appliances of the age, and amidst the veteran warriors other forms that sit their horses and bear their weapons with a less practised air.

A sudden rush sounding through the silence carries our thoughts back for a moment to the nineteenth century, but the white clouds of steam floating now above the mountain pass through which the railway runs, look to us, in our mediæval mood, more like the white plumes of Mountjoy's cavaliers, who tried to force that same Moyra Pass many a time past the warriors of O'Neill. More than once before matters had gone so far, the chieftain himself rode down this only direct entrance then to the Black North, through this country lying at our feet, to meet the English viceroy outside the walls of Dundalk. Past this way, too, William's army must have gone, proceeding from Newry, where it had halted first on its way to the banks of the Boyne.

But if we wish to visit those spots which tradition connects with the name of St. Brigid, we must recall our wandering thoughts, and descend from our lofty standpoint. We shall cross the road, and visit the churchyard first. Examining the ruins, we find in themselves proof of their antiquity. It is said they are the remains of a church erected by St. Monenna, probably in honour of St. Brigid. Somewhere in the vicinity there was a monastery of Augustinian Canons, but all memory of them seems to have disappeared, and they are nowhere mentioned in connection with this church. Indeed there is no further information to be obtained from history or legend regarding it. Perhaps the monks, having their monastery near, served the church; but I think it likely that

there was also a convent of St. Brigid's order in this place. There were then, we may be sure, numbers of pilgrims coming, as they do still, to seek the intercession of the wonder-working Saint, and in this secluded situation there would be much need of such charitable hospitality as St. Brigid herself had loved to dispense. Probable truth stimulating our imagination, we can fancy the nuns in their graceful robes of white ministering to the wants of pilgrims from all parts of the land. So one generation of sisters succeeded another, keeping alive the memory of their mother by daily imitation of her deeds, till at last one bitter day the black hulls of the Northmen darkened the bright bay, and the flames and smoke in the lowlands beneath, and the wild tales of fugitives seeking sanctuary that would soon be vain, warned the frightened nuns to leave the holy spot, and seek shelter elsewhere, hoping to return when the trouble was over. But, alas! that wished for time never came, and they died away from their dear home, and never since has a Brigidine watched and prayed within those gray old walls. Still St. Brigid has never been forgotten here.

Passing the ruins, and proceeding to the side opposite the gate, we come to a well, surmounted by a conical stone covering, now much dilapidated. A tree drops over it, and the green mounds swell high around it on three sides. To this well many come to seek, through St. Brigid's intercession, relief from headache, and from that most universal of ills, toothache. But it is not here they make the "Station." To reach this spot, we must leave the churchyard, and go farther along the road, still turning and twining, and plunging down and climbing up again, between its green hedges, with primroses peeping coyly at us, and timorous violets hiding under every knobble of clay. By and by this road leads us past a low wall of loose stones bounding a furze-grown field. Through this field runs "St. Brigid's Stream," and here the last two visits of the Station are made; but we will go on at once to the little plantation where the Station begins. Just a few steps, one more turn, and then we descend some stone steps into a thinly planted piece of ground, with a pretty stream gurgling through it. This is St. Brigid's Stream. We follow it some distance to where a tree has fallen across, and this is the spot where the Station begins. Now there is something more to indicate this than the fallen tree, and if you are an admirer of material loveliness only, and cannot see spiritual beauty in outer ugliness, we will part, for

I could not bear to see you laugh with merry contempt at a sight which has for me a pathetic beauty. Here is the ugliness—a bush covered with pieces of rag of many kinds and colours. It is in obedience to that instinct of gratitude, which prompts a return for favours received, that these curious relics have been left by pilgrims. So poor that they could make not the smallest offering, they would at least leave some token whereby all who passed might know the goodness of their patroness, and the power of her intercession. And so they tied to a bush at hand a piece of the bandage that had covered some injured part, a sign that, through the efficacy of the Saint's prayers, it was needed no longer. Assuredly our people would never merit the leper's reproach.

At this spot, as I have said, the Station is begun by the recital of some prayers. The pilgrims then retrace their steps through the thicket, cross the road, and descending at the other side into the field, proceed by a little track where the furze has given up all attempts at growing, and emerge at an open spot, where the stream reappears. Not flowing smoothly, however, as before, but interrupted by large blocks of stone, curiously marked, perhaps by the action of the water and peculiarities of their own nature. But the poetic instinct of the people has seen in these markings a proof,—nay, they never wanted a proof,—but a memorial of a certain wonderful event of St. Brigid's life. To finish about the Station first. At this place more prayers are recited, and mortification is joined to prayer, for those performing the Station kneel, with bared knees, on one of the largest stones, which is sometimes half covered with water. This stone is indented, just as a plastic substance would be indented by one kneeling upon it; and they tell that St. Brigid was accustomed to kneel here and pray, as they do now, and that this is the miraculous impression of her knees. When the usual number of prayers, which they count in primitive fashion on pebbles gathered from the bed of the stream, has been said, they proceed to the third and last spot, where they complete the Station with some more prayers. If the person who performs it is himself afflicted with physical ailments, he bathes the injured part in the water. If it has been performed for another, some of the water is carried away for a similar purpose. I believe if one carried out to the full the original form of the Station, one should travel fasting in the morning, and should not eat till the Station was completed. So this custom, now often

misunderstood by those who never dream of following it, was originally conceived and carried out in a true spirit of prayer and mortification, and in perfect conformity with the spirit and teaching of the Church.

Now let us examine the stones, and see if we can find sermons, perhaps something more entertaining than sermons, in them. Besides this one with the impression of a knee, there is another, marked with a curious orifice, exactly resembling an eye; and this is how the mark came to be there, according to local tradition. It was before St. Brigid had received from the hands of St. Maccaille, the white robe and veil which signified her consecration to the Lord, though she had already bound herself by vow to her divine Spouse. Her beauty was famed throughout the provinces, and more than one prince sought her hand. But only one persisted in his suit after her refusal. A rude chief, perhaps still unconverted from paganism, but, at any rate, with none of the chivalrous reverence of a true son of Erin for woman and religion. One day, finding her alone, he pressed his suit so eagerly, that Brigid turned to flee from the hearing of words that seemed like sacrilege addressed to one already espoused to the Lord. But wild with the frenzy of an unrequited and hopeless love, he pursued her, and was gaining quickly on her steps, when the inspiration seized her to destroy the comeliness which roused such passion. She stopped in her flight, and raising her hand, plucked out one of her beautiful eyes. The bleeding, disfigured visage turned towards him—perhaps, yet more, the horror at having caused such a deed—changed the chieftain's heart, and he left her in peace. What became of him afterwards tradition does not say; but of Brigid it tells, that God restored the injured organ to all its use and beauty. Here in this field we stand in, they say, the flight ended, and this mark in the stone they point out as the miraculous print of the eye the Saint cast from her.

That is the story the people about Faughard tell, and never dream of doubting; but we find the legend substantially the same under many other forms. One of these makes no mention of that ungenerous suitor. It is one of her brothers, who will not hear of her consecrating herself in religion. While he was disputing the matter with her other more favorably disposed brothers, Brigid came up, and grieved at the difference, and fearing the result, she turned aside and began to pray. The Lord came to her assist-



ance, and when she turned again to the brothers, they were horrified to see one of her eyes dreadfully distempered, with blood flowing from it, and trickling down her face. In deep distress, they sought to relieve her, and, as a first means of doing this, began to look for water to wash away the blood; but neither stream nor well could they find. So great was their concern and their anxiety to help her, that Brigid's sweet charity moved her to assist them. She directed them to dig at a certain spot, while she prayed: and lo! at the first stroke, a spring gushed forth, in which the holy maiden bathed her face, when, yet more wonderful, the distempered eye was perfectly cured. The obdurate brother, who had been silenced by the misfortune he had brought about, now began his former objections, but was soon punished by himself losing the sight of one eye; and Brigid was allowed to carry out her design without further opposition.

The universality of this legend, under one form or other, furnishes a fair basis for the opinion that it has its foundation in fact. As to the identity of the place of its occurrence with this spot of Faughard, we have but the traditional belief of the people of the neighbourhood, and the fact that the stream is principally resorted to by people suffering from diseases of the eye.

Again, however, we find the legend differing in some important particulars, but indisputably connected with our stream. This version tells us that St. Brigid, accompanied by her sister, sought to escape from the advances of an importunate suitor. When the night fell she had reached the margin of this stream, and wearied by her day's journeying, she sat down, commending herself to the protection of God. The chieftain tracked her to the stream; but God cast about her a thicker veil than the darkness of the night, and though he sought, and sought again, till day began to break, he could not find her, and giving up the vain quest, he rode away.

After all, I think this is the true version, and there is still a peculiar fitness in people asking for the restoration of sight through the intercession of her for whose protection God deprived, as it were, the eyes of one of His creatures of their natural power of seeing.

Regretfully we turn away from a spot we feel to be holy, sanctified, if not by the heroic action of one of God's saints, or His miraculous protection of her, yet by the faith which has been

manifested here—the faith typified long ago by the “lamp in Kildare’s holy fane,” kept lighting through the darkness of persecution by the virtue of the women of Erin, the daughters of St. Brigid.

Thinking such thoughts, we walk through the last golden gleams of the setting sun into the dim greyness of twilight, turning now and again to catch a glimpse of the glowing sky behind us, as we will turn our thoughts many a time in moments of dim doubt and grey trouble to this bright day spent in St. Brigid’s birthplace, praying her, in memory of that pilgrimage, to aid us in our need.

M. McG.

---

### PHANTASMATA.

IN dreams I wandered in the woods last night,  
“The Wicked Woods of Tobereevil;” gray  
“The Walking Trees” seemed in the dawning day  
That eastward broke, rose-pale, where in wierd light  
“The Wild Birds of Killeevy,” pure and white,  
Wheeling and whirling o’er the wind-blown spray,  
Sailed swiftly o’er the blue “Dunmara” bay  
And quickly vanished from my wondering sight.

It was in truth a phantasy, for there  
“Bawn” and “Marcella” gathered perfumed May.  
And dainty “Puck and Blossom” lingered where  
“Four Little Mischiefs” romped in happy play,  
While, soft and low, upon the listening air  
Sweet song in “Vagrant Verses” died away.

JAMES BOWKER.

## SONNETS ON THE SONNET.

## BATCH THE FOURTH.

SUNDRY readers of *The Literary World* and of *Notes and Queries*, and some of our own readers also, have made so many enquiries about this subject, that it seems best to hasten the publication of our remaining materials, and to make these papers more easy of reference by grouping them into a series. The first batch of these Sonnets on the Sonnet will be found in *THE IRISH MONTHLY* of October, 1887, the second in our Number for June, 1888, and the third in December, 1888, under the slightly disguised title of "The Egotism of Sonnetry"—namely, the egotism displayed by the Sonnet in making its own sweet self its theme. These three papers have woven together, with divers comments and elucidations, three dozen Sonnets of this kind, and it is convenient to mention here the specimens already given. Our first batch (October, 1887) consisted of sonnets by Antony Morehead, Edith Thomas, R. W. Gilder, Theodore Watts, Dante Rossetti, J. C. Earle, and Keats, together with three by Ebenezer Elliot, and two by Miss Julia Dorri, and, of course, Wordsworth's famous two, "Scorn not the Sonnet," and "Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room." In that first article we gave also Sainte Beuve's French adaptation of the first of these two, "Scorn not the Sonnet"—and an anonymous American parody of the same, "Scorn not the Meerschauum." Finally, we gave Mr. James Gibson's version of Lope de Vega's celebrated sonnet on the Sonnet, and a French version of the same, to which we then assigned no author, but which we have since found to have been written by the Abbé Regnier Desmarais, a celebrated French Academician, whose name some of our readers have seen in a very different context: for the old English translator of Rodriguez's "Christian and Religious Perfection" pretends to show in his preface that there were advantages in translating, as he did, from Desmarais' French translation, and not from the Spanish original.

The second batch of Sonnets on the Sonnet (June, 1888), furnished samples by Mr. James Haskins, Mr. Egerton-Warbuton,

Rev. J. J. Judkin, Allen Upward, John Kane, and three by the present writer.

The third batch, December, 1888, is contributed by M. E. Francis, Joséphin Souлары, Bishop Alexander of Derry, and again the present writer, the two last having two sonnets a-piece. There is also an excellent specimen from an anonymous American volume, "The Heart of the Weed," which, however, a note in Mr. William Sharp's "American Sonnets" allows us to assign to Mrs. Lillah Cabot Perry.

These three sources may finally be referred to as *THE IRISH MONTHLY*, Vol. XV., page 568; Vol. XVI., pp. 366, and 733. There have also appeared in our pages, independently, two sonnets on the Sonnet by Miss Charlotte O'Brien, and the present writer, at page 664 of our fifteenth volume (November 1887), and "A Baby Sonnet," by G. N. P., at page 21 of our present volume; which last has suggested the remark, that to detect in a sonnet all the capabilities there enumerated one needs to be a poet, and one needs to be a father to discern corresponding perfections in a baby one year old.

Counting up carefully, we find that we have already given exactly thirty-six sonnets on the Sonnet, eleven of those being new ones by contributors to this Magazine. We must try and complete the collection, as far as *THE IRISH MONTHLY* is concerned, by throwing the rest of our materials together, with the scantiest possible grouting of commentary or bibliography. We have no hope, however, of finishing the matter this month, seeing that Carducci, Schlegel, Veuillot, Addington Symonds, and sundry others, at home and abroad, are represented in our reserve fund.

With the names just mentioned, we had joined the late Bishop Fitzgerald of Killaloe, imagining that he was the writer of a sonnet we are about to quote from the second volume of *Kottabos*; and this did not surprise us, as we knew before that he and his brother, Baron Fitzgerald, the distinguished judge, had taken part in "Dublin Acrostics."\* But his contributions to that very clever

\* Mr. Robert Reeves, Q.C., who enabled us to make the interesting revelations contained in an article bearing this title in our fifteenth volume, page 359, has recently died. He was an amiable and accomplished man and a sound lawyer, with kindly sympathies.

[Since sending this article to the printer, we have ascertained that the Bishop was the author of the *Kottabos* sonnet, and that the signature in "Dublin Acrostics" was, perhaps, the initial of "Episcopus."]

little book are signed "E," the initial of his Christian name, whereas "William Fitzgerald" is said to be the writer who thus imitates Lope de Vega and many others:—

" Well, if it must be so, it must ; and I,  
 Albeit unskilful in the tuneful art,  
 Will make a sonnet, or at least I'll try  
 To make a sonnet and perform my part.  
 But in a sonnet everybody knows  
 There must be always fourteen lines : my heart  
 Sinks at the thought ! But courage ! here it goes.  
 There are seven lines already—could I get  
 Seven more, the task would be performed, and yet  
 It will be like a horse behind a cart,  
 For somehow rhyme has got a wondrous start  
 Of reason, and, while puzzling on, I've let  
 The subject slip. What shall it be ? But stay  
 Here comes the fourteenth line. 'Tis done. Huzza !

This writer evidently imagines that a sonnet is a poem of fourteen decasyllabic lines. The symmetries of quatrains and tercets, and the tuneful abstinence of rhyme, are mysteries beyond his ken. And is it not strange that Mr. Herbert New, who is orthodox on all these points, should admit an utterly inadmissible rhyme into his sonnetized definition of a sonnet, which, by the very narrowness of its limits, compels scrupulous attention to all such details ? Mr. New's sonnet was published in *The Spectator*, April 27, 1889.

" What is the sonnet ? 'Tis a flower whose seed  
 Is some sublime emotion of the soul,  
 That springeth into form as beautiful  
 As lily or violet, or winsome weed,  
 Or glowing rose, or daisy of the mead ;  
 Obedient to a lyrical control,  
 Bursts into bloom, the theme of joy or dole,  
 Of hope or memory, noble thought or deed.  
 The wider realms of man's creative power  
 Lie open to the mighty kings of song,  
 To whom all things in heaven and earth belong ;  
 But the kind Muse hath many a secret bower  
 For humbler votaries—the gentle throng  
 Who cultivate the Sonnet's fragrant flower."

Not alone the humbler votaries of the Muse. The highest have made the sonnet express their best thoughts, and they have employed it for other reasons besides the one that Mr. Russell

Lowell suggests for Wordsworth's frequent use of the sonnet—as a check upon his natural longwindedness :—

“He was dimly conscious of this, and turned by a kind of instinct, I suspect, to the sonnet, because its form forced boundaries upon him, and put him under bonds to hold his peace at the end of the fourteenth line. Yet even here nature would out, and the oft-recurring ‘same subject continued,’ lures the nun from her cell to the convent parlour, and tempts the student to make a pulpit of his pensive citadel. The hour-glass is there to be sure, with its lapsing admonition, but it reminds the preacher only that it can be turned.

The author of “The Biglow Papers” alludes here, in his clever way, to the second of Wordsworth's famous sonnets on the Sonnet, quoted in our first batch. His other, quoted there also—“Scorn not the Sonnet”—has been continued by Archdeacon Bailey in a volume published at Colombo, in Ceylon, in 1835. This is the Benjamin Bailey who is mentioned in the Life of John Keats as one of his early friends—a surer title to remembrance than the forgotten poems from which the following sonnet has been rescued. Wordsworth had referred in fourteen exquisitely worded lines to the sonnets of Petrarch, Tasso, Camoens, Dante, Spenser, and Milton; the Archdeacon continues the catalogue in more prosaic fashion :—

“And other poets, of no meaner name  
Than Sydney, the accomplished among men,  
And Jonson's valued friend of Hawthornden,  
Have penned the Sonnet. He whose deathless fame  
No humble verse like mine can fitly frame,  
Ill-fated Raleigh, in most happy vein  
One witching sonnet on the Faery Queen  
Hath breathed, which sternest critics durst not blame.

Of moderns, who like Wordsworth can set forth  
This little gem in colours fair and bright,  
Of various hues, like the celestial light  
Of differing stars that stud the Polar North?  
In these, as set in amber things of worth,  
Live thoughts profound, shines many a fairy sprite.”

That same sonnet of Wordsworth's suggested one in a different form to Francis Heywood Warden, whose poems were published by Blackwood, in 1885 :—

“Scorn not the Sonnet! Scorn it if you will,  
It shall outlive and conquer scorn and you,  
Thrive like a hardy plant, and drink its fill  
Of rain and wind as of the sun and dew.

Not murmuring dreams and loves of Italy,  
 Not bent in bars of artificial rule ;  
 No, but the English sonnet, strong and free,  
 The heart its master and the world its school :  
 For manly love and grave devotion meet,  
 Meet for the happy voice of lighter hours,  
 But rendering, when the hearts of nations beat  
 And we just hear the stir of sleeping powers,  
 A deep and solemn music to become  
 At need the stern roll of the menacing drum.

That line about "the loves of Italy," is an echo of Landor, who, at page 473 of "Last Leaves off an Old Tree," says of Milton, that

"He caught the sonnet from the dainty hand  
 Of Love, who cried to lose it, and he gave  
 The notes to glory ——"

A parallel passage for Wordsworth's "In his hand the thing became a trumpet." To another line in the same sonnet, Robert Browning alludes in his "House" which begins

"Shall I sonnet-sing you about myself ?  
 Unlock my heart with a golden key ?"

and which ends

"With this same key  
 Shakespeare unlocked his heart ' once more !  
 Did Shakespeare ? If so, the less Shakespeare he !"

Was Wordsworth the first to sound the praises of the Sonnet by the sole means of a skilful enumeration of the most illustrious sonneteers ?\* Anna Seward partly anticipated him in her sonnet "On the Peculiar Character of the Sonnet," written probably before he was born, but she only gives two out of his six names :—

"Praised be the Poet who the Sonnet's claim,  
 Severest of the orders that belong  
 Distinct and separate to Delphic Song,  
 Shall venerate, nor its appropriate name  
 Lawless assume. Peculiar is its frame,  
 From him derived, who shunned the city's throng  
 And warbled sweet thy rocks and hills among,  
 Lonely Valclusa ! And that heir of fame,

\* We have given in previous papers Sainte Beuve's translation, and an American parody, with parallel sonnets by Ebenezer Elliot, R. W. Gilder, and J. C. Earle.

Our greater Milton, hath by many a lay  
Formed on that arduous model, fully shown  
That English verse may happily display  
Those strict energetic measures which alone  
Deserve the name of Sonnet, and convey  
A grandeur, grace, and spirit all their own."

Capel Lofft, after many a page of introduction, begins with this sonnet his five-volume anthology of sonnets which he has called "*Laura*," in honour of Petrarch, and which can still be explored with interest as the forerunner of Leigh Hunt, Houseman, Maine, Tomlinson, Waddington, Dennis, and Sharp. One of his contributions, No. 32 of the series, alludes to Miss Seward's lines. It undertakes to prove "that the true structure of the sonnet should be observed by authors of genius who thus entitle their poems"—a very proper rule, which many of Mr. Lofft's contemporary contributors violate, while he himself, in this very sonnet, sets the evil example of a disorderly order of rhymes, and a breathless beginning of what ought to be the sestet:—

" Ye whose aspirings court the Muse of lays,  
    'Severest of those orders which belong  
        Distinct and separate to Delphic Song,'  
Why shun the Sonnet's undulating maze?  
Or why its name, boast of Petrarchan days,  
    Assume, its rules disowned? Whom from the throng  
The Muse selects, their ear the charm obeys  
    Of its full harmony:—they fear to wrong  
The Sonnet by adorning with a name  
    Of that distinguished import lays, though sweet,  
    Yet not in magic texture taught to meet  
Of that so varied and peculiar frame.  
O think, to vindicate its genuine praise,  
Those it becomes whose lyre a favouring impulse sways.

The compiler of five volumes of sonnets ought to have learned the trade better than that. His friend, Miss Seward, could have taught him. Her sonnet, quoted a moment ago, erred only in neglecting the very desirable and almost obligatory pause after the eighth line; but her sonnet "*On the Structure of the Sonnet*" is structurally irreproachable:—

" Apollo, at his crowded altars, tired  
    Of votaries who for trite ideas thrown  
        Into loose verse, assume in lofty tone  
The poet's name, untaught and uninspired,--



Indignant struck the lyre. Straight it acquired  
 New powers and complicate. Then first was known  
 The rigorous Sonnet ; to be framed alone  
 By duteous bards, or by just taste admired.

“ ‘Go, energetic Sonnet, go,’ he cried,  
 ‘And be the test of skill :—for rhymes that flow  
 Regardless of thy rules, their destined guide,  
 Yet take thy name : ah, let the boasters know  
 That with strict sway my jealous laws preside,  
 While I no wreaths on *rebel* verse bestow.’ ”

This humbly professes to be no more than a translation, but in reality it is only suggested by the famous lines 82-96 of the second canto of Boileau's *Art Poétique*, where he pretends that Apollo

“ Voulant pousser à bout tous les rimeurs François,  
 Inventa du sonnet les rigoureuses loix ;  
 Voulut qu'en deux quatrains de mesure pareille  
 La rime avec deux sons frappât huit fois l'oreille,  
 Et qu'ensuite six vers artistement rangés  
 Fussent en deux tercets par le sens partagés.  
 Surtout de ce poème il bannit la licence,  
 Lui même en mesure le nombre et la cadence,  
 Défendit qu'un vers faible y pût jamais entrer  
 Ni qu'un mot déjà mis osât s'y remontrer.  
 Du reste il l'enrichit d'une beauté suprême.  
 Un sonnet sans défauts vaut seul un long poème.”

Few lines of the sort are quoted as often as the last of these. Louis Veuillot alludes to it in *his* Sonnet on the Sonnet. I have been greatly surprised and pleased at finding the admiration expressed for Louis Veuillot, even as a poet, by critics evidently unsympathetic and belonging to irreligious cliques.

“ Vous prenez, Lélîo, ce certain air benêt  
 Qui fait que certains jours vous n'êtes plus le même :  
 Vous voilà circonspect, timide, tout en crème . . .  
 Que nous a, cette nuit, couvé votre bounet ?

Ne faites pas le fin, poète ; on vous connaît !  
 Produisez ce chef-d'œuvre et quittez le ton blême.  
 Un sonnet, je parie ? . . Eh bien donc ! Un sonnet,  
 Même avec cent défauts, vaut mieux qu'un long poème.

On aurait tort d'en pondre un millier par saison !  
 Mais le gout du sonnet, bricé par la raison,  
 Est innocent. Bernez les railleurs, gent frivole,

De la rime abondante il corrige l'abus,  
Il met dans un corset la pensée un peu molle,  
Il aide à bien passer le temps en omnibus."

No one would care for a translation of that, except someone who could translate it for himself; therefore, as time and space are running short, let us pass on to another French sonnet on the Sonnet, by a contemporary poet, Auguste Brizeux :—

"Pétrarque, au doux sonnet je fus longtemps rebelle,  
Mais toi, divin Toscan, chaste et voluptueux,  
Tu choisis, évitant tout rythme impetueux,  
Pour ta belle pensée une forme humble et belle.

Ton poème aujourd'hui par des charmes m'appelle :  
Vase étroit mais bien clos, coffret plaisir des yeux,  
D'où exhale un parfum subtil, mystérieux,  
Que Laure respirait, le soir, dans la chapelle.

Aux souplesses de l'art ta grâce se plaisait ;  
Maitre, tu souriras si ma muse rurale  
Et libre a fait ployer la forme magistrale :

Puis, sur le tour léger de l'Etrusque, naissait,  
Docile à varier la forme antique et sainte,  
L'urne pour les parfums, ou le miel, ou l'absinthe."

This also it is best to leave untranslated, except in as far as it may be represented by Charles Tomlinson's "Apology for Translating Petrarch" :—

"The dark-eyed stranger from yon sunny clime,  
An exile 'neath our colder, cloudier skies,  
For native brightness, native gladness sighs,  
And the soft speech that yields the softer rhyme ;  
Sighs for the Love he knew in happier time,  
In the responsive sunshine of her eyes ;  
Sighs 'mid the coldness of the worldly-wise  
Who dull their sense of beauty in their prime.  
So these sweet sonnets in my rougher speech,  
As exiles, lose their native loveliness,  
The tones unheard of Dante's, Petrarch's lyre ;  
But should they lead thee upwards till thou reach  
Their burning source, to greater from much less,  
I need not blush for my reflected fire."

A writer in *The Westminster Review* has remarked that "the Sonnet is beginning to take the same place amongst us, making allowance for altered circumstances, as the epigram did with the Greeks." A proof of its popularity, at least with sonnet-writers, may be discovered in the fact that, although in these papers we have confined ourselves strictly to one little nook of the sonnet-world, we have by no means reached the end of our resources, but must endeavour to find space and patience (the patience not our own) for a fifth batch of Sonnets on the Sonnet.

M. R.

---

#### NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. "A Vision of Ireland, and Other Poems," by Eugene Davis ("Owen Roe"), is printed and published in a very tasteful volume of a hundred and fifty pages by Sealy, Bryers, and Walker, Middle Abbey Street, Dublin, and it introduces to us the third Irish poet of the name of Davis—Thomas Davis, of Mallow, Francis Davis "the Belfast man" (not by birth), and now Eugene Davis, a native of Clonakilty, in the county Cork,\* and brother of the Rev. Charles Davis, P.P., of Cape Clear, so widely known for his exertions on behalf of the Irish fishermen, in conjunction with that benevolent lady, Baroness Burdett Coutts. In half a page of preface we are told that nearly all these poems were "written during the author's sojourn on the Continent, in the rare intervals of leisure from a pressman's busy life." If Ireland was out of sight, she certainly was not out of mind. The thought of her inspires what is best in these pages. The love-songs do not seem to be particularly good of their kind; and wherever the name of a Greek or Roman god or goddess turns up, the stanza is pretty sure to be forced and frigid. But the

\* From a biographical note, evidently written on the best authority (for it mentions as his birthday, March 23, 1857) in Mr. Daniel Connolly's Household Library of Irish Poets (New York, 1887), we find that Mr. Eugene Davis began with the same aspirations as Callanan and some other poets. "He studied for the priesthood in Dublin, in Belgium, and in Paris; but, having discovered that that was not his vocation, he adopted the career of a journalist, and has been widely connected with the American, Irish, and Continental press."

best are the patriotic strains, which, as the poet says, "owe whatever minimum of inspiration they may possess to a loving study of Ireland's past, and to an undying faith in the glory and happiness of Ireland's future." The poems are all short, the longest being put first, and filling up only seven pages. "Owen Roe"—that used to be the poet's *nom de plume*—is always sternly in earnest. There is none of the somewhat patronizing playfulness of Alfred Graves, or of the more spontaneous fun of that promising young poet, Francis Fahy. The only time his muse relaxes into Irish roguishness is when celebrating, with considerable success, the fascinations of the Widow Maginn. There are many traces in this volume of the influence of the contemporary school of French poets. But we must reserve a more detailed study of our newest Irish Poet.

2. The Sisters of Mercy all over the wide earth are to be congratulated on having found their Crétineau Joly in one of their own members. When the chronicler of an order is an outsider, like the lively French historian of the Society of Jesus, he is liable, even with the best intentions, to misunderstand many things. Mother Teresa Austin Carroll, a native of Clonmel, has for many years worked energetically as a Sister of Mercy in the Southern States of the American Republic, as foundress and administratrix of several convents in New Orleans and other towns; yet she has found time to compose many books for the innocent amusement and pleasant instruction of childhood, as well as solid biographies of St. Alphonsus, Ven. Clement Hofbauer, and especially of her own spiritual Mother, the Foundress, Catharine Macaulay. About ten years ago she began her chief literary work, "Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy," which even on the titlepage of the second volume was said to be "in three volumes," the first for Ireland, the mother country, the second for England and its colonies, and the third for America. But America refused to be confined within a single volume, and now on the titlepage of the third volume, just published by the Catholic Publication Society of New York, we are promised a fourth volume, to complete the filial undertaking. The new volume is in many respects the most interesting, being the most varied and most novel of the series. It devotes seven chapters to the foundations of the Sisterhood of Mercy in Newfoundland, and no fewer than fifty-one chapters to the United States, yet leaving the story of San Francisco only half told, and nothing said as yet about the vicissitudes and labours of the Sisters in Cincinnati, Baltimore, Hartford, New Orleans, and other important centres in the great Republic. Our readers have happily had opportunities of knowing what a winning style Mother Austin Carroll has at her disposal; and they will find that she has reached her highest

point in the present volume, brimful as it is of interesting and edifying anecdotes told in the liveliest manner. The concluding volume will, we trust, be furnished with a careful index; but, meanwhile, the admirably summarised headings of the chapters guide our way pleasantly through the very varied contents. The last four chapters are given to San Francisco and its offshoots, and yet, as we have said, there is more to come. The author is bound to let nothing whatsoever interfere with the speedy completion of her task. Her success has been great, and will be greater.

3. A reviewer in *The Month* (June, 1889), says that "to be able to write good stories for children is by no means a common gift, but the author of these tales possesses it." The reviewer is speaking of that reprint from our own pages about a certain Little Snowdrop, to which we refer in another paragraph of these Book Notes; but we now advance the same claim on behalf of a new writer, Miss Mary Catherine Crowley, who gives her book two names, "Merry Hearts and True, Stories from Life" (New York: Sadleir and Co.). We welcome Miss Crowley as a very promising accession to the not over-crowded ranks of Catholic storytellers. She has the additional advantage of having an Irish name and an Irish heart, though we believe that she is a native of Boston. There is just half a-dozen stories in this handsome quarto, with its big type and cover of red and gold. That they are far better than harmless is guaranteed by the fact that *The Ave Maria* has stood as sponsor for them. Their literary merit is high. They are not goody, but really good. What is Miss Crowley going to give us next? We hope it will be as excellent as "Pollie's Five Dollars," the best of these.

4. As we foresee that many books lying on our table must remain unnoticed till "munificent August," we now give precedence over many earlier comers to a volume which has travelled from the Golden Gate. "The Pope and Ireland" (San Francisco: A Waldteufel), is by Mr. S. J. McCormick, editor of *The San Francisco Monitor*, in whose columns the substance of the book appeared. It was meant as a refutation of a work which seems to have been written in a dangerous spirit, but which, perhaps, ought not to have received the compliment of a formal refutation. The form of the present work is somewhat too polemical. Its author has shown learning and industry in discussing the relations between the Holy See and Ireland, from Adrian IV., to Leo XIII., to the last of whom this book is dedicated as a tribute of filial devotion. It reflects great credit on the heart and head of a busy, working newspaper editor.

5. We are glad to notice that *The Graphic* pronounces Miss Clara Mulholland's "Strange Adventures of Little Snowdrop, and Other

Tales" to be "just the sort of a book for a girl in her teens;" *The Tablet* thinks it "a story for which children of various sorts and sizes will return to her their grateful thanks, told as it is with quiet picturesque power, and unfailing interest;" while *The Catholic Household* says that "Little Snowdrop" is "sure to be a favourite with our little ones, a much coveted prize, and a much longed-for birthday gift." It is fair to add that, though the leading tale and the three shorter stories are excellent in their kind, the readableness of the book is very much increased by the garb in which the London Publisher, Mr. Washbourne, has sent Little Snowdrop out on her second term of existence, after the metempsychosis of Paternoster Row.

6. We expressly stated last May that "Lessons from our Lady's Life" (London: Burns and Oates), was not one of those books which are out of season when May is over. Small as it is, it is of quite exceptional merit among recent additions to ascetic literature. A previous work by the same writer ought not to be overlooked, for, with its modest bulk, it has a great deal of substance. The title has, as we chance to know, been misunderstood by several; the "Little Rosary of the Sacred Heart" is in reality a series of very devout and touching meditations on the share taken by the Sacred Heart of Jesus in each of the "mysteries" or gospel scenes commemorated in the Rosary. In a recent advertisement of this book it is plainly stated that the author is Mrs. Francis Blundell. May we further recommend the two excellent books named in this paragraph, by identifying the chronicler of "Molly's Fortunes" with the writer of them both?

7. We have before us four numbers of *The Xavier*, edited by the Students of St. Francis Xavier's, New York, each of the four very different from the rest in external appearance—the ordinary number for February, with no cover but a sheet of advertisements, and then the Commencement Number for 1888, the Christmas Number, and the Centennial Number, an ascending climax as regards gaiety of cover. The contents are very varied, and must be of absorbing interest to the young lads on the spot, since they have a charm for old fogies thousands of miles away.

8. We have also received an ordinary and an extraordinary Number of the College Journal which the students of Georgetown have kept up for seventeen years. The extraordinary Number has been brought out very sumptuously, in honour of the Centenary of Georgetown University, and contains the odes and addresses delivered on that occasion, as well as the congratulations, chiefly in Latin, received from nearly all the Universities of Europe and America.

9. "The Science of Work at the Intermediate Examinations," by Mr. John H. M'Kean, Professor of Classics and Modern Languages (Dublin: Keating & Co.), is No. 1 of a series to bear the general title of "How to Succeed at the Intermediate." This sixpenny tract gives very useful suggestions to the boys and girls who now-a-days, like the eels, are getting used to being flayed alive at competitive examinations of all sorts. Mr. M'Kean offers his advice with much earnestness and clearness, and we are sure he will be afforded an opportunity of supplying anything that he may have omitted. Here is a very minute detail suggested to us by one-sided experience. The Examiner has, of course, the paper of numbered questions to refer to, and it would be much worse than waste of time and space for the candidate to repeat any part of the question, except as far as it must be incorporated in the answer. Now the point we would suggest is, to modify the advice which Mr. M'Kean quotes with warm approval from Dr. P. W. Joyce. On referring, however, to page 27, it seems to refer chiefly to questions in arithmetic and mathematics: put yourself in good humour by answering first the easy questions, and then attempt the others in the ascending order of their difficulty. Our modification is, not to derange the order of the questions, but to begin your paper by at least assigning a small space to the answer to the first question, and so to the rest as they occur, even if you write nothing there at first, but hurry on to No. 2, or No. 3, on which you are better informed. When you turn back to the questions thus passed over, you may find the space left blank too short for what you have got to say; if so, you can easily refer to the place where you continue your answer. This little precaution about not wholly passing any one of the questions, will save the Examiner from imagining that some question has been omitted, when in reality it has only been postponed. We trust the Publishers will take measures next year to bring this useful essay under the notice of those for whom it is intended, for we fear it has been brought out too late to be of much service to the youthful candidates of 1889.

10. The next few sentences are not intended to be taken as criticism, but are merely inserted like one of those paragraphs in newspapers to which editors take care to append, as a warning, the contraction "*Ado.*" Our convent readers are so busy that they do not always scan with sufficient care our advertisement pages, and therefore, in our June Number, we ought to have called their attention specially to a piece of music which was particularly seasonable during the Month of the Sacred Heart, namely, the devout and beautiful music to which Mr. John Glynn, Organist of the Church of St. Francis Xavier, Upper Gardiner Street, Dublin, has set a hymn for

the First Fridays, by the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J., beginning "To Thee, O Heart of Jesus!" The Publishers are Pohlmann and Co., 40 Dawson Street, Dublin. This "First Friday Hymn for Two Voices" is specially intended for Convent Choirs. May it have the good fortune of being often sung by the pure and holy voices that are practising for heaven, the children in convent schools especially.

11. Messrs. Benziger (New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago) has published a devout little tract, "The Will of God," translated from the French by M. A. M.; and "Catholic Worship," questions and answers about the sacraments, ceremonies, and festivals of the Church, translated from the German of Father Gisler by the Rev. Richard Brennan, LL.D. These are in paper covers; but in the neatest possible binding comes "The Little Breviary of the Sacred Heart of Jesus" (London: Burns & Oates). It is compiled from the writings of Blessed Margaret Mary, and translated by Miss Hopper. Messrs. James Duffy & Sons, of Dublin, have brought out a new edition of the Roman Missal, for the use of the laity. The addition of the newest Masses at the end will hinder many from noticing a very interesting set of translations of the chief liturgical hymns. The translators are not named, as, we think, they ought to have been, seeing that they are Denis Florence MacCarthy, James Clarence Mangan, and Judge O'Hagan. It is a pity that Mangan's *Te Deum* was not rather reprinted from THE IRISH MONTHLY, Vol. 15, page 464, where a thoroughly competent hand has supplied some omissions left in Clarence Mangan's version.

12. "A Handbook of Humility" (London: Burns and Oates), from the Italian of an Oratorian, Father Franchi, is a large treatise of more than three hundred pages, very devout and practical.

13. Mr. Orby Shipley has begun a series of reprints of old English Ascetic Books, with an extremely tasteful edition of a book of meditations, printed by Father Thomas Carre of Douay, in 1668—"Sweet Thoughts of Jesus and Mary" (London: Burns and Oates). The book is full of unction, and will delight many souls in its new dress.

14. "The Lord's Prayer, and the Hail Mary," is the name of seven short and very pious tales for the young, by Mr. Edward Cox, published with Mr. Washbourne's usual taste. Most people will prefer a true story, like the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott's excellent sketch of Mary Stuart, published by the Catholic Truth Society.

15. We can only name a pamphlet of seventy pages, containing the evidence submitted by the Rev. David Humphreys, C.C., to the Commissioners of the Educational Endowment (Ireland) Act (Dublin:



M. H. Gill & Son). It is a solid contribution to the Irish Education Question.

16. "The Little Companion, or a Child's Talks with other Children about Religion," by Lilian Mortimer (London : Burns and Oates), puzzles us a little. It is a paper-covered quarto of only 28 pages, the last of which is left partially blank for the filling in of these items : *This book belongs to [name, age, godfather, godmother, date of first confession and first communion, patron saints, favourite text or maxim]*, and then two places left for other entries. It is a wonder that a book supposed to end with this interesting record, is not produced in quite a different form. Are the nine small chapters written by the very young person who is put forward as their author? Simplicity of style is a hard accomplishment, and beginners are not fond of small and simple words. Yet a grown-up person could hardly have written some of the pages. The few pictures are fortunately much better than our Catholic children are often treated to.

17. Sir John Croker Barrow has published, through Burns and Oates, the second of the three parts of "Mary of Nazareth," bringing the sacred story down to the parting between the Mother and the Son, when our Divine Redeemer leaves Mary to go and begin the three years of His public ministry. The praise we bestowed on the beginning of the poem is fully deserved by this continuation. It is not a great poem, but it is a good poem. Besides the critics, several bishops have expressed their appreciation of the first part of "Mary of Nazareth," the most precise and important criticism being from one who will not thus welcome the second part, the late Archbishop Ullathorne, who says : "What I admire in the poem is the unity of solemnity in adoration, with the sweet flow of the verse, together with an orthodoxy that avoids the extravagance of apocryphal books."

---

AUGUST, 1889.

---

ST. PATRICK AND THE MONASTERY OF LERINS.

WITHIN an hour's sail from the French coast, are the two islands of Lerins, that of St. Marguerite, with which is associated the cruel history of the Man in the Iron Mask, and that of St. Honoratus, one of the great centres of learning and sanctity in the early ages of Christendom. The latter is doubly dear to the Irish pilgrim, because here St. Patrick spent nine years in preparation for the great task of his life.

The founder of Lerins was a young nobleman of Toul, named Honoratus, who renounced worldly pleasures, and settled here as a hermit in the fourth century, about the year 375. The island, however, was devoid of fresh water, and much infested with snakes. At his prayers a spring of water gushed forth from the rock, and before long he had driven all the snakes into the sea. To the present day the island is free from reptiles, although the adjacent one of St. Marguerite is full of them. The spring is, moreover, the only one of fresh water, all the wells dug in other parts proving salty and unfit for use.

Such was the fame of his piety, that Honoratus soon saw himself surrounded by numbers of disciples from all parts of Gaul, and, in the fifth century, Lerins shone as a star of the first magnitude, while the barbarians ravaged Europe. St. Maximus, St. Hilary, St. Patrick, St. Apollinaris, St. Valerian, St. Vincent, St. Lupus, St. Eucherius, and other great prelates were educated here while St. Honoratus was still living, and it is recorded that when St. Patrick was going to evangelize Ireland, St. Honoratus gave him as a present the staff with which he had expelled the

snakes from the island. St. Augustine, the Apostle of England, also spent some time here, and in the eighth century three monks of Lerins were successively made Popes.

Meantime neither learning nor piety could protect the island from persecution. St. Aigulphus and thirty-five companions were put to death a short time after the decease of the founder, and, in the year 730, the Saracens massacred St. Porcarius and 500 monks. The monastery, however, soon revived, and before the close of the seventh century the great-grandfather of Charlemagne, St. Arnold of Metz, became an inmate, as well as two other members of the imperial family.

During a thousand years many of the French bishops were selected from monks of Lerins, and at the approach of the French Revolution this place was the first marked out for destruction. The monks were expelled on June 10th, 1788, the bones of the 500 martyrs slain by the Saracens were thrown into the sea, the church was sacked and dismantled, and the cloister converted into a stable. In 1793, the island was sold to an actress, who rebuilt part of the cloister for her residence, the altar-stone of the church being used for a balcony overlooking the sea. About the year 1840, the actress, or her executors, sold the place to an Irish Protestant clergyman, who resided here for some time, but eventually, in 1857, thought of selling it. A gentleman named Augier bought it in his own name, but in reality for the Bishop of Frejus, who resolved to restore it to religion. The ceremony of reconsecration was performed with great splendour on February 9th, 1859, and the Cistercian Order reinstalled under a mitred abbot, by a Bull of Pius IX., on 12th March, 1870.

The above brief history of this holy island will enable my readers to understand our feelings at seeing a spot of such historic interest to all Christians, and especially to children of St. Patriok. The places where great truths were uttered, and are sanctified by martyrs' blood, have an influence more or less powerful according to individual character, and in process of time become so many shrines to be visited by devout pilgrims from afar, and find a response in the manifold sympathies of the human heart. A steamer from Cannes makes two trips daily, calling at St. Marguerite, and landing visitors on a little pier adjacent to St. Honoratus' palm-tree. A winding walk through a wood conducts us to the fields surrounding the monastery, where the monks

cultivate the vegetables which constitute their food. The buildings form an extensive quadrangle, perhaps covering an acre, surrounded by a wall, within which no woman is allowed to enter, and outside which no monk can set foot unless by special permission of the abbot. A spire of 100 feet rises from the centre, surmounting the church, which was restored in 1876. Outside the monastery gate are some rude apartments for the reception of visitors and the use of a coastguard, kept to rescue fishermen or others cast on the island.

Ringing the bell, we begged permission to see Father Paul, well known to English or Irish visitors, and the good father came promptly to see us. He has been five years in the order, having been eighteen years on the mission in London, and came to Cannes in 1884, to die, so broken was his health. Wishing to die on holy ground, he entered the monastery of Lerins, and is now apparently quite strong, looking as if he might yet live there almost as many years as its sainted founder. Father Paul regretted that the rules of the order did not permit him to show me the interior, but he showed my husband over the monastery, and the latter gave me the following particulars :—

Passing the iron gate, which was made by the monks, you see a building which has apartments reserved for the use of bishops visiting the place, and also numbers of cells for postulants or gentlemen coming here to make a retreat. A gallery of 22 arches leads up to the monastery, at the entrance of which are two turrets, the archway supporting a statue of Our Lady. In front of the church is a courtyard, with thirty relics of antiquity in stone. A sepulchral stone bears a Latin inscription to the effect that the "ferocious Lerins erected this monument to himself and family." According to tradition, Lerins, who was a pirate, had resided here many years, ravaged the coasts, and from him the island takes its name. Close by is another slab with the inscription, "Under this stone are the remains of St. Porcarius and 500 monks, slain by the Saracens." The other stones bear the names of abbots, or persons of note, buried here. The church has been several times rebuilt, having been twice burnt by the Saracens, in 730, and 1108, but the building, consecrated in 1360, remained intact till the Revolution of 1789. The present edifice, of 1876, preserves most of the foregoing, and is in fact only a restoration of same.

The high altar is a massive piece of Carrara marble, enclosing

the remains of St. Justin, martyr, recently brought from the catacombs of Calepodius at Rome. It is a splendid piece of workmanship, the gift of Countess Bardi, a Bourbon princess. In front of the tabernacle hangs a large gilt lamp, presented by Mme. Marco del Pont, of Buenos Ayres. Among the other benefactors whose names are recorded in a tablet on a side wall, are the Princess of Wurtemberg, the Duke of Parma, the Countess Caserta, the Duchess of Luynes, Robert Monteith, the Countess of Limerick, Chevalier Colquhomy, and many French prelates. There are sixteen chapels, bearing the names of different saints.

From the church you pass into the cloister, a large quadrangle, with corridors on two sides, and thence into the cemetery, which occupies the site where the Saracens murdered St. Porcarius and his 500 monks. Returning into the cloister you pass on one side the refectory, on another the chapter-hall. The food of the monks is mostly vegetables, for they never eat meat. On holidays, however, they are allowed a little wine. The chapter-hall is decorated with the portraits of the most distinguished Cistercians or friends of the order, viz., St. Bernard, St. Robert, Pope Eugenius III., St. Patrick, St. Malachy of Armagh, St. Honoratus, St. Hilary, &c.; also with the arms of the six Cistercian Military Orders, the Knights Templars, those of Alcantara, Calatrava, &c.

The monks' cells are all alike, thirteen feet long by ten wide, with a rude bed, a chair, a table, a book shelf, a kneeling stool, a crucifix, a statue of Our Lady, and pictures of St. Joseph and St. Bernard. The silence is only broken by the beating of the waves on the shore, which gives a feeling of repose. The monks only speak on Sundays, during a short recreation of forty minutes after their noon-day dinner. There are altogether about fifty monks, and a portion of them are exclusively occupied in the Orphanage, where they have thirty boys learning all manner of trades, especially printing. For the support of this institution, which stands about 200 yards outside the cloister, facing the neighbouring island of St. Marguerite, the people of Cannes give the monks an annual subsidy.

When Father Paul returned with my husband to the gate, he met Father Louis, who had also been a priest in England, and is now an inmate of Lerins, and introduced us to him. He also came here to die, having been given over by the doctors, and is now convalescent.

One of the wonders of Lerins is the Magnificat, handsomely bound, printed in 150 languages, each page beautifully illuminated. The version in antique Irish characters was done by Father Paul, who told us that these characters were merely old Roman. We had thought that the Erse characters were oriental. He said that he had tried some of the people of the country about Cannes, and found they could read them perfectly, without, of course, knowing the meaning of the words. The monks have the Magnificat also in Guarani and Guichua languages, formerly spoken from the Gulf of Mexico to Patagonia. Many of the convent records and manuscripts have survived Saracens and Republican persecutors. There is a letter from Pope Gregory to the abbot, thanking him for a present of silver spoons sent by St. Augustine (of Canterbury), when that missionary was returning to Rome for his final instructions before setting out to convert pagan England.

It was with much regret that we bade adieu to the monastery, and retraced our steps towards the pier. The memory of St. Patrick rises up before one at each turn of the road. Many a time did he say his office as he walked up and down in this pine wood, his eyes resting on yonder picturesque range of the Esterel mountains, as the setting sun sank behind them, and as often did he think of that western island, that "gem" set in the Atlantic, with which his name was to be for ever associated. When we think of the prelates that Ireland has given to the Church, the missionaries that she has sent to distant lands, the learning and holiness that distinguished her in ancient times, and the heroism and constancy with which her people have maintained the Faith through centuries of persecution, we can form some idea of the great work accomplished by the Monk of Lerins, the glorious St. Patrick.

Night was falling as we quitted the island, which prevented us from visiting the square tower erected by the monks against Saracens and pirates. We passed under its massive walls, strong and imposing after 800 years, but now open to all the winds of heaven. Many terrible vicissitudes have passed over Lerins, but we could hear the monks singing Vespers in their church the same as 1,500 years ago, and we felt that this little island was a visible image of the Church of God, which will last to the end of time.

MARION MULHALL.

## HOMER.

THE things of earth soon perish—all, save one,  
 The word begotten of the poet's soul;  
*That shall not die till o'er life's self there roll*  
 The dark seas silent of oblivion.

For lo! Poseidon, building Ilion,

And he whose splendours dim the starry pole,

Labour'd to rear 'gainst Time one mighty mole,—

And now, where are thy towers, Laomedon?

But Homer brooding by the wind-swept shore

That once knew Troy, and heroes, kings, and wars

In the archetypal mind revolving, he

Lifted the chant creative, and the stars

Looked down to see, transfigured, rise once more

A Troy that yields but to eternity.

I. D.

## MOLLY'S FORTUNES.

## CHAPTER XII.

## A "VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT."

BEFORE Molly was dressed on the following morning, there came a tap at her door, and, on obtaining the requisite permission, a short, round-faced, middle-aged woman entered the room, bearing on a tray a large white cup full of coffee, and a buttered roll.

"Mademoiselle's breakfast," announced this person, who forthwith introduced herself as "Justine, maid to Madame la comtesse," and expressed her willingness to serve "mademoiselle" whenever the latter should desire it.

"I hope Madame de Treilles is better this morning," said Molly, politely.

Justine thanked her; yes, Madame la comtesse was for the moment better—"if it would only last," she added, with a funny twinkle in her eye.

"She is very delicate, I suppose," remarked the girl, compassionately.

"Delicate!" ejaculated Justine, turning up her eyes. "Just heaven—has she not had all the doctors in the country? Does she not drink gallons of medicine? and as for pills, truly she has swallowed as many as would pave a street. Mademoiselle can judge if she be delicate."

She nodded her head with the whimsical expression which Molly had remarked before, and deposited her tray on the table. Then pausing at the door to wish the girl "good appetite," she retired, leaving her new acquaintance somewhat puzzled.

When the coffee and bread and butter, which proved excellent, had been disposed of, Molly came downstairs, wondering much when she was to enter on her new duties. She had provided herself with some sewing, and installed herself under a tree in the garden, in full view of the window from which M. de Sauvigny had descried her on the preceding day, rightly supposing that he would call her when her services were required.

In due course she did hear the sound of rapid steps, and raising her eyes, beheld the baron approaching.

"My sister is better this morning," he said, after a stiff bow, and a few words of greeting, "and would like to see you now."

"I am quite ready," answered Molly, springing to her feet, and hastily collecting her working materials. But the tall, square-shouldered figure stood still in front of her, the face wearing a curious, doubtful, anxious expression that touched her with a feeling of compassion.

"Do you want to tell me anything?" she said impulsively, her usual instinct of helpfulness overcoming the awe with which this man inspired her; and then she paused, wondering at her own audacity.

But he was not angry; on the contrary, as he caught the momentary sympathy in the pretty blue eyes, a sudden something akin to gratitude leaped into his own, speedily lost, however, in their customary gloom.

"You are very young," he said almost querulously. "I did not expect you to be so young."

Molly humbly apologised for this undeniable fact, but added that she hoped she was not too young to do her duty.

"My sister is very weak, and suffers much," said the baron, after a pause, "and it is not always easy to entertain her." Here he



hesitated, gazing dubiously at Molly. "You will require courage and—great patience, Miss Mackenzie."

"I have plenty of courage," she returned, "and I don't think I could be anything but patient with an invalid."

"Brave words!" commented M. de Sauvigny; but whether he intended to be sarcastic or not the girl could not discover. After another moment's earnest scrutiny of her face, he turned sharply and led the way to the château.

The countess's room was on the first floor, and looked out on the park. Justine opened the door on hearing them approach, but closed it when they had entered, carefully replacing the heavy *portière*. The room was almost unendurably close, both windows being not only shut, but piped round with india-rubber so as to exclude even a chance breath of air; a small fire burned in the grate, though the morning sunshine was sufficiently overpowering. In an alcove in the corner stood the bed, curtained round so that Madame la comtesse might slumber secure from draughts, while the sofa on which she actually reposed was surrounded by screens. A row of medicine bottles stood on the chimney-piece, and two or three others, and a dessert spoon and wine-glass, were arranged on the small table by her side. Madame de Treilles was a tall, thin woman, evidently considerably older than her brother; her faded face had once been handsome, her large eyes even now possessing a certain plaintive beauty, but her pallid complexion, and peevish expression, counterbalanced their attractiveness. She wore a loose, and not particularly clean, *peignoir* of grey stuff, but her blond hair, which appeared unusually abundant, was dressed with some amount of care, not to say elaborateness.

M. de Sauvigny introduced Molly, and then withdrew behind his sister's couch, whence he surveyed the pair with furtive anxiety.

"I have never had a companion before," remarked Madame de Treilles languidly, in French; "but my brother thinks you may amuse me. Do you think you can amuse me?"

"I will try," said poor Molly, with a sinking heart.

"I am so bored!" sighed the countess. "I am *splende, splende!* Oh la, la! how bored I am!"

"It *must* be very dull lying here all day," returned Molly, compassionately, "such lovely weather, too. Do you never manage to get out? It would do you good."

"Mademoiselle is right. I am sure it would be a good thing," urged the baron's deep voice from the corner.

"What dost thou know about it, Raoul?" cried his sister irritably.

"Thou hast never had a day's ill health in thy life. I tell thee it kills

me to go out. The last time I went out, to please thee, I coughed—heavens, how I coughed! Did I not cough, Justine?”

“Certainly, Madame la comtesse coughed,” assented Justine, “she coughed every time she thought of it.”

“But what can you do to amuse me?” asked Madame de Treilles, again turning to Molly.

“Shall I read to you?” suggested the latter diffidently.

“*Mon Dieu!* there are no books. I have already finished those from the library, and the fresh supply does not come till next week.”

“Would you like to play cards, then, or dominoes?” seeing a box of the latter on the table.

“No,” said the countess, snappishly. “I dialike cards, and I am tired of dominoes. How many games of dominoes did we play yesterday, Justine?”

“Seven, Madame la comtesse,” responded the abigail imperturbably.

Molly was at her wit's end. What on earth was she to do with this woman? The task of providing her with entertainment appeared more and more difficult, especially as the lack-lustre eyes were now half-closed, and the whole face composed into an expression of deadly lassitude.

“Je m'ennuie!” murmured Madame de Treilles, hopelessly. “Je m'ennuie à périr!”

“Can you not think of something to amuse her?” put in Raoul impatiently from his corner.

“I'll sing to you,” cried Molly, desperately. “Yes, I'll sing—if you don't like it you can tell me to stop.”

In another moment the sweet, clear voice trilled out through the room, a little tremulous at first, but becoming gradually more assured.

Looking up at the close of her ditty, she saw the baron gazing fixedly at her with an expression which she could not fathom.

“Very pretty!” said the countess; “*hein*, Raoul? She sings well. Sing again, if you please, mademoiselle.”

Molly sang again, and again, and again, Madame de Treilles' expressions of satisfaction being more and more animated. Finally she stretched out one of her pale hands to her brother.

“My dear Raoul,” she said, “what a good idea thou hast had! I wonder”—turning to Molly, and examining her with pleased curiosity, much as a child investigates a new toy—“I wonder what *else* you can do. Could you tell me anything that would make me laugh?”

Molly, strung up to the last pitch of nervous excitement, and keenly conscious of the dark observant eyes in the corner, felt for a moment as if such an achievement were beyond her strength. After a

pause, however, rallying her courage, she related the first anecdote that came into her head, which, to her great delight, had the desired effect. Mme. la comtesse did actually laugh; and Justine, standing with folded arms at the foot of her mistress's couch, cackled long and noisily; but the baron uttered no sound, and Molly did not dare to glance in his direction.

"Go on," said the countess, a faint smile lingering about her mouth, while her eyes were fixed expectantly on the new acquisition. And Molly went on, her face white, her voice trembling, her little hands pressed tightly together on her lap. Never in all her life had she been through such an ordeal. The heat, the heavy, close atmosphere of the room, the necessity of speaking in a strange tongue, rendered the task of being "funny to order" even more difficult. It speaks well not only for her spirit and courage, but for her cleverness, that she did manage to keep her hearers amused for almost half-an-hour. Personal reminiscences, scraps from her favourite authors, odds and ends of stories that she had picked up she knew not how, she made such use of these now as she could, her natural sense of humour rendering the selection judicious, and her delivery being, in its quaint simplicity, wholly graceful and charming. Now and then, when the jest particularly tickled her own fancy, she would altogether forget her shyness: the pretty face would dimple into smiles, the eyes sparkle with fun; once she laughed outright—young, fresh laughter, very delightful to hear. But at last she came to a standstill:—"I really can't think of anything else just now," she observed deprecatingly.

Madame de Treilles pouted, and was about to remonstrate, when her brother interposed.

"True, Miss Mackenzie must be tired. Remember, Madeleine, she has not yet got over the fatigue of her long journey."

"She has been here since yesterday ——"

"Yes, only since yesterday: she needs rest. She would now like a turn in the fresh air, I daresay."

Before Molly had recovered from her astonishment at this unexpected display of consideration, M. de Sauvigny rose, crossed the room, and opened the door, gazing at her meaningly, as though advising her to make her escape forthwith.

But Madame de Treilles caught at her skirts as she passed.

"You will make me laugh again to-morrow, will you not?" she said, clinging to her with long frail fingers.

"Yes," answered the poor child, gently disengaging herself, and slipping away hastily, lest her trembling lips and tearful eyes might augur ill of the expected entertainment.

"I really think," she said to herself when the cool garden breezes were fanning her temples, and the tranquillity of her surroundings had somewhat calmed her nerves, "I really think this is the hardest work I could have undertaken. To play the buffoon for hours at a time, to hold myself in readiness to conduct a sort of 'variety entertainment' at any given moment, is rather more than I bargained for! I think I shall earn my twenty pounds!"

Then she fell to speculating about Madame de Treilles; was she really as ill as her brother seemed to think, or was she something of an imaginary invalid? Justine's manner had more or less hinted at the latter. One thing was certain: she was an eminently weak-minded and selfish woman.

"Yet her brother seems devoted to her," mused Molly. "He is even more of an enigma than she is. However, now that he has introduced me to Madame de Treilles, I don't suppose I shall see much more of him, so I needn't bother my head about *him*."

Nevertheless, whether because she had at that moment nothing particular to do, or because, against her will, the contradictoriness of the baron's character puzzled and interested her, her thoughts would keep wandering back to him, and she asked herself endless questions, which she was totally unable to answer. How was it that M. de Sauvigny came to speak such good English, when his sister was apparently quite ignorant of that tongue; how came he indeed to give evidence of so many English characteristics—those self-same unamiable characteristics with which it is the delight of foreigners to reproach the Briton? Why was he so melancholy, so morose, so irritable, and at the same time so wonderfully solicitous about his sister, and so affectionate—to his dog? Then, after treating her, Molly, with persistent coldness, not to say incivility, why did he suddenly come to her rescue just as her fortitude was about to give way?

"He is very queer," was Molly's verdict; "but I don't think he is so bad after all!"

When next they met at "déjeuner," M. de Sauvigny was as gloomy and taciturn as ever. Madame la comtesse, with a knitted shawl over her head, and another wrapped round her shoulders, joined them at this repast, regaling them throughout with a ceaseless flow of lamentation: the food, the weather, and her own health being all complained of in a monotonous whine, which exasperated Molly beyond measure, but which the baron endured in sombre patience. Finally, Madame de Treilles fell to recounting the details of a peculiarly distressing case of illness which she had read of in that day's paper, and which, she declared, exactly corresponded with her symptoms.

"Dost thou know, Raoul? I believe it is that which is the matter with me."

"Yes, yes; very likely," assented Raoul, with astonishing calmness. Molly subsequently discovered that the countess was in the habit of hunting up unusual and horrible diseases, each being in turn, as she was convinced, *the* malady which was hurrying her to the grave, and that it was a very great insult indeed to appear to doubt the fact. She subsided after this, evidently meditating with a certain satisfaction on her precarious state of health.

M. de Sauvigny silently ate his dinner, and Molly—tried to do the same.

"Mademoiselle scarcely eats more than yesterday," remarked Isidore in a stage whisper, as he removed her plate.

The baron looked up suddenly, and struck the table with his fist:—

"Why the devil does not Jeannette send up food fit to eat?" he cried irritably.

"Exactly what I say!" observed Isidore. "M'sieu le baron will remember? I made the observation yesterday. I also spoke to Jeannette. I even swore a little—like M'sieu le baron himself. I said precisely 'Why the devil?' but"—shrugging his shoulders—"uselessly!"

"And I, then"—moaned Madame de Treilles, awaking from her reverie—"am I not always complaining? Do I not tell thee from morning till night that I cannot eat what thy cook sets before me? *Bon Dieu*, I die of starvation, but thou dost not heed."

Her brother, whose anger appeared to cool as quickly as it had arisen, looked towards her with a troubled, almost pleading expression, but answered nothing.

"I will make you some beef-tea," cried Molly, throwing herself eagerly into the breach, her ready pity being aroused by Raoul's evident distress.

"You!" exclaimed the countess. "Can you really make beef-tea? It is, indeed, most comforting to the stomach. Angel of beneficence, what is it that you cannot do?"

---

## CHAPTER XV.

### A PEEP AT "THE LADIES' JEWEL."

Molly soon found that if in some ways her post was no sinecure, a great deal of time nevertheless hung heavily on her hands. Not only did Madame de Treilles take a *siesta* for two or three hours in the afternoon, and go to bed immediately after dinner (which meal,

moreover, she frequently partook of in her own room), but on the occasions of her "crises," or nervous attacks, admitted no one, except Justine, to her presence. Molly, left to her own resources, would wander about the great, lonely house, and the wilderness of garden, occasionally descending to the kitchen, where she concocted sundry delicacies for Madame de Treilles, much to the admiration of Jeannette, the stout, rosy-faced, peasant-cook, and sometimes assisting Justine to mend the house linen. She rarely saw M. de Sauvigny, who spent most of his time in the turret-room from which he had first espied her, a sort of office or study, very comfortless and untidy, as she perceived one day when she passed the open door, littered with papers, and with a great desk in one of the windows. When they did meet, however, he was invariably civil, and during the tête-à-tête dinners, which she had at first so much dreaded, made some effort to entertain her.

"He is grateful to me for being good to his sister," thought Molly, and she was not far from the truth. The baron had not given her credit originally for so much energy and perseverance, and her unvarying cheerfulness and devotion to her sickly charge had raised her high in his estimation.

The only event of any importance which took place during the first weeks of her stay, was a flying visit paid to the château by the young Count de Treilles, who was about, as he wrote, to undertake "un petit voyage d'agrément," and dutifully came first to take leave of his mother and uncle.

Madame la comtesse fell forthwith into the wildest state of excitement, and extensive preparations were made to receive the distinguished visitor. One of the great dingy salons was thrown open, and the furniture uncovered and polished; Madame de Treilles even discarded her dressing gown, and arrayed in crackling silk wandered up and down between the windows and the fire-place of the above-named room, for at least an hour before his arrival.

"Look, look, Mademoiselle," she cried, as at last the sound of wheels was heard, and a hired carriage drove up to the house. "Come to the window, and look at my son. See, he is handsome—is he not? It is no wonder he is the idol of Parisian society: 'Le Bijou des Dames,' as they call him. Ah, he is looking up, he sees me. *Bonjour, Gaston; bonjour, darling!*"

She stood on tip-toe, half-laughing, and half-crying, waving her hand, blowing kisses, and evidently beside herself with delight, while the young man, after glancing up with a bright smile, and affectionately kissing his hand to her, leisurely superintended the removal of his portmanteau, from the vehicle, and paid the driver.

In another minute or two he was in the room, and kissing his mother tenderly on both cheeks, subsequently submitting to be embraced and wept over for about five minutes, while he surreptitiously took stock of Molly over his parent's shoulder.

Though not altogether an Adonis, he was certainly a good-looking young man; blue-eyed and fair-haired, with a mobile, expressive face, and a pleasant smile, displaying exceedingly white teeth. He was of medium height, slight and erect, and was dressed well, but without foppishness.

After a few minutes Molly made her escape, feeling herself "de trop" in this reunion, and went out to the garden, whither, however, to her surprise, Mr. Gaston followed her in about half-an-hour.

"My mother is fatigued," he remarked, "and I have persuaded her to lie down till dinner time. I come to breathe the fresh air—oh, the delightful purity and sweetness of this country air! How it invigorates one! How it calms and refreshes one after the heated atmosphere of town!"

He threw back his uncovered head, and sniffed up the cool breeze extatically; Molly innocently wondered why, since he found country air so beneficial, he did not breathe it a little oftener.

For some time he walked up and down beside her, praising the trees, the singing of the birds, the scent of the flowers, in his beautiful Parisian French, which Molly found very pleasant to hear, though, from its apparent redundancy of *r*'s, and the great rapidity with which it was spoken, not very easy to follow. Once, indeed, she missed the gist of a remark, and he obligingly repeated it for her, with an apology for being unable to talk in her native tongue.

"My uncle speaks English very well, I believe; does he not?" he added. "But then he was educated in England, and for two or three years was *attaché de Légation* in London."

"Was he?" cried Molly, amazed.

"What, did you not know, mademoiselle? My uncle was brought up to be a diplomatist, and, had he persevered, would probably be now ambassador extraordinary, or minister plenipotentiary somewhere or another; but circumstances arose—ah, you did not know? I am surprised."

"No, I had not heard."

"*Tenez!*" said Gaston, whose quick glance had been sweeping the frontal of the house, "there is *justement* our diplomatist at the window." He wafted an airy kiss from his finger-tips to the baron, who treated him to a grave nod in return, and remained surveying the couple with an intentness which Molly found embarrassing.

"Ah, you had not heard that my uncle had been in diplomacy?"

repeated M. de Treilles, "and you did not guess, mademoiselle? That astonishes me. I should have said the fact accused itself. Only to look at him, for example"—turning his head on one side, and glancing critically at the figure in the window—"ce petit air vif et éveillé qu'il a, and then"—as his relative with a final frown jerked down the window and turned away—"those insinuating manners!"

Molly could not help laughing, and yet the speech jarred upon her. At dinner, however, she was obliged to admire the gaiety and good-humour which M. de Treilles preserved under somewhat trying circumstances. Never had Molly seen the baron in so unpleasant a mood; his face wore its most "kill-joy" expression, his manner was absolutely bearish, and save to laugh sardonically to himself, or to gibe at his nephew, he did not open his lips. Meanwhile the latter prattled and laughed, was affectionate to his mother, entertaining to Molly, imperturbably serene towards Raoul. Molly was both amused and attracted; there was something so frank, so blithe, so ingenuous about this young sprig of nobility; he had such a quaint and piquant way of saying things, and his mirth was so infectious.

"So thou art going away?" said Madame de Treilles, all at once, with a little pout that might have been fascinating on less elderly lips. "Thou art about to leave us, naughty boy? And whither art thou going?"

"Ah, little mother, my ideas are of the vaguest. Geography is a study that I never could master. For me the globe is divided into two parts: Paris—and the rest of the world. I quit the one, and the other is before me."

"Perhaps by a little effort your memory may improve," sneered M. de Sauvigny. "Who knows? You may even recollect the existence of an obscure foreign resort called Homburg."

"Ah, who knows?" repeated Gaston lightly. "Now that you mention it, my uncle, I verily do remember there is such a place."

"It is possible that you may revisit it?"

"As you say," returned Gaston, blandly, "it is quite possible."

"Homburg is a charming place," said Madame de Treilles, dreamily. "I have been there formerly. It is a place where one amuses oneself well—when one has plenty of money."

"It is easy to amuse oneself anywhere, and under any circumstances, if one only sets about it in the right way," remarked her son oracularly. "As to money—that is doubtless a good thing in itself, but one can do without it."

"Dame!" said the baron so suddenly, not to say violently, as to make this expletive, in itself sufficiently innocent, sound as naughty as its English homonym.



"Oh, I assure you," pursued Gaston, serenely addressing himself to the redoubtable *Croquemitaine*, "it is a most mistaken idea to suppose that riches help one to get on in the world. *Mon Dieu!* so many people are rich now-a-days *ça n'a plus de cachet*. Poverty is respectable—up to a certain point."

"I quite agree with you—*up to a certain point*," returned his uncle severely. "When that limit is passed, not only does one cease to be respectable, but one loses one's self-respect."

"Well said!" cried the young man admiringly. "Very prettily said! Eh, mother? Do you not think so, mademoiselle? But he is a Demosthenes, my uncle!"

He gently clapped his hands, still gazing at M. de Sauvigny with an expression of innocent satisfaction, while the latter looked for a moment as if it would have afforded him the keenest pleasure to have rapped his obliging relative on the head.

What between Gaston's flashes of irony, and the thunder-cloud which sat on the baron's brow, there was a decidedly stormy feeling in the air, and Molly was not sorry when she was permitted to retire. M. de Sauvigny also withdrew to his room, but Madame de Treilles and her son remained in close conversation until long after the latter's usual bed-time.

Early on the following day, Gaston left the château, being obliged, as he said, to return to Paris to finish his preparations for departure.

Madame de Treilles, after an affectionate and tearful farewell—postponing her hysterics, however, till a more convenient moment—betook herself to the window, so as to see the last of her son.

"*Ah, mon Dieu,*" she cried all at once, as the young man emerged on the steps of the portico, "I forgot to tell him to write to me at once when he reaches his destination. What shall I do? Unfortunate woman that I am, I shall die with anxiety."

"Open the window, and call out to him," suggested Molly.

"Heavens! Do you want to kill me, mademoiselle? No—run down to him—there is yet time—run quickly, and tell him I beseech of him to write immediately."

The girl flew obediently downstairs, but paused as she reached the portico, for M. de Sauvigny was there earnestly talking to Gaston.

"My dear uncle, you really seem to have a poor opinion of my discretion," the latter was saying just as Molly came up.

"I do not reproach you," returned the other hurriedly, "and I do not appeal to you. I know it would be useless. But I wish to remind you that all things have an end. You understand?"

"Certainly; I understand perfectly," said the young man calmly.

"Ah, mademoiselle," removing his hat and turning to Molly, "do you wish to speak to me?"

She gave her message, and received the assurance of his obedience; then standing beside M. de Sauvigny, watched Gaston as he got into the carriage.

"Good-bye, cherished little mother," he cried, waving his hand to the forlorn-looking figure in the upper window. "Au revoir, mademoiselle. Uncle, will you not wish me '*bon voyage*'?"

He turned, with his bright, engaging smile, and extended both hands to Raoul, who, to Molly's surprise, stepping quickly up to the carriage, clasped them warmly.

"All good wishes go with thee," he said huskily.

This was the first time Molly had heard him drop the more formal "vous" in speaking to his nephew, and she glanced up in some surprise. But he stepped past her without another word, and re-entered the house even before the vehicle started.

---

## CHAPTER XVI.

### A GLIMPSE OF A MAN'S HEART.

After its transitory gleam of excitement, the château returned to its normal condition, and had it not been that Madame de Treilles was a trifle more exacting, and her brother more preoccupied since Gaston's visit, everything seemed exactly the same as before. Whether because of her companions' increased unamiability, or because M. de Treilles' presence had imported a certain flavour of the outer world, which enhanced by force of contrast the dreariness of La Pépinière, Molly found it very hard to keep up her spirits during the ensuing weeks.

Notwithstanding the various avocations which she had marked out for herself, she was still often at a loss for employment, and therefore regarded as little short of an inspiration the idea which struck her one day, that she might devote some of her spare time to the improvement of the garden. There was, no doubt, ample room for such, and the physical labour would distract her mind and change the often sad current of her thoughts; but permission must first be obtained. Accordingly, the next time she met M. de Sauvigny, she asked him if he would object to her doing "a little gardening" now and then. He looked astonished, and after a moment rather annoyed.

"I will tell you candidly," he said, with an impatient sigh, "that I cannot afford to buy plants or to pay for labour."

"No," returned Molly, a little taken aback by the seeming ungraciousness, "but you might allow me to work a little. I could trim the roses and tie up the lilies, and weed some of the borders."

"You are very energetic," he said, with actually a smile.

"I don't like to be idle," returned Molly. "Well"—peeping shyly up at him—"may I?"

"You may do any mortal thing you like inside or outside the house," said Raoul. "I give you *carte blanche*—very handsome of me is it not? Seriously, Miss Mackenzie, I only wish I could give you more substantial aid in carrying out your reforms."

A little later he came upon her, perched on a step-ladder, hammer in hand, busily occupied in nailing up one of the wild, wilful, over-luxuriant rose trees, which, with its wealth of blossom, was detached from the house wall. Her sailor-hat lay at her feet, her supply of nails and scraps of cloth being stored inside. Her dainty head, with its ruffled bronze tresses, was turned a little on one side, her lips parted with eagerness, while she worked away as if for dear life, hammering her fingers quite as often as the nails, but making up for all want of skill by an immense amount of good will.

She was so intent on her task that she did not see M. de Sauvigny, who stood for some moments watching her with much amusement. Presently he moved on, still unperceived by her, but paused again at the end of a few paces. It was a shame to be idle while that girl was working so hard to improve his property.

"Can I help you?" he said suddenly, returning to the foot of Molly's ladder.

She looked up, startled, but seeing the laughter in Raoul's eyes, began to laugh too.

"What a lovely little creature she is," he thought, with sudden amazed admiration.

The fact had never struck him in the same way before; he had noticed her beauty, as he had noticed her youth, at first with a certain irritation, considering both to be drawbacks to her under the circumstances. Finding, however, that neither unfitted her for her duties, he had grown to tolerate them, but had certainly not thought more highly of her on account of either. Now, however, as she looked down on him from the top of her ladder, with her bright eyes dancing, and that pretty warm flush on her cheeks, when the little white teeth flashed out, and unexpected dimples were made manifest as she laughed, her young loveliness impressed him altogether differently. It struck him, first of all, with a certain tender compassion, that it was a thousand pities for a creature of that mould to be in such a position; and following swiftly upon this unselfish thought, came

another, less admirable, but quite natural too—so natural in fact, and so human, that Raoul, for many years unused to such, was confounded thereat.

"Take what you can get," it was suggested to him; "not much comes in your way. Here is something beautiful that you may look at as much as you will; a young, bright companionship that you may enjoy; a sweet, innocent nature that you may admire. This is unexpected good luck for you: make the most of it."

For a moment he felt quite agitated, but being accustomed to control himself, betrayed the fact by no sign, and presently repeated his question in gentle tones.

"I think," said Molly, considering a little, "I can manage this better by myself; but if you would like to do some weeding, that would be a very good thing."

Raoul promptly went down on his knees, and began to pull up handfuls of groundsel. Molly continued her hammering; and Ourson, after a pause of astonishment, endeavoured to do a little gardening on his own account, first scratching a huge hole in the border, and then lying down in the middle of the lilies.

Raoul glanced up at Molly now and then, admiring the enthusiasm which she threw into her work, the perseverance with which she coaxed each refractory branch into its allotted place, the unstudied grace her attitudes, her total absence of self-consciousness. It was her way to devote herself heart and soul to whatever she had in hand, and after her first surprise at M. de Sauvigny's unusual graciousness, she almost forgot his presence.

After a time one portion of her task was finished, and, jumping to the ground, she prepared to move her ladder a little further on; but Raoul rose, and shouldered it before she could do so.

"Surely," he said, smiling, "you have worked enough for one day. You should rest now."

"I will rest just a little, and then I must go on again. There is such a lot to do—it will take a long, long time to make even one border tidy."

Raoul put down his ladder, and followed Molly to her favourite seat under the tree. "What does it matter after all?" he said a little bitterly. "The garden is only in keeping with the rest of the place."

"But it can be improved," said the girl energetically. "There is no reason why it shouldn't be. You'll see how much nicer it will be when I've done with it."

"Really, you are very good," remarked M. de Sauvigny, gazing at her curiously. "I don't know why you should take so much trouble."

"Perhaps I am too officious," she returned, her sensitiveness quick to take alarm; "but the fact is, I can't bear to see anything going wrong that I can set right."

M. de Sauvigny smiled; in all unconsciousness Molly's little speech drew attention to her most salient characteristic. It was her *helpfulness* which was more noticeable in her than all else. She was indeed unusually brave and self-reliant for one of her sex and years, and, moreover, warm-hearted and generous "to a fault," as her friends sometimes told her, but the *activity* of her compassion was something unique and infinitely loveable. Her quick brain was always ready to devise means of overcoming other people's difficulties, her little hand stretched out, not merely to soothe and caress, but to be clung to, her whole girlish strength flung into her efforts, with entire disregard of the danger or unpleasantness that might possibly accrue to herself therefrom.

"One can but do one's best," she said, mistaking the meaning of Raoul's smile. "There is some satisfaction in trying, even if one do not succeed."

"So I used to think once—long ago; but I have failed so often that now I try no more. When everything goes wrong, when *all* one's endeavours come to nothing, there is no use in struggling—better give it up."

He tossed off his hat, and leaned back against the tree; his dark face, with its clear-cut features, thrown out in strong relief by the rough, greenish bark. He was smiling again, a rather sad smile, and his eyes were bent kindly on Molly; but in spite of this, and of his unusually friendly manner, the girl had never felt so shy with him before.

After a pause, she suggested a return to work.

"No," cried M. de Sauvigny, "have a little pity! When you are so industrious, I am forced for very shame to be so too, and it is pleasant here under the tree. So pleasant, indeed, and so peaceful, that I don't believe the interval under any circumstance could last long—for me. So I am anxious to make the most of it."

Almost as he spoke the sound of slow, dragging footsteps made them start and look round, while Ourson uttered a low growl of warning.

A pale-faced, sad-looking woman, dressed in rusty black, was slowly approaching. She paused when she reached the tree under which they sat, and stretched out her hands, gazing pleadingly at Raoul, but saying nothing.

The latter's face clouded over, and he muttered impatiently—"Already!" then turning to Molly—"I told you it could not last. Well," he said sharply to the woman, "what do you want?"

"M. le baron knows me, does he not? The widow Valette, from Vauxmoncour. M. le baron has already been good to me, and so often! he has never forgotten that I was born in the village here, that we were even playmates as children. Now, I have walked all the way from the town to ask M. le baron to help me."

She paused, looking appealingly at him, but his eyes were bent on the ground, and he spoke no word.

"M. le baron, I have had so much trouble, my son has been ill so long—he is even now in the hospital—and times are bad. One wants little, but one must live, and the money that should have paid for our lodgings, M. le baron, it is gone—the children have eaten it; and the proprietor will sell our poor bits of furniture, and put us out in the street, if we cannot pay him to-morrow. Our rent comes to a hundred francs—a big sum, M. le baron, and I am almost penniless."

"I am sorry for you," said Raoul, coldly.

"M. le baron, will you help me?" She drew a step nearer, and clasped her worn hands.

"I cannot," he returned irritably. "Where do you expect me to find a hundred francs at a moment's notice?"

"Oh, my good sir, have pity. Think a little. My son, who is in the hospital, and my helpless children——"

"It is useless. I tell you, my poor woman, I have not got the money."

He rose, and made as if he would pass her, but she clung desperately to his coat and wept bitterly, still entreating him to have mercy, refusing to believe that he could not help her. All at once Molly saw his hand move quickly to his waistcoat pocket, but as quickly drop again; and then for the first time she noticed that his watch was gone.

"I tell you I have nothing for you—nothing," he repeated. "If I could help it I would not refuse you. Go—you are losing time here, and it is useless to ask for what cannot be given."

Molly rummaged in her little purse, but could only find a few francs. These, however, she managed to press into the poor woman's hand unseen by the baron, who had resolutely turned his back, as if to end the discussion.

Slowly and sorrowfully the unfortunate creature moved away, with many a backward glance, as though hoping he would call her back.

At last the shuffling steps were no longer heard, and Raoul turned round again, gazing long in the direction in which she had disappeared. All at once he struck his heel sharply on the ground, and clenched his hands.

"Accursed poverty!" he said.

## DIVIDED.

THE long light narrows in the sloping west,  
 From shadow unto shadow fades the day.  
 Death breathes upon my dove's delightful rest,  
 And softly steals her angel soul away.

A gentle music moves the misty light—  
 The tremulous breathing of the distant moon,  
 Far plaintive murmurs float around the night ;  
 Love came so late, and goeth, ah ! so soon.

I see deep sorrow on the moon's white face,  
 A tear-drop glistens on the rose's cheek,  
 The nightingale moans from her hiding place,  
 And my heart tells me what the low winds seek.

Ah ! life is sad, and solitude is sore,  
 When all its blessed light is turned astray,  
 And lonely hearts must sigh for evermore  
 That lived in sunny sweetness for a day.

DENE-BERNARDS.

## MARY REDMOND, THE YOUNG IRISH SCULPTOR.

OUR readers in July were glad to have the account of one of our youngest poets, Mr. William Yeats, furnished to *The Melbourne Advocate* by so competent a critic as the author of "Vagrant Verses." We cannot withhold from them another of that remarkable series of letters, which, we trust, will sooner or later be reproduced in more than one delightful volume.

\* \* \* \* \*

As you wish to know something of Miss Mary Redmond, I went to look for her among the studios in St. Stephen's-green, where I found her going to work upon the marble bust of the late Mr. Edmund Dwyer Gray, which is designed by some members of the Irish Parliamentary Party as a present for Mrs. Gray. The marble has just arrived from Rome, "blocked," and ready for the

hand of the young sculptor. All who have seen the cast agree as to the admirable likeness, and expect that the work, when translated into the marble, will be a noble one.

Three years have passed since I first saw Miss Redmond in her tiny studio behind Mr. Johnson's silver shop in Nassau-street, looking like a little pinafore-girl out of a nursery, in a white over-all blouse, with a crop of short curls across her forehead. I then thought the little maid in her workshop one of the prettiest sights I had seen: with her clay and casts about her, and a handful of flowers on the table, where she had been giving lessons in pottery decorations to women old enough to be her mothers and grand-mothers. Here was a drawing, there a lot of painted china, a brown pitcher of water on the floor, a clay bowl with birds on the brim, a jar with half-modelled roses clinging round its neck. Outside there was a little green court with high walls, and the nook was as quiet and ideal an art workshop as though the Tiber and not the Liffey had flowed within a stone-throw of its doorstep.

Since then Miss Redmond has studied in Rome and Florence, and I found her quite grown up, though still small and childlike, with a pretty face, a quick, glad manner of speech, a bright, brave glance, and altogether as bonny a little person as ever travelled from Dublin to Italy and back again. She was greatly amused when I told her she had got to be interviewed, and, with much laughter, we set down the following notes of her career as an artist as far as it has gone.

"The first thing I wanted to make was some pots for a doll's house," said Miss Redmond, with a little chuckle of delight which often breaks through her speech when she is telling about anything funny. "I had heard of burning bricks, and I made my pots of common clay, and filled them with water, and put them on a fire I made to bake them. Of course they broke to bits and put out the fire, and I was greatly disheartened. I think I was about five years old. I was determined to have my pots, and searched for better clay, and found some here and there between stones. I succeeded in making some pots, though they were not very satisfactory, but I did not much care, as now I had set my heart upon making a lady. I made a whole trayful of bodies. My lady was, first, all solid, round and round, like a bell; then I pinched her in at the waist, and put on her a head. There was an



old woman who fascinated me. She wore a strange, high cap with frills, and I was restless till I copied her. It was not beauty that delighted me; it was what creatures were like—I wanted to seize their characteristics. People came from all round the country to look at my trayful of women. I got ashamed, and ran away and hid myself."

"Do you remember exactly what your age was at this time?"

"I know that I was not seven, and I will tell you why. When I could not make the clay soft enough with my hands, I used to bite it and knead it with my teeth. My messing was interrupted by a short illness—I thought it lasted a year, but I suppose it was about a month. When I was able to begin my work again, my teeth were gone, and I had nothing to bite with. I was greatly put out about this, but I had to wait for my new teeth to grow. When I was once more in possession of my tools, I made great progress, and soon began to think a great deal of myself. My masterpiece was a lady in a tight dress, with a large hat and feet. She was the first figure I made stand upon its feet. After that I thought nobody could teach me anything. I quarrelled with a girl about a picture because of the perspective. I said it could not be right, because the man was bigger than the house he had got to get into. After the quarrel I began to observe that all the pictures had the same fault, and was annoyed by an unacknowledged doubt that *somebody* must know better than me. A nice old, sick lady, who took an interest in me, promised me a paint-box to paint my figures, if I would try to improve myself by modelling 'extremities.' I asked what was the meaning of 'extremities,' and she said hands and feet. I went home and asked my brother to take off his boot, and I modelled his foot and brought it to my friend. I got the paint-box, but I did not like my figures with paint on them, and I washed it off again. At this time people used to send me clay from all kinds of places, with requests that I would make them something. The clay, as a rule, was nice—a sort of reddish yellow. I used it scrupulously, as was desired, and would not have kept a morsel of it for myself for the world. The country people began to shake their heads and say—'She's born for something!' I was told of a girl like me who had been sent away to be taught, and had turned out 'somebody great,' and I felt a thorough contempt for her. She ought to have stayed where she was, like me, and developed into a distinguished

local artist. When people said I ought to get lessons, my mother laughed, and said—‘Oh, let her amuse herself!’ She could not afford me an art education: but at last some friends persuaded her to allow them to interfere. I was sent to school in Dublin, and a gentleman took me to see Mr. Farrell at work in his studio. I was greatly impressed when I saw all the tall, white figures standing round looking down at me. Mr. Farrell said—‘If you are such a great artist, as I hear you are, I will give you some clay and show you how to work it.’ I thought his manner very patronising, and was much offended at the idea of his teaching me anything. I was sure I knew the whole thing better than anyone. I went away intensely disgusted.”

“How old were you at this particular period?”

“About eleven. A few days afterwards I walked out of school in the middle of the day, and presented myself at Mr. Farrell’s studio. I could not make them hear me knocking, but at last someone came and asked me what I wanted. I said I wanted to see Mr. Farrell—that I had come to do some work. I did not say I wanted lessons, but that I had come to work. Mr. Farrell was highly amused, and offered to give me some clay to take home with me. I thought the white pipe-clay ugly, but I carried away a lump of it under my arm, and arrived home tired and hungry. Everything I did in the white clay looked wrong, and this put me out of humour. Things had looked so much better in my own nice tinted clay. I gave up the whole thing, and was miserable for a week, and finally went humbly back to Mr. Farrell to beg him to do something for me.”

“He was very kind to you, was he not?”

“Yes, and set me to model a hand on a cushion. I spread out my hand too much, and when he took it in his, and squeezed the fingers into position, I thought he had broken my heart. After a little time, he told me I ought to go and study in the School of Art. Friends gave me money for sweets from time to time, and I saved this up till I had enough to buy my ticket for the school, and one day I arrived at Kildare Street, and asked to see Mr. Lyne. He said I was too small to be admitted as a student; but I declared that I was much older than I looked—that I only looked young because my frock was too short—and in the end he allowed me to come in. I was put to draw, and I did not like that, and ran away. Mr. Lyne came to look for me, and found

me in Mr. Farrell's studio. I said I would go back to the school if I were allowed to model, and it was arranged that I was to bring my own clay, and get a corner of the school to mess in. Up to this there had been no class for modelling at the School of Art. After that I settled properly to work, went through the course of drawing, and soon earned a free scholarship, which I held all the time I was at the school."

"Tell me how you first made acquaintance with your friend. Mr. Johnson."

"Mr. Johnson wanted a wolf modelled for the love-cups included in the Wolseley presentation. I was recommended by Mr. Lyne to do the work. Like the rest, Mr. Johnson was amused when he saw me so small, and, as usual, my dignity was offended. However, he was pleased with my work, and gave me plenty more to do. Besides that, he offered me a studio free of rent at the back of his shop, where, as my course at the school was finished, I was glad to begin life as a modeller of portrait busts. Mr. Johnson added to his kindness by sending me sitters. In my spare hours I worked at the decoration of pottery for Mr. Vodrey, and gave lessons to ladies in the art. Here I remained until some friends decided that I ought to have an opportunity of studying in Italy. A lady friend, who takes a great interest in me, and who has travelled a good deal, and makes a charming travelling companion, took me herself to Rome, and placed me in a convent to board, with liberty to seek my fortune in the matter of the education I had come to acquire. I visited all the studios, but found it very hard to get a sculptor to take me in. At last I was admitted to a corner in a particular studio, but I did not like my master's work, and removed myself. Signor Tenerani, my second master, received me very kindly, and, after some difficulty, consented to take me into his studio. After that I worked away, and whenever I had any leisure I went into all the studios and looked around me. I could not speak a word of Italian at that time, and I am sure the studio people thought me a curious little person. I did not know it was unusual for a girl like me to walk about by herself; but the nuns could not follow me everywhere, and I had got to look after my business. The people in the studios always made me welcome. They smiled and signed to me to look all round. Sometimes they came out to the door and looked after me."

"What did you do with yourself in the evenings at the convent?"

"Oh, there was a beautiful large garden, and a fountain, and I used to sit at the edge of the fountain playing with the *padrona's* black cat, *Piccorella*, and eating pomegranates. Italian living is rather spare, and I was sometimes hungry; and I ate up all the fruit I could get. The *padrona*, who lived in the *piano*, was very good to me when she got me into her *casa*, and gave me lots of good things, and whenever she saw me in the garden, she would send out her old gardener with a ladder, and he would go up into the pomegranate trees and fetch me down a lapful. I kept my pomegranates in a drawer, and when I fell sick in the heat, the nuns said it was from eating pomegranates and sitting in the chill of the fountain. I was ordered away to Florence for a change of air, and was transferred by the kind sisters at Rome to a convent in the former city. The convent there was not so picturesque as the Roman one; but I like Florence much better than Rome."

"How were you able to make your way into a Florentine studio?"

"Oh, I looked about until I saw some work in a window which I liked, and I ascertained the name of the sculptor, and went to him. Signor Romanelli was very good to me. He was pleased with my delight in his statue of Rebecca, the model for which had been his beautiful wife. He introduced me to the school of the *Belli Arti*, where I remained till I had passed through the *School of Perfection*, and finished my course."

"What finally decided you on returning to Dublin?"

"They told me at the school that they had done all they could for me, and that I ought to take a studio, and begin to work by myself. Of course, I had no friends to give me orders in a strange country, and I was not independent enough to devote myself to purely ideal work. I knew that if I came home I should find orders awaiting me in Dublin. And so I came home, and already I am as busy as I can be."

"Is it your wish to devote yourself to ideal work as soon as possible?"

"It is my dearest wish; and I think of going home to my mother, in Kildare, for some months, and to shut myself up with an idea until I shall have worked it out. But, at present, I am too deep in engagements."

"Is it true that Mr. Gladstone has promised to give you sittings for a bust, and that you intend going to London to execute it?"

"Yes; but as no time has been mentioned, I am not very certain about it.\* The Countess of Aberdeen has most kindly interested herself in the matter, and I await her directions."

Miss Redmond then turned from her own work to show me a graceful portrait of a young lady, just finished by Mr. Charles Russell, one of our best Irish portrait painters, in whose handsome studio Miss Redmond has temporarily established herself.

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

---

VINCTUS.

FETTERED by sickness are my limbs,  
And everything that moves  
I envy it—the fish that swims,  
The beast that at its pleasure roves,  
The creature even that only creeps,  
Yet o'er its members wields full power—  
But thee, that scalest now the steep  
Of heaven, thee most. Were fate to shower  
On me all other longed-for things,  
All would I give for but one hour  
Of life upon thy wings.

After the years that I have pined,  
In rest enforced, how should I thrill  
With joy, as, borne upon the wind,  
Like thee, through space, I ranged at will!  
O bird, O happy bird, thy zest  
Of bright existence nothing mars;  
Yet it were keener, had thy breast  
Once beat against the prison bars,  
And felt what now in mine upsprings,  
While, chained, I watch thee towards the stars  
Mount on thy glorious wings.

G. T.

\* Our young Irish sculptor has just now (July 16) gone to London to fulfil this interesting commission.

## A SUMMER DAY.

ONE faint chirp! A drowsy little chirp from a drowsy little bird—then a slight rustle among the ivy, and all is still again. A thick, grey mist is rising from the earth, and as we peer through this veil of night we can distinguish, one by one, the familiar objects round us—the hedgerow, the daisies in the meadow, the young hazels, and the fence beyond. There is in the eastern sky that presage of the dawn, a faint glimmer of dull grey light, and there comes a passing breeze, soft and tender, kissing the trees and flowers as it bids them wake and greet the morn. The aspen trembles at its touch, the sycamore bends its broad leaves in mute response, the poplars wave their tall heads to and fro, and the flowers open their weary eyes to shake off the dew that bade them sleep. The sparrow flutters in his nest; the lark takes wing, singing his matins as he soars into the air; the owl flies homeward to his tree; the “cock’s shrill clarion” echoes from afar, and all proclaim—the Dawn.

The grey and misty dawn lingers not, but gives place to morning, whose magic wand chases the clouds that gathered over the east, and tinges them lightly with daintiest yellow and rosiest pink. Smiling and radiant comes the morn, the glittering sheen of her golden tresses resplendent and beautiful, her vesture brilliant with many hues, and a chorus of praise from all delighted nature. Sheep are bleating, kine are lowing, birds are singing, trees are waving, flowers are opening—music, music everywhere, for Night has vanished, and Day reigns in its stead. On marches the Day, with its king high-throned in the heavens, glorious and supreme, dispelling all clouds, and shedding a golden effulgence over the earth. And now we hear the sound of labour, workmen hurrying along to commence their daily toil, carts are passing to and fro, the drivers whistling merrily as they go by, only ceasing to interchange a salutation one with another, and then, with a crack of the whip and a nod, resuming their way. The milkmaid rattles her pail, and sings her song across the field, as the cattle whisk their tails lazily at sight of her. The children are laughing and jumping along with their cans full of mushrooms; gathered before

the sun was up. Already the school bell is ringing, as they skip along over the grassy fields and dusty roads, jumping the ditches and climbing the fences, till they reach their homes. In the farm-yard there is bustle and commotion over the morning meal—scrambling and rushing, and anxious mothers dividing their portions with their little ones, while the autocrat of the harem struts majestically up and down with domineering gait. And the gentle doves coo one to another, and the pigeons fly in and out of their little houses, circling round and round the chimneys, yet never daring to descend.

Meantime the sun is progressing across the heavens, and the heat is growing more intense. Soon from the distant city comes the sound of many bells, proclaiming the hour of noon, and from the little church down in the valley comes the slow measured ring of the Angelus. While its tones are carried far across the plain all labour ceases the peasant doffs his cap, and for a few moments lifts his thoughts from earth to heaven. Suddenly it stops, then scythes and reaping machines are again in motion, and down goes the golden corn before their touch.

It is a pleasant time of year, this harvest time, when men and maidens pass gaily to and fro, with smiles upon their faces and joy within their hearts, for there is good promise, and the barns will be well stocked for winter. The hayrick already stands high in the haggard, the trees are laden with fruit in the orchard, the earth has yielded its richest abundance, and soon there will be the Harvest Home, when we shall reap what we have sown, and perhaps many a Ruth will find her Boaz, as of old.

Pleasant it is to lie upon the grass and listen to the sounds of life and motion that fill the air. We get under the shade of the beech, and gaze up through its long, leafy branches to the blue sky beyond, or we watch the swallows darting here and there in quick succession. We listen to the thrushes and blackbirds piping out their lays, and the sparrows scarcely notice us as they flit in and out among the branches. There is buzzing all round from myriads of flies, and many a bumble-bee goes droning past slowly and methodically about his work. There are butterflies chasing one another, and brilliant-hued moths in profusion, their wings making a pleasant click as they flutter by. The Burnet moth, the Amethyst moth, and even a Tiger moth flew past just now. And here is a little grasshopper quite close to us. We have caught

him, just to look at his little golden-like form, but we let him go again to enjoy his freedom, and he chirps his little song as before. Many are the sounds that are borne to us as we while away this summer afternoon—the whizz of the reaping-machine, the song of the haymakers, the laughter of the women, the plashing of the cows in the water, the hum of a thousand varied insects, all combining in a universal hymn of praise.

And the tints of Nature, that truest of artists! How perfect a picture she spreads before us! We have only to look and enjoy it; and let us do so while we may, for in a few hours she will present to us another. There is a soft blue haze over the distant mountains; there is corn waving in its golden glory: there are far-reaching meadows, with their thousand hues, from lightest green to darkest brown. There is a silver stream of water, and dark trees that bend down over it, and tall bullrushes that stand erect at its side.

We look at all this, and scarcely notice the change, so gradual is it; only when a thrush breaks the coming stillness with its evening song do we wake from our reverie, and find that the sun is fast approaching the west, leaving us in a dazzling robe, that far surpasses his rising garb. In all the splendour and magnificence that befits the King of Day, does he make his exit. Clothed in vermillion and gold, combined with the richest tints of green and purple, more glittering than the brightest diamonds, supreme in the majesty and dignity of his office, he lingers awhile to bid us farewell, then with a last wave of his golden sceptre, he passes slowly from our vision. The choir of nature lifts up its voice to grace his departure. The thrush, robin, and blackbird give forth the richness of their melody with eager hearts.

Spell-bound, we listen and admire, while the soft veil of night slowly descends, and this side of earth prepares to sleep. The stars take possession of the firmament; there is no moon, but the twilight faintly lingers yet. The rooks have taken their evening flight, and are noisily settling down to sleep; the thrushes have ceased their song, the fowls have sought their lofty perch, the sparrows flutter in their nests, the peacock roosts in his tree, and the frogs croak good-night. The daisies have shut their eyes, the sunflower droops its head towards the west, the trees and flowers are all asleep, save the evening primrose, which gives forth its



scent to greet the night. And the bat darts here and there, and the owl comes out once more from his nest and begins his nocturnal ramble. Still and quiet is all; only the distant brook, with its never-ceasing song, rushes down with its message of peace and calm from the lofty mountains to the turbulent sea. We, too, must go to rest, for we can see no more, so dark is the pall that now hangs over us. But the lights stream forth from the windows of our home, and the door is open to receive us; so we leave the elves and fays to their nightly revels, and bid farewell to all.

M. C. K.

### MY ROSE.

O ROSE! my Rose! O passionate heart of the Rose!

Why am I tempted to crush thee, O Rose, surpassingly sweet  
Thy breath is of Sharon's vales, thy petals dreamily close

With the blush of a bride, when she bows in love at her lover's feet.

And thy beauty leads me afar, O Rose! pale, perfuméd Rose!

To lands where the sun-god rules, and smites with a breath of desire  
The cheeks of maidens—the flowers, that lean for a moment's repose

On the lap of the leaves, that flash, but drink not the flame of his  
fire.

And oh! for the languor of peace, my Rose, my beautiful Rose!

For a fretless, passionless heart, and the shade of a feathered palm,  
For the cool, dim aisles, where ever a zephyr of Eden blows,

And the silvery bells of a fountain break on the convent calm.

But what dost thou here, my Rose, my pale and languishing Rose?

Thy petals are soiled with slime from these alchemists' forges of ours,  
And shrunk with the shrieks that arise from the fierce and passionate  
throes

Of men and machines that in darkness beat out the desolate hours.

And hence am I tempted to crush thee, O Rose, my beautiful Rose!

Thou art here but an exiled waif: I will kill thee, and thou shalt go  
To thy home: 'tis a crime, but who will blame, if for thee I choose

For the shrieks—the songs of the birds: for the slime—a bosom  
of snow?

P. A. S.

## SKETCHES IN IRISH BIOGRAPHY.

No. 16—THE REV. CHARLES PATRICK MEEHAN.

THE series of biographical and critical papers, which under the general title of "Our Poets" has run through all our volumes, and of which the twenty-third was last month devoted to Mr. W. B. Yeats, only assumed that distinctive title when a dozen of them had already appeared. Our magazine has more than once announced its resolve of becoming more and more a storehouse of materials which may help some future Alfred Webb to continue and develop the excellent "Compendium of Irish Biography" which we have frequently commended. For the convenience of that writer of the twentieth century, and also as an incentive to ourselves to exercise methodical industry in this department, it seems expedient to group apart the sketches of Irish men and women who do not come into the category of "Our Poets." Under this new and more general heading of "Sketches in Irish Biography" might have come, if not the many chapters devoted to Father Henry Young or Dr. Blake of Dromore (this last left too long unfinished), at least the separate sketches of Eugene O'Curry, Sir Dominic Corrigan, John Hogan, Foley, Mrs. Jameson (née Anna Murphy), Bishop Grant of Southwark, Alice O'Sullivan, Mrs. Aikenhead, Mother Conception Lopez, Charles Bianconi, Charles Kickham, Julia MacMahon, Attie O'Brien, the Rev. Dr. Ryan, of Ballingarry, and Julia Kavanagh. Let us call, then, the present sketch the sixteenth of the series, were it only for the pleasure of recalling the foregoing names, and of rejoicing that our magazine contains the fullest record extant of some of those who bore them.

American journalists have considerable skill in finding out all desirable particulars about persons in whom they are interested. A sketch of the subject of this paper appeared last year in *Donahoe's Magazine*, published at Boston; and it begins by linking with the place and date of Father Meehan's birth the book and the man that occur to the minds of many when his name is mentioned—"The Flight of the Earls" and Mangan the poet. "The

eminent historian whose reputation as a writer is closely allied with the fortunes of the great Earls of Tyrone and Tyroconnell, and remembered by readers of Irish poetry as the lifelong friend and deathbed comforter of James Clarence Mangan, was born at No. 141 Great Britain Street, Dublin, July 12th, 1812." To Father Meehan, therefore, is applicable at least the first line of the famous couplet, which I have never seen assigned to its author:—

" That he was born, it cannot be denied;  
He ate, drank, slept, wrote deathless works—and died."

Most of the second line also is verified in his case, but not yet the concluding statement—wherein he differs from the subjects of all these "Sketches in Irish Biography" which have gone before, but not of all that are to follow. Our garland must not be wholly gathered from graves.

Though a native of Dublin, Father Meehan's family came from Ballaghmeehan, in Co. Leitrim; and his early years also were spent near the cradle of his race, where (his American biographer tells us) his ancestors were for thirteen centuries the custodians of the Shrine of St. Molaise, now one of the most famous relics preserved in the Royal Irish Academy in Dawson Street, Dublin.

At Ballymahon, in Co. Longford, and at Benowen, in Co. Westmeath, near Athlone, he from his earliest childhood heard from the old people stories of the O'Ferralls and other Irish officers who had served in the Irish Brigade in Spain: and his mind insensibly received a bent towards Irish historical studies which affected all his life. His vocation for the ecclesiastical state was so marked from his boyhood, that in his sixteenth year (1828) he was sent to the Irish College at Rome, which had just been re-established after the Revolution by Dr. Blake, afterwards Bishop of Dromore. Dr. Blake left Rome when our young student went thither, for Charles Meehan was one of the second batch of fourteen students led out in the autumn of the year before Emancipation by the second Rector, Dr. Christopher Boylan, previously professor of English and French in Maynooth College. Of the first generation of Roman students Father Matthew Collier, St. Agatha's, Dublin, is the only survivor, and of the second Father Meehan, himself alone. Under the title of "Italian Vacations," he more than twenty years later gave an interesting

account of his journey to Rome in Duffy's *Irish Catholic Magazine*, No. 11, December, 1847.

After eight years of ecclesiastical studies at Rome under De Vico (the eminent Astronomer), Dmowski, Perrone, Manera, and other Fathers of the Society of Jesus, he was ordained priest in the year 1835. His first priestly work was in the parish of Rathdrum, County Wicklow—where Mr. Charles S. Parnell was born ten years later—but in less than a year he was appointed to a curacy in the Dublin parish of SS. Michael and John's. In that post he has remained ever since, more than fifty years. The present Archbishop of Dublin, in his first episcopal visitation of his native parish, found working in the same spot the priest whose Mass he had served as a boy before he had begun to prepare for his college course. But Father Meehan's long continued apostolic labours, his zeal for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the poorest of the flock, his earnestness in the promotion of temperance, his persevering devotion to every priestly duty—these belong to a sphere with which we are not at present concerned; and the old presbytery in Lower Exchange Street rather interests us as having of old been one of the rendezvous of the literary element of the movement which culminated in '48. In Father Meehan's room Clarence Mangan, and Florence MacCarthy, and the rest, often gathered to spend the evening together, with talk as a chief item in the entertainment—*noctes atticae* with two derivations, classical and modern, for that last epithet.

The junior curate of SS. Michael and John's had, doubtless, been among the most eager readers of "*The Nation's* First Number," and soon his ambition might be expressed in the line which Goldsmith once retorted cleverly against Johnson:—

"Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis."

His ambition was soon gratified. The third number of *The Nation*, October 29, 1842, lies now before me, and in the middle of the first column of page 40 the following appears among the Answers to Correspondents: "Clericus, who offers us the option of inserting or burning his verses, does himself or us injustice. They are most admirable, and will appear in our next number." Such editorial promises are sometimes broken by press of matter and other causes; but in this case the promise was kept to the letter, and the first of the excellent poems in the Poet's Corner on November 5th,

is "Boyhood's Years." Though these verses are reprinted in "The Spirit of the Nation," and in Hayes' "Ballads of Ireland," we give them here:—

Ah! why should I recall them—the gay, the joyous years,  
 Ere hope was cross'd or pleasure dimm'd by sorrow and by tears?  
 Or why should mem'ry love to trace youth's glad and sunlit way,  
 When those who made its charms so sweet are gather'd to decay?  
 The summer's sun shall come again to brighten hill and bower—  
 The teeming earth its fragrance bring beneath the balmy shower;  
 But all in vain will mem'ry strive, in vain we shed our tears—  
 They're gone away and can't return—the friends of boyhood's years!

Ah! why then wake my sorrow, and bid me now count o'er  
 The vanished friends so dearly prized—the days to come no more—  
 The happy days of infancy, when no guile our bosoms knew,  
 Nor reck'd we of the pleasures that with each moment flew?  
 'Tis all in vain to weep for them—the past a dream appears;  
 And where are they—the lov'd, the young, the friends of boyhood's years?

Go seek them in the cold churchyard—they long have stol'n to rest;  
 But do not weep, for their young cheeks by woe were ne'er oppress'd;  
 Life's sun for them in splendour set—no cloud came o'er the ray  
 That lit them from this gloomy world upon their joyous way.  
 No tears about their graves be shed—but sweetest flowers be flung,  
 The fittest off'ring thou canst make to hearts that perish young—  
 To hearts this world has never torn with racking hopes and fears;  
 For bless'd are they who pass away in boyhood's happy years!

This was half a century ago, and the poet, who then looked back so pensively to his boyhood as if sadly remote, still lives and flourishes, perhaps younger in heart than he was then. His other poetical contributions to *The Nation* are not numerous; and we do not know that he contributed much prose to that or any other journal or magazine, except two or three series of papers which grew into books. He did not waste his literary industry and skill on fragmentary essays or topics of temporary interest, but reserved his energy for solid, substantial work. Before we pass, however, from his poetry to his prose, we may link with Father Meehan's name the names of two or three poets whom he encouraged and to a certain extent inspired. Darcy McGee's last letter was written to him; and everlasting gratitude is due to him for all that he did for poor Clarence Mangan in life and death, and after his death. Quite lately (April 21, 1887) he wrote as follows of our higher and nobler and vastly more gifted Hartley

Coleridge of Ireland, whom almost alone he had followed to his grave in Glasnevin forty years before :—

“DEAR FRIEND—Let me tell you that it would be impossible to find *here* a single being, my unfortunate self excepted, who knew Mangan personally. Poor fellow ! he did occasionally take what he ought not have taken ; i.e., a spoonful of wine or whiskey upset his nervous system. The Dublin essayist may be a very conscientious man ; but, instead of sitting in judgment on the departed, and exaggerating his shortcomings, he ought, in my opinion, give the Irish in America a faithful criticism of Mangan’s poems.

“Mangan, be his faults what they may have been, was a *pure* man, never lowering himself to ordinary debaucheries or sensuality of any sort. . . . He prayed, heard Mass almost every day, and occasionally knelt at the Altar rail. He dined with me as often as he liked ; and, in all our conversations, I never heard him say a word that was not worth remembering. Of how many can we say that ?”

Besides Clarence Mangan, there are two other Irish poets to whom Father Meehan proved a true and constant friend of a very serviceable and not merely sentimental kind. One of these was John Francis O’Donnell, of whom our readers heard something at page 690 of our sixteenth volume. Will his “Reminiscences of a Day in Wicklow” be included in the anxiously awaited collection of his poems ? It refers to a visit to Glenmalur on the 8th of April, 1872 ; and the tenth stanza apostrophises thus his companion, Father Meehan :—

“O, friend of radiant, lucent mind  
And boundless charity of heart,  
As through the hills we climb and wind,  
See the red deer leap up and start  
Out in the sun—that we must part,  
Flings sadness on this tender morn,  
A lengthening shadow on the path,  
That flows in curious maze between  
The wild wood and the rath.”

One of Father Meehan’s literary labours inspired the longest, but by no means the highest flight of the Muse of “Caviare” : a poet’s longest flight is never his highest ; his longest poem is generally his worst, except in the case of the three or four supreme poems of all time. O’Donnell’s “Memories of the Irish Franciscans” is too close a versification of parts of one of Father Meehan’s works, which may be described here by the reference made to it by Mr. John O’Hagan, Q.C. (now Judge O’Hagan), at a meeting held on the 27th November, 1871, to promote a fund for the im-

provement of the Church of St. Francis, Merchant's Quay, Dublin. "I chanced lately to read, not for the first time, a work with which I am sure you are familiar, my friend Father Meehan's 'History of the Rise and Fall of the Franciscan Monasteries of Ireland.' In this little work he has painted with all the truth of history, and with all the glow and colour of the most delightful romance, a history up to the seventeenth century of the Order of St. Francis in Ireland. He shows how splendid monasteries arose over the face of the land—in Donegal, in Multyfarnham, Templeogue, and through the great province of the West—how they were founded by the piety and munificence of Irish Catholics, and how they spread through the people the blessings of religion, education, and charity. And then he tells the dreadful story of the fall of these monasteries, when they fell, not (thank God) by any failure of the faith of the people, but yielding alone to the brute force of the stranger."

Besides "Amergin" and "Caviare," "Leo" also expressed in rhyme his obligations to Father Meehan. "Leo" was the literary signature adopted by John Keegan Casey, who was born at Mount Dalton, near Mullingar, August 22, 1846, and died on St. Patrick's Day, 1870. He was the son of a peasant, and yet, soon after manhood, he could throw into this poetical form the career of the gifted priest whom our pedestrian muse is attempting to sketch:—

- "Weave, weave the web, O memory!  
 A dim bark skims the moonlit foam,  
 And bears to beauteous Italy  
 A bright boy from his Irish home.  
 He stands upon the deck, his eye  
 Rests on a stilly Western star—  
*Mo nua!* the yearning heart must fly  
 To that sweet resting spot afar—  
 The old white rock, the island brown,  
 And bridge of Ballymahon town.
- "The halls of Rome are grand and fair,  
 And flash with purple, light, and gold;  
 But oh! to breathe the Summer air  
 That blew through Ballymulvey's wold.  
 All day the weariness and hum,  
 But evening brings the vesper chimes,  
 And all the bursts of feeling come  
 That filled the breast in vanished times—  
 This memoried spot, life's changeful dream,  
 That home beside the Inny's stream.

“ To pray and labour, work and win,  
And learn God's holy eloquence ;  
To measure blades with death and sin  
In all the trust of innocence ;  
To dwell amid the glorious past,  
And keep youth's pulses firmly strung,  
And hold with memory firm and fast  
The lessons of his earliest tongue ;—  
So lived the boy till manhood came,  
Crowned with the wreath of truth and fame.

“ Weave, weave the web, O memory !  
The threads knit closer, one by one !  
Again a bright bark skims the sea,  
With prow bent to the setting sun :  
The wanderer on the brown deck stands,  
And gazes on the far sea rim ;  
He thinks no more of foreign lands,—  
That wide expanse holds all for him,—  
The star that blossomed in the sky,  
To which his heart would ever fly.

“ He steps upon his native soil—  
Where was the light that filled his years ?  
Still, still the ceaseless weight of toil,  
The prayer, the hope, the lonely tears.  
The decades roll in girded space,  
Time adds fresh flowers to every grave,—  
He may not see the olden place,  
Or stand beside the olden wave ;  
The Saviour's work must yet be done—  
The glorious crown is still unwon.”

I once came across a fragment of a letter addressed by the writer of these lines to the subject of these pages. I kept a copy without asking leave, and I may print it by the same authority. When there is danger of unreasonable refusal, the best plan is to presume permission. Mr. Halliday Sparling, in his “*Irish Minstrelsy*,” puts after Casey's name the titles, “*Poet and Fenian*.” In the latter capacity he was in prison in 1867, and on the 2nd of October he wrote a letter, of which I have not seen the beginning :—

“ . . . . You have the finest collection of pictures of the celebrated men of the past that exists in Ireland. I often think of the first day I looked at them. How many changes have occurred in my life since then !

“ My health is as good as it can be in prison, and my spirit as usual, bearing my trials as well as I can, and looking forward to the pleasant days of the future,



when I'll be at my favourite pursuit, and among my kind friends. I have had many dear, kind friends in Ireland since I first commenced to sing the 'songs of our land,' and the thought of their kindness is cheering to me in my prison cell.

"I have not heard from the Sullivans lately, from whatever cause. I wrote to T. D. S. some time ago, and I feel somewhat piqued that he did not reply. Surely five minutes would drop a line to me in a month or two, let business be ever so heavy. And those outside can never guess what pleasure a letter gives to a prisoner. A cell is a dull place to spend solitary hours in. Books get tiresome. I cannot write anything, as paper, unless for letters, is not allowed."

The foregoing is written in the neatest and clearest of hand-writings. Of the poets whose handwriting I have seen—Mangan, T. D. Sullivan, this John K. Casey, Dowden, Florence MacCarthy, Aubrey de Vere—the penmanship of all these is excellently clear and generally graceful: a lesson to us ordinary mortals.

Some Frenchman has said that the most voluminous writers, if they are worth anything and not mere scribblers and compilers, are in reality authors of one book—that all their other productions are only a preparation leading up to their great work, and all the rest are echoes of it, or conclusions from it, or developments of certain portions of it. In this theory Father Meehan's one work was "The Flight of the Earls"—as we prefer to call it, for this has come to be received as a convenient abridgment of the full title: "The Fate and Fortunes of Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, and Rory O'Donnell, Earl of Tyrconnel; their Flight from Ireland, their vicissitudes abroad, and their death in exile." Though the work was first published in 1868, it had been in the author's mind and heart for some thirty years. He gives in his preface an extremely interesting account of the circumstances under which, in his student days at Rome, his interest was first excited in the exiled Irish Earls. The incident is the subject of a poem by John K. Casey ("Leo"), which is not included in Cameron and Ferguson's cheap edition of his poems, and may, therefore, be given here:—

" 'Twas summer time long years ago,  
Where shone the skies of Italy,  
And Tiber's waters calmly flow  
Far westward to the sun-lit sea.

" Amid the Roman city's crowd,  
Montorio's arches darkly loom,  
And in their shade, with forehead bowed,  
An Irish boy knelt by a tomb.

“ He read the names above the clay :  
He asked—‘ What led their footsteps here  
From Irish hills, far, far away,  
To find an exile’s lonely bier ? ’

“ ‘ O Pilgrim ! in this cold clay rest  
Two chiefs of distant Inisfail,  
O’Donnell, of the peerless crest,  
And Ulster’s prince, great Hugh O’Neill.

“ ‘ They fled their land—then all is dim—  
Their after fate none now may tell ;  
They faded from the earth’s wide rim  
The day they bade their homes farewell.’

“ Up rose the youth, with steady eye  
And heart in resolution strong—  
He prayed a prayer to God on high  
To save the just, and right the wrong.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Leaf after leaf, as years passed on  
He added to the record frail ;  
Leaf after leaf, till years were gone  
With time’s swift wing to fill the sail.

“ Now—now the hope’s fulfilled at last ;  
The path is traced—the work is done ;  
The stars shine through the misty past,  
The fight ‘gainst darkness fought and won.”

We may adduce another proof of the poetical nature of the historical episode which Father Meehan has made his own. An Englishwoman, “ K.M.S.,” addressed to Erin in *The Nation* of the later era of A. M. Sullivan and T. D. Sullivan “An Alien’s Greeting,” which begins by confessing that

“ Mine eyes have never rested yet upon thy wild green shore,”

and which goes on to recall with loving minuteness the names and scenes of Irish history that interested most the warm-hearted “alien,” recalling among the rest the time

"When on the clans had settled down the long and starless night  
 That closed the fatal day that saw the Earls' disastrous flight.  
 I knew and loved each noble strain that mourns the trophied stone  
 Where 'neath Montorio's pavement sleep, forgotten and unknown,  
 The mighty of your widowed lands, Tyroconnel and Tyrone—  
 Where o'er her exiled kinsman's bier arose Nuala's wail,  
 The fiery sister of Red Hugh. When strength and manhood fail,  
 How should *she* dwell, a planter's serf, amid the conquered Gael?  
 Better a cell by Tiber's shore, 'neath holy Bennet's veil."

A note to the last of these sonorous lines informs us that "Nuala O'Donnell died a White Benedictine Nun, in the great monastery of that Order at Santa Cecilia in Trastevere"; but a pencilled note in the handwriting of the highest authority on the subject marks the passage thus in a copy which lies before me:—"Not true—she died in Louvain, and was buried in the Irish Franciscan Monastery there."

We cannot explore the treasures contained in Father Meehan's *opus magnum*, nor even give any extracts from the criticisms passed upon it by critics, competent and incompetent. It must suffice to mention that one of its London reviewers most truly said that "the work is big enough, with its recondite research, its multiplicity of invaluable documents, dug out of the strata of libraries and museums, obtained at no mean inconvenience or cost, to be reckoned worthy of the labour of a man's life. Historical facts, hitherto unknown or unsought for, are welded together in these flowing and stately pages with exceptional coherency and exactness." And Sir Bernard Burke remarked that "the book was not a compilation from other writers, but a most original and most important contribution to the best historical literature derived from the state papers and records of the country."

But here we may take occasion to object to a tone that is often adopted by or towards writers who devote themselves to the elucidation of Irish antiquities and kindred subjects. The sacrifice which some people pretend to make, or which others on their behalf pretend that they make, in addressing a limited audience, by treating (for instance) of Catholic subjects only, or of Irish subjects only, is often not much of a sacrifice after all. They are thus sure of an audience at least—a small audience, perhaps, but a safe one, and all their own—whereas, in addressing the world at large, they might get none to hear them, their voices might be lost in the roar. This remark is not meant to disparage the

devotedness, but to commend the wisdom of Irishmen like Father Meehan, who consecrate the energies of a lifetime to the study of peculiarly Irish subjects.

We are not attempting a chronological account of Father Meehan's publications. In the order of time, we should have mentioned first, "*The Confederation of Kilkenny*," which was one of the later volumes of Duffy's Library of Ireland. It was dedicated to the then youthful editor of *The Nation*; and, in issuing a new edition of it in 1882, Father Meehan writes to Sir Charles Gavan Duffy: "Dear Friend,—After an interval of thirty-six years, I avail myself of your permission to re-dedicate to you this volume." Another proof of his characteristic fidelity is, that to this day he is closely connected with the same publishing firm that is honoured with the name of his first publisher, James Duffy Wellington Quay, Dublin,\* and from the same house all his publications have issued. One of the most recent of these possesses an interest and originality which might escape notice, for it only purports to be a new edition of "*The Poets and Poetry of Munster*," a selection of Irish songs of the last century, which Mangan versified from translations furnished by O'Donovan, O'Daly, and others; but in reality the preface to this edition is by far the fullest and most authentic account that exists of Clarence Mangan's life and character, and must henceforth be always used to supplement John Mitchel's brilliant sketch.

Amongst the works translated by Father Meehan are the famous Italian novel, *La Monaca di Monza*, and (in a different order) Archdeacon Lynch's Latin Life of Dr. Kirwan, Bishop of Killala. As early as 1852 appeared in two large octavos his translation of Father Marchese's "*Lives of the most Eminent Painters, Sculptors, and Architects of the Order of St. Dominick*."

By no means a translation, but a very original work indeed, is one which unfortunately has long been out of print—"The O'Tooles, anciently Lords of Powerscourt (Feracualan) Fertire, and Imale, with some Notices of Feagh Mac Hugh O'Byrne, Chief of Clan Ranelagh. By John O'Toole, Chief of the Name." The author of this clever and entertaining book avers that he was educated at Clongowes, and that his tutor's parting advice was:—"The best and most enduring legacy or monument a man can leave behind him is a good book,

\* We hope to give some account of this worthy Irishman, to whom Irish literature owes an immense debt.

and nothing can excel the sweet and pure delight which a man experiences in composing one." Clongowes cannot claim the honour of having had Charles Patrick Meehan among its alumni; but he has acted on the counsel of the Clongowes professor. He has often experienced that sweet and pure delight, and he will leave behind him that best and most enduring monument.

M. R.

### THE OLD VIOLON.\*

"GOING, going!" the voice was loud,  
 And rising, silenced the chattering crowd.  
 "Going! going! shall it be gone?"  
 The auctioneer held up an old violon.  
 "The mute though tarnished is silver still,  
 The aged strings have not lost their skill."  
 They laughed in scorn as he praised the case,  
 The ebon nuts and the polished face—  
 Jokingly betted together that none  
 Could draw a tune from the old violon;  
 When lo! from out of their midst appeared  
 A man of countenance strange and weird,  
 With gentle touch laid his thin hand on  
 The polished face of the old violon.  
 "Thou scorned, thou worthless," the stranger said;  
 "Wake, heart of music, art thou too dead?"  
 As though some spirit long slept awoke,  
 A faint, low sigh from his fingers broke.  
 He took the bow in his trembling hand—  
 So old was he that he scarce could stand—  
 And still as death grew the auction hall,  
 For fear and silence fell over all.  
 They knew, as they watched in awed surprise,  
 He read their hearts with his piercing eyes,  
 And graven there in the long ago  
 Each story that sprang from beneath his bow.

[\* Will the Muse forgive a prosaic Editor for excusing this orthography by the example of at least one poet, and by the French violon, the Italian violone, and the English violoncello?]

He sang of love, and then years of pain  
Rolled back—they dreamt they were young again;  
The wife looked up to her husband's face,  
And once more saw there the manly grace  
That won her love when her heart was young.  
(Ah, 'twas the past that the violon sung);  
And he, looking back, saw that once more  
The faded cheek was as fresh as of yore,  
Out from his eyes beamed the old love light,  
And taking her hand he pressed it tight.

The violon rang through the hall once more,—  
A mother cried for the babe she bore,  
And stretching her empty arms out wide,  
She felt no longer her wish denied;  
The downy head lay upon her breast,  
The tiny hands her pale cheek caressed;  
To her lonely heart joy and comfort fell  
From those wordless lips that can plead so well.

The violon's song rang loud and clear:  
They saw a garden all fair appear,  
Perfumed with roses and blossoms white,  
Lifting their heads to the sun's hot light.  
A statue stood there amidst them all—  
A cry of wonder went down the hall,—  
For at its base, kneeling all alone,  
Pressing warm lips to the feet of stone,  
Raising soft hands to the face above,  
A maiden was breathing her soul in love.  
Gold-hearted lilies and roses sweet  
She culled and laid at the statue's feet,  
But touching the stone each flower would die.  
The maid arose with a mournful cry,  
And glanced in fear round the garden fair;  
It was weeds and thorns that flourished there.  
"O love," she cried, "I am sore afraid  
The night has come and my blossoms fade."  
Raising her arms to the stony face,  
The statue fell at her slight embrace;  
Down at her feet her idol lay—  
An empty shell was this broken clay.

Amidst the fragments she sought to find  
Her god of beauty, her love so kind,  
Her faith, her hopes, that were scattered all;  
Her cry was echoed within the hall ;  
Therein one young face so pale it grew,  
That those who saw it her story knew.

Then of the present the violon sang.  
No words it gave them yet as it rang ;  
Each heart gave words to the wondrous lay :  
"The living present is our's to-day."

And now they shudder and hold their breath,  
The violon's song is the song of death,—  
Death in most cruel and dreadful guise,—  
The god of war rose before their eyes.  
The clash of arms filled the auction hall,  
Blood seemed around and over all,  
Each woman shrank to her husband's side,  
He clenched his hand as he rose and cried  
The cry of battle, the eagle's cry,  
That sights his quarry from far on high,  
For his heart beat quick with the lust for blood ;  
He fain would seek in that ruddy flood  
To quench that fierce, unsatiable thirst  
With which man and beast are alike accurst.

And now a moment, so strange and still,  
They seemed enchained to the violon's will,—  
So silent all that an echo flew  
From the sobbing breath that a strong man drew,—  
When sudden there broke a fearful cry  
That seemed to quiver across the sky,  
A cry of some soul, it was to those  
Who heard it, a soul in life's last throes,  
A cold, passing breath from death's black wings,  
A crash of discord o'er broken strings ;  
And what had been was now no more,  
Silence and death seemed to cloud them o'er ;  
The past, the present, all men may see,  
But no man knoweth what is to be.

Again they start with a new surprise,  
 No minstrel is there to their wildered eyes,  
 From whence he came or whither he fled,  
 Or of the living, or of the dead,  
 Their wondering hearts have never known.  
 The violon lay on the desk alone.  
 Fearing to lose, yet fearing to win,  
 Their voices rise, and above their din—  
 “Going! Going! ’tis gone! ’tis gone;  
 A rare Stradavarius this old violon.  
 Behold!” and the auctioneer thought to raise  
 It high in his hand as he sung its praise—  
 With a faint, low sob, like a passing bell,  
 To dust ’neath his hand the violon fell.

DORA SIGERSON.

## “HELLO!”

### A RUSTIC SKETCH.

DO not start, gentle reader, imagining you are accosted by a loud, imperative, or authoritative voice. Ah, no, my “Hello” would never greet you so. But, see, I beckon her forward; she curtsays, “gives a side glance, and looks down,” then stands demurely before you, while I sketch her—a very low-sized woman, clad in a brown stuff dress, which has seen many and better days. You can only see the tattered flounces at the tail of it, however, for Hello’s figure, from neck to ankle, is enveloped in a boy’s waterproof coat. Face rather broad, with high cheek, mouth large, but pleasant, nose decidedly *retroussé*, eyes very bright, sparkling with humour, or melting in tears, forehead low, broad, and intelligent; the head covered with a clean, white cap, over which she wears a “turkey red” handkerchief in summer, and a gay woolen shawl in winter. That is “Hello.” She curtsays again, and with a “thank yer honour, sir,” retires. This is how she came by her odd name. There is just outside our town a school, where some sixty or so “boys and youths” (as the tailoring



advertisements have it) board and are educated. These boys are at certain times permitted to come into town to make purchases. Needless to say, that then they swarm in the confectioners' shops like bees in a flower garden. Needless also to say, that the sweets gathered then do not last long, and soon again the boys, playing in the school grounds and surrounded by high walls, long for "Turkish" and other confectionery delights. They do not always long in vain. Hovering around the walls outside may often be seen our friend, "Hello," with a well-filled basket on her arm. Soon there comes from the top of the wall a soft, low-breathed "Hello!" Then a boy's face is seen peering over, and his eager hand beckons her forward. How she ever reaches the top of that wall is a miracle. Yet she does, for I have seen her perched there like a beneficent fairy, dropping "the goods the gods provide" to the happy boys beneath. When next they go to town she takes care to be in the way, of course. A loud "Hello" greets her (the only name with which they ever do greet her), and then there is a settling of scores. She came by the waterproof coat she wears in this way. One of these boys had run a long account with her, for which the money was never forthcoming. The holidays came, and he was about to depart, but "Hello" pursued him to the railway station, and there he handed over to her his coat in payment of the debt.

"Hello's" funny name and attire are not by any means her most interesting attributes. She has stored in her memory many tales and legends, chiefly relating to the life of our Lord, her telling of which is often eloquent and pathetic. Though never meaning to be irreverent, her narrative at times takes a very ludicrous turn. She seats herself on the floor, with her back to the wall, her two short legs stretched out, a "dudtheen" in her mouth, and thus she discourses:—

"Mebbe you dunnow that when our Blessed Redeemer walked out here on earth He always tuk two or three iv His disciples along wid Him. Well! wan day He had St. Pether an' two more wid Him, an' walkin' along they met a poor man wid ragged, ould, torn clothes upon him, an' he begged f'om 'em, but our Lord tuk no notice iv him, an' passed on. They wint on farther, an' after a while who should they meet but a highway-robber, an' he stopped an' begged f'om 'em, too, and our Lord tould Pether to give him alms. An' sez St. Pether: 'Wisha, Lord, isn't a quare

thing you passed by that poor ragged ould man a while ago widout givin' him a ha'porth, an' you gev it to that fella'?' 'Ah! Pether,' sez our Redeemer, 'wait a while an' you'll see.' Well, next day they wor walkin' out agin, an' after goin' a long ways they kem to a village, an' who should they see comin' down the sthreet iv it but the highway-robber, an' the minute he clapped his eye on our Redeemer he runned over and thrun his two arms about Him, an' sez he: 'Arrah won't you come in here wid me till I give you a trate?' (He knowed no betther, the craythur). Iv course our Lord wouldn't go, but sez He: 'I thank you kindly all the same.' Thin our Lord an' His disciples wint on again, an' at last they kem to a lonely bit of a road, an' what did they see but the poor ragged ould beggarman an' he lyin' dead be the side of it. They wint over to him, an' sez our Lord to St. Pether, 'Take off his coat an' his waistcoat,' an' St. Pether did. 'Now,' sez He, 'rip up the linin' iv the two iv them,' and St. Pether did. An' lo! an' behold you, out fell a whole heap iv silver, thru'pennies, four-pennies, sixpennies, an' shillings, an' a few half-crowns an' five shillin' pieces. Our Lord looked at thim, an' sez He: 'Pether! take them all, an' let 'em go wid the strame in the field beyant.' So St. Pether wint; but, begor, as he was throwin' 'em in, he thought it a great pity to let all the big money go, and he picked out the half-crowns an' five-shillin' pieces, an' only thrun in the small money. Thin out he kem again, an' sez our Lord to him, 'Pether, did you do my biddin' an' let it all go with the strame?' 'Wisha,' sez St. Pether, 'I thought it a pity to let the big money go, an' I kep the half-crowns an' five shillin pieces.' 'Pether,' sez our Lord, and He looked very vexed at him, 'coveteous you are, and coveteous you'll remain.'"

Here is another story of Hello's:—

"Wanst upon a time the Blessed Virgin Mary was carrying the infant Saviour in her arms. She had a long, long road to go, an' she got very tired. At last she overtuk a woman on the road, an' sez she to her, 'Ma'am, I'm very tired; would you carry the Child for me a start?' 'I won't, thin,' sed the woman; 'I've enough to do to carry myself.' Well, the Blessed Virgin said nothin'; but, glory be to God, up spakes the Divine Child in her arms, an' sez He, 'Woman! may you live to a good ould age, an' may all the childer you are rearin' live to see you close your eyes

\* This legend would suit Judas better.

in death, and bury you decent.' Well, on the Blessed Virgin wint agin, an' afther a while another woman med up to her on the road, an' she axed her, too, 'would she have the kindness iv carryin' the Child a part iv the way for her?' 'Deed, thin, I will, an' welcome,' sed the decent, poor woman. So she carried Him a long, long while; an' whin His mother took Him in her arms agin, He turned to the woman, an' sez He, 'may every child you have die afore you.' 'Oh! me Son, me Son,' sed the Blessed Virgin, an' she a'most cryin,' 'is that what you say to the good, kind craythur that carried you?' 'Ah, mother,' sez He, 'you don't understand. Tell me, if you had a lonesome, dark road to travel, which would you rather a light behind you, or afore you?' 'Afore me, iv coorse,' said she. 'Well,' says He, 'whin that woman is dyin', her childher will all be bright lights afore her on the dark road.' "

A few years ago, "Hello" met with what she considered a great trial. She is, you must know, a widow, whose children, all but one, died when they were very young. I tell the story here in rhyme, and, as much as possible, in her own words:—

"The widow's only son he is for sure,  
I fed an' found him whin his father died;  
Though plain an' lowly, though forlorn an' poor,  
No wish that I could grant him was denied.

"From morn till night I tried to sell my wares,  
An' many a day I travelled miles an' miles;  
The people all at markets, patters, fairs,  
Still welcomed me with merry jests an' smiles.

"Whin Mike was owld enough, I 'prenticed him,  
A handy tradesman he would make I knew;  
An' often did my eyes, with pride, grow dim,  
To see how handsome, tall, an' strong he grew.

"An' when his time was out, I said, 'At last,  
Thank God, my days of toil an' care are done,  
No more I'll have to face the wintry blast,  
Or trudge beneath a burning summer's sun.'

"Thin comfort sat beside my hearth once more,  
An' hope lived ever in my heart an' smiled;  
Joy often kem'an' peeped in at the door,  
Sheddin' a light on mother an' on child.

"Till wan night Mike stayed out, till purty late,  
 I had his supper ready—toast an' tay,  
 I sat beside him while he drank an' ate,  
 'An' thin,' sez he, in a half stammerin' way—

"Sure, mother, I was with the priest to-night.'  
 'A good place, Mike, my boy, you wor,' I said,  
 'I'll call you early, for with mornin's light,  
 You ought prepare to ate the 'Heavenly Bread.'"

"So in the mornin', though the light was dim,  
 I made the cabin clane an' fair to see,  
 Oh! not for Mike, 'twas all to welcome Him  
 My son was bringin' in his heart to me.

"An' whin I heard his footsteps at the door,  
 I turned around, thin joy forsook my life—  
 I saw two figures standin' on the floor,  
 I heard Mike's voice say, 'Mother, here's my wife,'

"I tried to say she's welcome, but no sound  
 Kem from my lips—I slowly turned away,  
 An' that's the rayson why I'm goin' round,  
 An' axin' you to buy from me to-day."

JESSIE TULLOCH.

---

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. By far the most valuable addition to Irish literature that has been made for some years is "The History of Sligo, Town and County," by the Venerable Archdeacon O'Rorke, D.D., M.R.I.A., which has just been published by James Duffy and Co., Wellington Quay, Dublin, in two fine octavo volumes of some six hundred pages each. The Archdeacon's "Ballysadare and Kilvarnet," published some years ago, was a work of very great merit, but it is now found to correspond merely with the preliminary canter that Derby winners indulge in before setting about the supreme effort that is to give them a place in history. A map of the town of Sligo is prefixed to the first volume, a map of the county to the second; and these and the numerous engravings are of the utmost service to the diligent student of these learned and pleasant pages. Dr. O'Rorke has aimed at giving us an original, authentic, and exhaustive history of Sligo county and

Sligo town; and he has not missed his aim. The plan is excellent, and the execution thoroughly satisfactory; and Lord Macaulay would have said of it, as he said of Dr. Charles Smith's *History of Kerry*:—"I do not know that I have ever met with a better book of the kind and of the size." To be sure, there may be found readers to demur to this emphatic praise. How these antiquarians love one another! A clever man has remarked—and his remark now finds itself in print for the first time—that the proverbial *odium theologicum* is mildness and serenity compared with the *odium archæologico-celticum*. Sundry experts in Celtic archæology will, no doubt, be shocked at some of Archdeacon O'Rorke's discussions and conclusions. He does not accept all the statements of O'Donovan, Petrie, or the venerable Charles O'Connor; but he seems to be fully competent to give a reason for the faith that is in him. The Firbolgs, Tuatha de Danaans, and other ancients are treated with scant courtesy, and their alleged connection with the famous Carrowmore cromlechs, the Druids' Altar of Deerpark, the battlefields of Moytura, etc., is flatly denied. Our historian contends that those cromlechs date from the Battle of Sligo, A.D. 537, that the druidical altar was a fixture connected with certain games in the middle ages, and that the battle of Moytura was fought in comparatively recent times. All through these volumes Archdeacon O'Rorke has shown marvellous diligence and judgment, leaving untouched no point in the religious, political, and military history of the County and of

"Sligo town that lies so snug at the foot of Knocknarea."\*

The most amusing anecdotes are interspersed, as an offset to such grave chapters as that which treats of the terrible cholera of 1832—worse in Sligo than in any town of the kingdom—or the tenth chapter which gives new and full details concerning the treatment of Catholics in the penal times. The style is clear and unaffected, and the very reverse of heavy, while always sufficiently mindful of the historian's dignity. Finally, an excellent index enables the reader to find out easily the passages of special interest that he may wish to refer to. May we venture to adapt a well-known incident in the life of a great

\*As a sample of the thorough and masterly treatment that the various questions of topography, etc., receive at the Archdeacon's hands, we might call attention to the six pages about Knocknarea in the first volume. But we should have liked to have the whole of the ballad which Professor Judge, of Maynooth College, bought from the old ballad singer on Niagara Suspension Bridge. It seems worth preserving. The discussion in the second volume (pp. 208-210) concerning the bishop who ordained St. Kevin appears to clear up very thoroughly an obscure point in the life of the Saint of Glendalough:

saint, and imagine Sligo saying to Archdeacon O'Rourke:—*Bene scripsisti de me.*

2. The *Ave Maria* is more than holding its own. Father Hudson's editorial net takes a very wide sweep, and catches many excellent fish, some of them very like whales, or just as good for practical purposes. There is an additional literary flavour observable of late, which our keen, critical taste would ascribe to the presence of Mr. Maurice Francis Egan, who is now a professor in Notre Dame University. For instance, on June 1st, there is a brief notice of Mr. Marion Crawford's latest novel, which, in its wisely discriminating tone, reminds us of the "Talk about New Books" which Mr. Egan made a feature of *The Catholic World*. To give an air of rigid candour to our praise, we may notice two mistakes committed by "E. C. A." in his (or her) "Glance at Catholic Literature." "The Piatts (husband and wife)" cannot unfortunately be claimed as Catholic poets; and Miss Charlotte Grace O'Brien, who is not a Catholic, is in reality the warm-hearted Irishwoman who is confounded with the author of "Marcella Grace" in the following sentence: "Miss Mulholland, who was thanked the other day by Mr. Gladstone for the pleasure he had derived from the perusal of one of her works, is, I think, the same lady who exerted herself successfully to save her countrywomen from some of the horrors of a steerage passage." "E. C. A." might have ventured to attribute openly to Miss Mary Agnes Tincker "The House of Yorke," and "Grapes and Thorns," which seem to us to be by far the finest fictions that Catholic America has yet given to us; but then we must confess that we have not studied "the many exquisite works which Miss Frances Fisher, now Mrs. Tiernan, has produced over the *nom de plume* of 'Christian Reid,'" nor have we ever seen "St. Martin's Summer," by Miss Brewster, nor "Whom God have Joined," by Mrs. Martin—this last an American namesake of our Irish Catholic writer, the author of "Petite's Romance," and of the "Life of St. Jerome."

3. A Toronto journal, *The Week*, asks: "How is it that Canada seems to have produced, and to be producing, such a preponderance of poetry over prose?" The question itself is not expressed in very good prose, but it suggests that each little corner of the world is very busy about its own concerns, which are utterly unknown to the rest of the universe. The poets of Canada may imagine that the world is listening to them entranced; but which of us can name a single Canadian poet? The last note in the *Canterbury Posts'* volume of "American Sonnets," edited by Mr. William Sharp, informs us that Charles Roberts is the foremost living Canadian poet. The first poet of the Dominion to present himself before our tribunal is Mr. Nicholas

Flood Davin, a Member of the Canadian Parliament, who mentions in his interesting preface that his volume is the first purely literary work printed and published in the North-West Territories. Many of us have never heard of the town in which it is published—Regina, N. W. T. The book gets its name from the principal poem, "Eos, an Epic of the Dawn." The Spirit of the Dawn, who is very boldly personified, enables the poet, under her escort, to survey the cities and nations of the world; and the poet tells us what he saw in sonorous blank verse, which we very much prefer to the lyrical choruses that are interspersed. In the golden chariot of Eos, we pass over Athens, Salamis, the Apulian shore, imperial Rome—

" Her tale a Milky Way of mighty deeds,  
Her streets a wilderness of monuments,  
Her very dust made of the bones of saints"—

all Europe, with its "red battlefields as thick as tombstones in the parish ground," and its great cities, Paris and London, which are both described with much spirit and eloquence. Next comes Ireland's turn; and here and in other places faith and patriotism do not seem to us to speak with quite so clear and deep an accent as we should hope from an exile of Erin, as we suppose Mr. Davin to be. He is more at home on the Atlantic, and still more so when hovering in his celestial car over Quebec, Ottawa, Ontario, Qu'Appelle, Saskatchewan, and other towns and rivers of the young Dominion, of whose future glories the poet prophecies in a glowing peroration. The "other poems" are for the most part very unworthy of following this "Epic of the Dawn," especially those which intend to be jocose. There is, indeed, a good deal of cleverness in the Beppo-like answer to the critics, which is placed in front; but if we could indulge in extracts, our first would be the thirty-second page of "The Epic of Dawn." It is strange that Mr. Davin allows himself to fall occasionally into glaring technical errors of versification.

. One of those happy and beautiful deaths which are themselves cogent proofs of the truth of the true Faith, is described in a very effective way in "A Funeral Discourse, by Father Gallwey, S.J., over the remains of Eliza Mary Katharine Devas, wife of Charles S. Devas, Esq." The pamphlet is marked as "printed by desire, for private circulation;" and we shall, therefore, refer to it only as a reminder of the obligation which Lady Georgiana Fullerton, from her holy grave, has laid upon the preacher. In one of the letters in her Life she says that Father Gallwey should be compelled to bring out in a volume the touching and most instructive words that he has from time to time spoken on occasions like that which gave rise to the pre-

sent discourse. Such a book would be full of interest and edification.

5. Messrs. Burns and Oates have bestowed their tasteful printing and binding on a "Life of St. Bonaventure," translated by L. O. Skey. "Translated" does not tell from what language, and "L. O." leaves the translator's sex uncertain. The neat volume is necessarily full of edifying matter; but this too faithful translation of probably a French original is not the most desirable form. For instance, when reference is made to the holy poem, "Philomela," the translator ought to have named, at least in a note, Father Ryder, of the Birmingham Oratory, who in his exquisite volume of "Poems, Original and Translated" (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son). gives the original in full, with an admirable translation in a similar metre, and discusses learnedly the real authorship of the poem.

6. Some of the latest penny publications of the Catholic Truth Society are "Father Damien, Apostle of the Lepers;" "Archiepiscopal Jurisdiction," by the Rev. John Morris, S.J.; "St. Columbanus," by the Rev. John Golden; and "A Model Woman," by the Archbishop of Glasgow—the last being a sketch of the first Countess of Abercorn, who suffered much for the Catholic faith, and died at Paisley in 1631. The same indefatigable Association has also issued a new story of more than a hundred pages, by F. B. Lord. It is not very happily named "Revenge," and in parts it is controversial; but it seems to be good of its class. The new volume of Benzinger's fine Centenary Edition of the Ascetical Works of St. Alphonsus groups together in a thick volume all his treatises which come under the general title of "The Holy Mass."

7. Messrs. Trubner and Co., Ludgate Hill, London, have begun a monthly serial under the title of "The P. P. Index"—P. P. being the initials of "Periodical Press." It is admirably conceived and executed, and will be of the greatest utility to literary workers and cultivated readers, especially those who are within reach of the British Museum, or have it in their power to consult most of the magazines and reviews.

8. We have refrained from mentioning the Rev. James G. Morgan's translation of Père Longhaye's tragedy, "Campion," till we could compare it with the French text. Father Longhaye has a high reputation, especially as a dramatic poet. The translator writes blank verse well, but we cannot pronounce any opinion on the degree of justice that he has meted out to his original.

9. We mentioned in one of the preceding paragraphs half a dozen of the recent publications of the Catholic Truth Society. By an oversight we omitted the most valuable of them, which we are glad to name apart—"Notes on Certain Passages of Holy Scripture alleged



by Dr. Littledale and other Protestants against the Supremacy of St. Peter," by C. B. Allnatt. We have frequently expressed our admiration of Mr. Allnatt's accuracy of quotation and fulness of research, which are displayed even in short tracts like this, which contains only thirty-two pages.

10. The fifteenth thousand has been issued of the Rev. John M'Laughlin's popular treatise on Indifferentism—" *Is One Religion as Good as Another?*" We rejoice that the mean type and mean paper of some popular editions do not here insult the eye; binding, printing, and paper are good enough and neat enough for a young poet's first book. The favourable opinions of twenty-three bishops and fifty-six reviewers fill some thirty pages of small type at the end, and are in themselves interesting to read. The circulation of Father M'Laughlin's book will not stop at its fifteenth thousand.

11. Messrs. James Duffy & Sons have reprinted Mrs. Sadlier's Irish-American story, "The Confessions of an Apostate." We know of no story better worth reprinting than "The New Utopia," which is utterly hidden in a back volume of *THE IRISH MONTHLY*, which is now practically inaccessible, being long out of print. Why has not this been done? The same firm have produced a good edition of a translation of St. Adamnan's Latin Life of St. Columba, edited, with notes, by Dr. MacCarthy, Bishop of Kerry.

---

SEPTEMBER, 1889.



MOLLY'S FORTUNES.

CHAPTER XVII.

REVELATIONS.

"WOULD you like to come with me to the village, Mademoiselle?" said Justine one day, some weeks after the episode in the garden, recently described. "I am going to buy some fresh eggs for Madame la comtesse, and it might amuse you a little to go out."

Molly, who was looking pale and tired after an unusually trying morning, threw down the sheet she had been mending, and accepted the invitation with alacrity.

"Poor young lady!" said Justine, as they trudged off together. "I feel sorry for you sometimes. Madame la comtesse is not always easy to manage. *Non ça!* Many a time I pity you."

"It is no worse for me than for anybody else, I suppose," said Molly, smiling, however, with ready gratitude for the other's sympathy.

"Ah, but I am accustomed to it, do you see, Mademoiselle? It is nearly the same to me whether Madame la comtesse is in a good humour or the contrary. I shut my ears when she grumbles—*Brum, brum, brum*—it is like a great bumble bee humming round one. When she is *very* cross, I begin to sing—perhaps mademoiselle has remarked it? I have several little songs that serve me on such occasions; and sometimes, when against my will the mustard mounts to my nose—after all, human nature is very weak, Mademoiselle—I sing hymns and church music to change the current of my thoughts."

Molly laughingly congratulated her on so excellent and simple a method of preserving her good temper.

"As for M'sieu le baron," pursued Justine, after a pause, "he has the patience of an angel with her, as everyone knows, and always

had. Nothing is too good for her it seems. You see, Mademoiselle, one must love something, and she is all he has—except M'sieu Gaston. and he"—she broke off suddenly, but resumed after a moment. "Madame la comtesse was kind to M'sieu le baron long ago, almost a mother to him, he told me once (for their mother died when he was born), and that is the best part of madame, as mademoiselle knows—the maternal instinct, I mean. Now it is a different story. But M'sieu le baron is not of those who forget."

They had now left the demeane behind, and were descending the steep, stony road which led to the village, and which was bordered on each side with a high bank, surmounted by a stone wall, behind which was a plantation of firs.

All at once a child's shrill cry rang out close to them, followed by loud, terrified sobbing; a man's tones being subsequently heard, apparently expostulating and condoling.

Down went Justine's empty basket, and up the slippery bank she clambered, her curiosity lending her unwonted activity. Before Molly had recovered from her surprise at the sudden movement, she turned, with a smiling but mysterious face, put her finger on her lips to recommend caution, and beckoned to her to approach.

"Just look over there, mademoiselle," she whispered, "and you will see something which will amuse you."

Obediently scaling the bank, and peeping over the wall, Molly descried Monsieur de Sauvigny kneeling on one knee on the mossy ground, while he supported on the other a very small child. His back was turned to them, but the baby's face resting on his shoulder was distinctly visible, and Molly recognised it as that of the little person whom she had seen on the evening of her arrival, and whose tardy sense of duty had been aroused by a judicious reference to "Croquemitaine." On that occasion, as Molly remembered, she had considered Monsieur de Sauvigny's appearance and manner such as might fairly strike terror into the infant mind; but, behold! so far from appearing afraid of "Bogy," this little creature clung to him with evident confidence, not to say affection. Ourson stood at a little distance, looking half ashamed, half aggressive, and wholly jealous, and being, as it transpired, the cause of her alarm.

"Did my big dog frighten thee, then, and make thee fall and hurt thy little knee?" said Raoul, tenderly. "Naughty Ourson! What shall we do to him, Margot?"

Margot murmured between her sobs that the big dog ought to be beaten, a suggestion from which she seemed to derive some consolation, while Ourson, catching his master's eye, drooped his tail lower and lower, and retired to a little distance.

"Oh, no, we must not beat him," returned Raoul, laughing softly; "we must forgive him. Poor Ourson! He did not mean it, dost thou see, Margot? He forgets that he is so big, and that thou art so little. *Hein?* thou wilt forgive him? Poor Ourson!"

Margot, whose magnanimity had not apparently reached such a height, began to wail again, and pulling up her short skirts, contemplated her chubby knee with a deeply injured expression.

"Oh, the poor little knee!" said Sauvigny, compassionately, "we must make it better, mustn't we? Would a ten-centimes piece make it better, do you think?"

Margot appeared to think it would. She checked her sobs, and watched the baron with keen interest as he searched his pockets one after the other, a smile quivering on her lips, though big tears still hung on her thick, black lashes.

"Ah, but is not this a dreadful misfortune?" cried Raoul, all at once. "I believe I have not got a ten-centimes piece—what shall we do?"

He thrust his hands into his pockets again, but in vain: not one single coin was forthcoming. Margot's anguish burst forth afresh; her knee became very bad again, and she refused all attempted consolations. Molly, from her post of vantage, watched Raoul in amazement, as he folded his arms round the offended baby, and endeavoured by means of repeated promises and much kindly nonsense to distract her thoughts from the recollection of her injuries, his face, which was now visible to Molly, wearing an expression of tender amusement which became it very well. Suddenly he stooped and kissed the little knee.

"Good heavens!" thought Molly, "is this *Croquemitaine*? How I have been mistaken in him!"

"Mademoiselle, are you coming?" whispered Justine, tapping her on the shoulder. "If M'sieu le baron catches us here, he will be vexed."

Molly awoke to the fact that she had been virtually playing the spy for some five minutes or more, and hastily followed her companion as she slid down the bank with more speed than elegance.

Half unconsciously, however, she gave utterance to her surprise as they once more began to descend the stony road: "Who would have thought that Monsieur de Sauvigny was so fond of children?" she said.

"It is because Mademoiselle does not know him that she says that. No one hereabouts would be astonished. The village children love him—ah, it is a real treat for them when he chances to pass by—and he loves them. But you should have seen him long ago, when

M'sieu le comte was little. *Bon Dieu!* that was an affection! He was mad about the child. 'Thou wilt always love me, wilt thou not, my little Gaston,' he would say; and M'sieu le comte would caress him, and answer, 'Oh, yes, my darling uncle, always, always.' *Bonté Divine!* that is the way with children. They ravish your heart when they are little, and then, when they are big—h'm."

"But surely Monsieur de Treilles is very nice now?" said Molly, impulsively, "and why"—she checked herself suddenly, remembering that the relations between Raoul and his nephew did not concern her. But she was touched on hearing of their former love for each other, and could not help wondering why things seemed so different now.

"Certainly, M'sieu Gaston is a charming young man, oh, charming!" responded Justine; "it appears people are crazy about him in Paris. One must confess that he is handsome, and nice, too, very nice"—this eulogy was not spoken heartily, however—"but *enfin*, not like his uncle. You should have seen *him* eighteen years ago—before his misfortunes began. There was a handsome young man if you like, and gay and agreeable! Ah, poor M'sieu le baron! not everyone would think it now! though we who know him, we understand when he is out of sorts that it is his troubles and anxieties that are weighing upon him. He has enough of them, the poor gentleman!"

The interest which Molly could not help feeling in the subject of these remarks, of whom evidently she had hitherto formed quite a false idea, was increased by her visit to the village; the affection and concern with which the people inquired after "M'sieu le baron" still further exciting her wonder.

A few days afterwards she was enabled to judge of the devotion with which one at least of his dependents regarded her "Croque-mitaine."

Happening to be in the dining-room when Isidore was laying the table for *déjeuner*, she observed that he was more clumsy than usual over this operation, dropping the knives and forks, knocking the glasses together, and uttering smothered expletives ever and anon. At last, uttering a sigh so profound that it appeared to be heaved from his very boots, he took out his cotton handkerchief and wiped his eyes.

"Mademoiselle will excuse me," he said, apologetically; "but the fact is I am so agitated I hardly know what I am doing. Mademoiselle would not believe the scene I have just had with M'sieu le baron. Would she ever imagine that he could think of turning me out?"

"Turning you out!" said Molly in surprise.

"Ah, I knew Mademoiselle would find it difficult to believe!" pursued Isidore, with the modest triumph of one who knows his own

worth. "But it is true all the same. 'My good Isidore,' said M'sieu le baron to me this morning, 'I grieve to tell you that I can no longer keep you.' 'And why, M'sieu le baron?' said I, all trembling, as Mademoiselle will suppose. 'I can no longer afford your wages,' said he. 'Well,' said I, 'M'sieu le baron, you are an ingrate.'"

"Ah, you should not have said that," interrupted Molly, eagerly.

"Wait a bit, Mademoiselle, I have not finished," returned Isidore, holding up his hand to ensure silence. "He was as startled as you, the poor gentleman. 'I am not ungrateful, my friend,' said he; 'it grieves me to the heart to part with you.' 'Pardon, M'sieu Raoul,' said I, 'you are ungrateful. Have I not served the family for nearly sixty years—scullion in the late baron your grandfather's time; footman when M'sieu your father was alive, and now that there are no longer any servants worth mentioning in the château, am I not *maitre d'hôtel*, *valet-de-chambre*, footman and page all in one? Yet M'sieu le baron proposes to turn me out.' 'My poor Isidore, what can I do? I tell you I have not the money to pay your wages.' 'Well, M'sieu le baron, is that any reason why you should turn me out of my comfortable home, and refuse me the few bits of food that I eat, and send me into the wide world away from the only friends I have, at my age, too?' 'My good friend——' 'M'sieu le baron does not treat me as a friend. If M'sieu le baron thought I was worth keeping, and was pleased with my poor services, he would not send me away on the first opportunity; but evidently M'sieu is not satisfied with me.' 'Isidore, you know it is not that.' 'Then M'sieu will show me a little consideration, and allow me to remain where I am. As to the wages—*Poof!* M'sieu can owe them to me, and pay them to me later on, capital and interest if he likes, when his affairs are in a better condition.' There, do you see, Mademoiselle? that is how I manage him. If I had made protestations of my sympathy and fidelity, he would not have listened to me; but when I take him like that he ends by giving in."

Here Isidore, who had been enacting the scene between himself and his master in so lifelike a manner that Molly could almost believe she saw it, paused breathless, and grinned triumphantly, while two big tears rolled down his cheeks.

"That poor M'sieu le baron: you should have seen him! He was quite touched. He stretched out his hands to me without saying a word, and then he got up and left the room. The fact is he is right glad not to lose me. I ask you, what would he do without me? Not only do I work like a nigger for him, but I distract his thoughts, I talk to him, I enliven him—as Mademoiselle may see. When M'sieu comes down with his black look on, I begin to bring out my absurdities, and

by dint of talking nonsense to him, I end by making him laugh. Poor gentleman! what would become of him in the midst of his worries if I were no longer here? I verily believe he would die."

In spite of Isidore's naively comic faith in his own merits, Molly was deeply touched by this recital, and, moreover, startled at the state of things which it revealed. Were Monsieur de Sauvigny's affairs really in so bad a state as to cause him to think of parting with the little factotum who was not only a useful servant, but a faithful friend? Must not *her* presence then entail an additional expense, and would her services be dispensed with? Ah, true! they were required by Madame de Treilles, to whom, as Justine had said, her brother denied nothing. Molly might, therefore, consider herself secure, a circumstance which, oddly enough, afforded her a certain satisfaction. Trying as "*Madame la comtesse*" frequently was, and dull as her life at the château must be deemed, Molly was conscious of a distinct unwillingness to leave. She liked the place itself, and she liked the country-people, and the small domestic staff, and, moreover, ever since that day in the garden, she liked the baron. He was invariably kind to her now, his many-sided character interested her, and she was *so* sorry for him. Her pity was so great, indeed, that sometimes it was quite a burden to her. Nothing was more painful to her than to witness trouble which she did not understand, and could not alleviate, and when she saw Raoul's worried face after a long day spent in poring over papers in his turret-room, she felt that she would have given worlds to help him. She could see plainly enough that his difficulties were increasing, and the thought of his poverty weighed on her to such a degree that she almost grudged herself her daily allowance of food, and dreaded the moment when her quarter's salary would become due.

Punctual to the very day, however, Monsieur de Sauvigny handed her the equivalent of her services—five gold pieces—which, from a motive of delicacy, he had enclosed in an envelope. He felt some slight awkwardness in the proceeding, and was consequently rather more stiff and constrained in his manner with her than usual. Molly imagined that he looked more troubled, and felt an extraordinary repulsion to this money, offered her, doubtless, at the cost of much inconvenience and privation.

"Oh, I wish you would take it back!" she cried impulsively, tendering the envelope to him again.

It was the same generous, unreflecting Molly, who had braved a wetting for the sake of two street-boys in former days, and who was, as her aunt had told her, "*always doing quixotic things.*" When her heart was touched, her pity thoroughly aroused, she was carried

away into all sorts of kindly, compassionate follies, oblivious of the consequences, which in this instance at first promised to be very unpleasant.

Raoul drew back, his eyes positively blazing with anger, his face crimson, the veins on his temples standing out like knotted cords, his whole attitude and expression denoting fierce shame and indignation.

Molly saw her mistake at a glance; she had insulted him.

"I beg your pardon," she faltered; "I did not mean to offend you. I—I was taken by surprise. I only intended to say that I am in no hurry for the money. I don't know what to do with it at present, and I thought you would, perhaps, keep it till I wanted it."

"I see," said Sauvigny. Molly stealing another look at him, and meeting his eyes, felt that he did see—right through her little story, and that her real motives were perfectly plain to him. His face was quite pale again now, and no longer angry, only very sad, and with that humiliated expression which she could not bear to see. His arms hung down straight and stiff; and Molly withdrew the hand which had been half unconsciously creeping forward again with the money. She paused a moment, leaning against the table, and gazing appealingly at him; but his steady glance warned her that she must not renew her offer. Then she looked down at the envelope in her hand: yes, there was nothing for it now but to accept it, and withdraw. Sorrow, impatience, and a great load of unexpressed compassion combined were too much for Molly; two great tears of vexation leaped out on her flushed cheeks, and she crushed up the packet in her hand.

"Hateful money!" she cried petulantly, her little foot coming down in its favourite tap on the floor; and, with a whisk of her skirts, a bang of the door, she was gone.

Raoul looked after her in some surprise, then a smile crept over his face,—a very tender smile,—and he drew a step nearer the table. There she had stood, close beside it—just there; and here was the spot where her hand had rested. He laid his own on the place, gently stroking the old, faded table-cover. Dear, impulsive, generous little hand; so warm, so strong, so willing! He pictured it to himself—first eagerly stretched out; then trembling a little with impatience as it rested on the table; and then crushing up the packet in its pretty wilfulness. Very childish and reprehensible no doubt, but wholly characteristic and charming.

"Blessed little hand!" said Raoul, and he stooped very reverently and kissed the spot on which it had lain. After this he paused, amazed at himself. "It can do her no harm," he said, apologetically,



but he was, nevertheless, startled, almost afraid. What was this that had come to him? Did he actually love this girl—he in whom, as he thought, all power of loving was dead for ever? Had not years of disappointment and misfortune caused him to consider himself a sort of pariah, cut off from all kindly intercourse with his fellows? Did he dare to love her—this sweet, blithe, innocent young thing, whose very brightness and beauty caused her to be as immeasurably removed from him as the stars in the heavens above him? Even as he asked this question, he answered it by another: “Why not?” Ah, why indeed! Was he not free to love her, to worship her, to pay her from afar the tribute of his manhood’s homage? No one would ever know, and “it could do her no harm.” Filled, as he was by this thought, with a strange, fierce, almost uncontrollable joy, it did not lead him to make any plans, to indulge in any dreams. He did not for an instant dwell on the possibility of his affection being returned; nay, he was resolved that his beloved should ever remain in ignorance of it. His should be a love absolutely free from all self-seeking,—as pure, as perfect a love as one creature could feel for another,—entirely bestowed because the object was entirely worthy: delighting in her beauty, and charm, and goodness, for her sake alone.

He dwelt on the scene of that morning with a curious sense of satisfaction, the recollection of Molly’s impulsive act, which had at first caused him to feel so much pained and humiliated, filling his mind now with gratitude. Was it not a further proof of her disinterestedness and generosity?

So, while the girl fretted and fumed upstairs, Raoul sat still and pondered on the blessedness of being near her, of being permitted to love her; and presently deeper, holier thoughts crept into his heart—a sense of thankfulness for this unlooked-for happiness; a wonder at the goodness of Heaven that was almost a prayer.

---

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### BAD NEWS.

Though Raoul’s love and admiration for Molly increased day by day, he was careful to keep his sentiments to himself. There probably never existed a man with stricter notions of honour than this impecunious Norman baron. In spite of past misfortunes, in spite of the pressure of circumstances which daily wounded his pride and lowered his self-respect, this one thing remained to him, held fast and jealously guarded, a possession of which no one could rob him. It

was not "honour" as commonly understood in this easy-going nineteenth century, but a highmindedness, a stern sense of duty, a chivalrousness—in a word—such as was once deemed the glory of knightly manhood, but which is now sadly out of date.

So, though this sudden love of his grew and gathered strength till another man could scarcely have concealed its intensity, Raoul scorned to betray it by word or sign. Madame de Treilles' habits rendered Molly's position in the house so peculiar, that had the master been other than he was, it would have been untenable. The girl was thrown constantly into his society, and appeared, as she knew him better, both to like and to confide in him. A union between them under existing circumstances was, as he knew, quite impracticable, a possibility of which he did not allow himself to dream, and to take the smallest advantage of her innocent trust, to disturb her by any hint of his passion, would have been a baseness of which he was incapable.

In spite of the strict watch which he kept over himself, a certain change was perceptible in him, which Molly noticed and rejoiced over, little thinking that it was due to her influence. He looked brighter than of yore, was softer in his manner, and in every way a more pleasant companion. Molly had quite lost her dread of him, and grew to look forward to the hours which she spent in his company as the happiest in the day. Meanwhile, she herself had managed to effect many changes in the château. She had persuaded Madame de Treilles to make use of a certain small sitting-room near the dining-room, which Justine and Isidore had cleaned, and which Molly herself had arranged and decorated. Not only did the countess consent to sit there for a few hours every day while her own room was aired—a great *desideratum*—but Raoul himself frequently put in an appearance, and Molly sometimes retired there after dinner when it was too damp to go out, generally alone, however, for, except on rare occasions, the strict rule of life which Sauvigny had laid down for himself did not allow him to bear her company. She had also—wonder of wonders!—induced Madame de Treilles to go out once or twice, and the latter had not felt any the worse for it—had not coughed, and had not been hysterical. It is true that this miraculous circumstance was in some measure due to the fact, that the last medical pamphlet which she had perused prescribed fresh air and exercise as excellent preventatives of "Elephantiasis," with which malady, as the countess had recently found out, she was now threatened. Occasionally, it must be owned, Molly had a hard time of it with her. On the days when she suffered from what she was pleased to term "*le spleen*"—the word being employed according to its French sense, to designate that state of mind which we are wont to describe fami-

liarly as a fit of "the blues," but which, in her case, might be taken according to its more common signification—she was simply unbearable. Then, indeed, her unfortunate little companion required all her strength of will to keep her "peppery" temper under control, and all her courage to preserve even a semblance of her customary brightness. As a rule, however, Madame de Treilles evinced a certain liking, not to say admiration, for the girl whose attainments were so varied, and who was so willing to make herself useful in every conceivable way, from weeding the garden to making beef-tea.

One day, as Molly presented herself at the countess's door, she was dismayed to hear Justine singing within: a sure sign that it was "a bad day" with their charge. On entering she found, to her surprise, the latter dressed and standing in the middle of the room, an open letter in her hand.

"Is my brother in?" she asked querulously, without returning any answer to Molly's greeting.

"I suppose so; I have not yet seen him this morning."

"Go and tell him I want him at once. I wish to speak to him on a matter of importance."

*"Un jour le roi Stanislas  
Disait: Hélas! hélas! hélas!"*

crooned Justine, with startling suddenness.

"Hold your tongue!" cried Madame de Treilles, "your singing affects my nerves."

Molly fled down the passage, tapped at the baron's door, and delivered her message, being commissioned by him, in return, to tell his sister he would come immediately.

The countess was now seated, but looked restless and agitated, the paper in her hand fluttering a little. There was silence for a moment, and then Raoul's footsteps were heard approaching.

*"Qu'on m'apporte mon coutelas,  
Que je m'en donne le trépas!"*

sang Justine, cheerfully—"A thousand pardons, Madame la comtesse; I had forgotten."

"You can retire," said Madame de Treilles, turning to her sharply; "and you, too, Miss Mackenzie. No, stay"—with a sudden change of tone—"I should like to have someone with me, I think, and I can rely on your discretion."

Her voice shook, and she looked towards the door with an almost terrified expression, which filled Molly with indignant wonder. How could she be so unreasonable as to fear this brother of hers, who,

however cold and stern towards others, was invariably patient and tender with her. Nevertheless, when Raoul entered, the girl noticed a certain severity in his look and manner which appeared in some measure to justify the countess's trepidation.

He kissed her very kindly, however, and then characteristically proceeded to the point at once.

"You have had bad news?"

"Yes, Raoul, very bad news" (here Madame de Treilles put her handkerchief to her eyes); "I am in great trouble."

"Give me the letter," said Sauvigny, stretching out his hand authoritatively.

"No, no; I dare not! You are always so hard. You never have any pity."

"Give me the letter," he repeated, striving, as Molly noticed compassionately, to speak gently and to look calm. "It is useless to keep it from me; you know I shall have to know everything, sooner or later."

He drew it from her unresisting hand, and went through it steadily, his expression growing more and more stern as he did so.

"Raoul, you frighten me!" whined his sister. "Do not look like that. After all—it is not so very bad."

Sauvigny threw back his head, with a short, angry laugh. Molly would much have liked to make her escape, but was hemmed in by the countess's sofa. She gave, however, a little warning cough, just to remind them of her presence; but neither of them appeared to notice it.

"How dare you laugh?" cried Madame de Treilles, with the feeble fury of a cowardly person at bay. "If you would be a little kinder, these things would not happen. You make such a fuss about every *bagatelle*—you are so niggardly ——"

"Ah, this is too much!" Raoul was beginning wrathfully; but he suddenly checked himself, hesitated, and, apparently not trusting himself to speak further, left the room hastily.

Justine being summoned, proceeded to attend to her mistress, who was apparently threatened with one of her worst "crises," and Molly sorrowfully sought the little *salon*, there to meditate on the uncertainty of life—especially of life at La Pépinière.

After a short time Raoul entered.

"I come to say good-bye, Miss Mackenzie. I am going away for a few days. I know you will take every care of my sister during my absence."

His sister! always his sister!

"Yet she was nasty enough to him just now, the thankless thing!" thought Molly, indignantly.

"She has been much upset by bad news she received this morning," said Raoul, quick to note her expression, and speaking almost pleadingly. He looked pale and agitated, the lines in his worn face more strongly marked than usual.

"Good-bye," he said, holding out his hand suddenly. Then turning, he left the room, followed by Ourson, who slunk after him with drooping tail and head sullenly bent, evidently warned by a dog's strange instinct of his master's approaching departure.

Molly partook of her luncheon in solitary state, Isidore retiring as soon as he had ministered to her wants. Madame la comtesse was in bed, and Justine's voice was occasionally heard in the passage entoning "*Sursum corda*," an infallible token that things were at the worst. Presently the dining-room door slowly opened, and Ourson stalked in, a queer, sheepish, but not altogether unfriendly look on his most expressive face. His customary morose and suspicious temper had been conquered by his loneliness, and as he stood opposite Molly, slowly waving his great tail, it was evident that he considered even *her* company better than none.

"So your master has gone?" said the girl, gently. "Poor fellow! I'm so sorry."

Though it was not quite clear to whom this remark was applied, Ourson was apparently gratified by the compassionate tone, and after a pause, drew near, and rested his head on her knees. There was a whole world of sorrow in his honest, brown eyes, and Molly felt an odd sympathy for him.

"Are you very lonely, poor Ourson? Do you miss your master very much? Never mind, we must keep each other company, though it is very dull without him!"

The next few days were indubitably dull. Madame la comtesse was exceedingly cross. Isidore was doleful, and Justine went about entoning "*Sur-ur-ur-sum co-or-da-a*," till the mere sound of the sacred chant filled Molly with feelings of most irreverent exasperation.

One morning, about a week after Raoul's departure, Justine entered her mistress's room with a very long face, holding a telegram in her hand.

Molly uneasily watched Madame de Treilles as she tore it open, opining further ill tidings; but to her surprise the latter burst out laughing as she read it.

"It is from Gaston—the dear boy! Listen then, Justine. He says: 'I leave by mid-day train to-day. Be sure to prepare a *fricandeau*.' Is he not amusing, my son, *hein* Justine? A *fricandeau*!"

"As to that," returned the maid bluntly, "Madame la comtesse will excuse me if I say that I do not see the joke. To begin with,

Jeannette is not clever enough to dress a *fricandeau*, and then—M'sieu le comte is doubtless *parfaitement spirituel*—but I cannot myself see why his ordering this dish should amuse madame so much.”

“Justine, you are stupid; oh, but inconceivably stupid!” cried the countess in a pet, “and I am stupid, too, to expect you to be otherwise. I should not have spoken—but then, I was so much amused. A *fricandeau*! *Mon Dieu*, how comical he is!”

“*Fricandeau de veau*,” said Justine, stolidly. “*Ma foi*! Madame la comtesse, I cannot see that a *fricandeau* of veal is more comical than a leg of mutton.”

She folded her arms on her square waist, and gazed at her mistress with an expression of exaggerated mystification which Molly could see was assumed.

“Another time I will laugh, if Madame la comtesse wishes,” she went on. “I will laugh now if it pleases her. Ah! ah! ah! a *fricandeau*! It is truly amusing. A *fricandeau*! ah! ah! ah!”

“Justine, you will make me angry. Go downstairs at once, and see that everything is ready for Monsieur le comte. Or stay—I will go myself. You are so intensely stupid to-day, I cannot be sure you understand anything.”

She took up the telegram, wrapped her shawls round her, and left the room, the maid gazing after her wrathfully.

“Do not be too sure that I do *not* understand, madame!” she cried in a sort of subdued fury. “Ah, M'sieu Gaston amuses himself by making jokes, and Madame la comtesse laughs at them? And what about our poor M'sieu le baron. I wonder if he finds the jest comical. *Sac-d-papier*! I should like to arrange M. Gaston's *fatted calf* for him. He should have it well peppered, if it were left to me!”

M. E. FRANCIS.

## THE CHOSEN.

THE Rose and Lily by the golden gate  
 Of Heaven's own garden, where the trailing dress  
 Of the sweet Virgin, followed by a press  
 Of angels, among angels fortunate,—  
 Being the guard of her, Immaculate,—  
 Had now but passed, and left a sacredness  
 Like perfume on the sense that God shall bless;  
 The Rose and Lily, gently, without hate,  
 Disputed which should be the flower of choice.  
 "For being white as I," the Lily cried,  
 "Mary was chosen." Then with gentle voice,  
 "But loved for being like me," the Rose replied.  
 Returning, Mary laid upon her breast  
 Both flowers, and none could answer which was best.

EDWIN J. ELLIS.

## A MISSING CHAPTER.

THE comprehensive manual of etiquette (compiled for the instruction of outer barbarians) which I consult when I am uncertain as to whether the son of a gun or the grandson of a cannon takes precedence, though it includes such elementary rules of good breeding as "do not eat peas with your knife," "avoid making gulping noises when you drink," and, at the same time, ranges so high as to minutely describe the proper forms to be observed should you be honoured with an invitation to a state banquet at Windsor Castle, has at least one serious omission: it quite neglects to warn its students against a very common error of taste, so prevalent at present as to threaten to make the social duty of afternoon calls a burthen too wearisome to be longer endured. If I were permitted to introduce a chapter into the next edition, I should certainly devote it to pointing out the danger we run of

allowing servant worries to too exclusively form the topic of our conversations. True, most people talk best on the subject which most interests them, and this absorbing subject, on which our domestic comfort so greatly depends, is necessarily of vital importance to us all. What mistress of a household (unless, indeed, her husband be actually of the "ins" or "outs") even pretends to feel a tithe of the anxiety and excitement in a change of administration which she experiences when called on to accept the resignation of a satisfactory cook? What possible parliamentary notice affects her so nearly as nurse's overwhelming notice (just while baby is teething, too) "to suit herself by this day week?" But, though the various shortcomings and frequent unreasonable fittings of our particular Janes and Mary Anns are of keener personal interest to us than are the most thrilling items of news recorded by the cablegram, it is well for us to remember that, outside our immediate circle, their shocking delinquencies are of no special importance. In fact, if we wish to measure accurately the precise degree of pleasure the recital of our domestic worries affords our acquaintances, we have only to recall the weariness of spirit we suffer when in like case it becomes our turn to act the part of sympathetic listener. True again, it is the mode in which the subject is treated much more than the happy choice of the subject itself, which renders a conversation dull or sparkling, deadly heavy with dreary platitude and commonplace, or buoyant and effervescing with epigram and *esprit*. A brilliant lecturer, for example, will be entertaining no matter what his text. He will know how to find something pithy and piquant to say on a topic as intrinsically dry and uninteresting as coal, while a bore will as infallibly weary his audience, though he should discourse to them of the boisterous merriment of the Roman Carnival, or recount to them his personal recollections of Charles Mathews!

Readers of Mrs. Carlyle's vivacious correspondence will remember how her playful wit lent a rare charm to the animated account of sundry raids made by her on the haunts of certain unclean creatures scarcely to be spoken of in the hearing of ear-polite. Her exquisite epistolary style allowed her to name her foes with all the frankness of the landlady of a sixth-rate London boarding-house, and actually so glorified these detested — as to make the brilliant history of their rout and extermination a tale of wonder and delight.



But, alas, and alack a-day, we are not all Mrs. Carlyles, and, so far from being able to idealise insecticide, and render soapsuds sublime, it behoves us (as Anthony Trollope is so fond of remarking) to steer clear of such deep pitfalls of dulness and monotony as the pertness of our parlourmaids, and the fierce tempers of our cooks. Indeed, if we aim at being even moderately successful members of society, and are at all ambitious that our Wednesday afternoons, or our first and fifth Thursdays, should bear ever so faint a resemblance to the Parisian salons of which they are the distant and very poor relations, we must courageously abandon all grumbling about servants and other household worries.

In these mind-widening exhibition days there are several inducements to turn to other subjects, and give this greatly over-talked-of grievance a rest. When I say over-talked-of, I mean in the sense of over bemoaned, for it is because the grievance is so very real, and the dearth of competent servants so great as to go far in spoiling the pleasure of life for well-to-do people in Melbourne, that I argue that this irritating and worrying topic should not be unnecessarily introduced into our brief hours of leisure. With such a boundless supply of new and delightful things to talk of, it is surely unwise to hark back to one so worn out and threadbare as registry offices and the disappointment and humiliations which there await would-be employers. Take the pictures, for instance; they alone would supply the most inartistic of us with small talk enough to last from now to Christmas, while for the large number of our young people who have made painting a study the subject is simply boundless. Then we have Mr. Cowen and the music. These popular and facile topics are not only capable of routing servant worries from the *tapis*, but appear to be encroaching on the time-honoured monopoly so long enjoyed by the weather, as safe and pleasant openings to conversations. And, besides the Exhibition itself, there are all the consequent festivities to be compared and discussed. The real difficulty is, that we have too many things to talk of, not too few. But a more complete reason than all these for abstaining from talking too much about our servants just at present is, that many of us have few or no servants to talk about.

It is an extremely uncomfortable state of affairs; but, after all, it is neither wrong nor unnatural that hundreds of young girls of the servant class should prefer the better wages and greater

freedom to be found in the stalls of the Exhibition, to the drudgery of preparing our dinners and keeping our houses in order. Perhaps, if my small, strong, efficient, and consolidated staff had been tempted to desert me, I should not be inclined to philosophise so calmly; but, more fortunate than some of my neighbours, I have not yet been called on to bid "a long farewell to my Mary, kind and true." That unsophisticated young woman still goes about her daily avocations as simply and cheerfully as if I, and not she, were the mistress of the situation. Surely she cannot realise the fact that, though positions equal to the one she holds are plentiful as blackberries—nay, numerous as apples in a Kentish orchard—servants to fill them are as scarce as snow in summer. Her utter unconsciousness of her own value has all the charm which belongs to an acknowledged belle unaware of her own attractions. And yet she is not without opportunity of becoming more wise, for the number of fashionably-got-up young persons who have the *entrée* to her kitchen most evenings in the week is quite considerable, and it is absolutely impossible that they should be fresh and ingenuous as she is.

But, good gracious me, what is this I am doing? If this preachment of mine means anything at all, it is meant as a lecture against talking of one's servants, and here am I actually almost introducing my readers into the middle of a kitchen *soirée*. This shows how very much easier it is to preach than to practise.

As I have unwittingly approached the forbidden topic, I may as well add a development of servant-galism which I came across recently. I was spending a dismally wet day in a little country hotel, and amusing myself as best I could by turning over the landlady's rather scanty stock of books. Among them was a nicely bound copy of Longfellow's Poems, with the following inscription written on the fly-leaf: "Presented to Mrs. ———, by Ellen ———, who lived in her service for three years." So unusual a testimonial made me smile, but it indicated a good understanding between mistress and maid; and when the not very far distant day comes, for come it must, for my Mary's young man to carry her off, I should be gratified to be considered worthy of such a presentation.

SUSAN GAVAN DUFFY.

## BALLADE OF SLEEP.

**B**ESTIR thee, Sleep, and hasten from Erebus to-night  
 On wings made fleet as bird's are that fly o'er summer seas,  
 Come hither ere the day-star has cast its morning light,  
 Come hither while the dew-beads are heavy on the leas;  
 Weigh down the eyes of Sorrow until the sights it sees  
 Shall be as things that are not, as things that have no name;  
 Speed over hill and valley with every swiftest breeze,  
 Give rest to saint and sinner, to honour and to shame.

Thou sweeter than all songs are, more potent than all might,  
 Most full of soothing comfort, replete with blissful ease,  
 Dry up the tears of lone ones who cry in vain for right,  
 Allay the strifes and hatreds thou only canst appease;  
 Visit the prayer-worn hermit upon his bended knees,  
 The toiler in God's vineyard, the hunter after fame,  
 Go in among the nestlings upon the swaying trees,  
 Give rest to saint and sinner, to honour and to shame.

Make speed with trailing garments beneath the starry white,  
 Unlock the ivory portals with silver-circled keys,  
 And loose from dreamland's keeping each wanton fay and sprite  
 That slumbers 'mid the humming of linden-haunting bees.  
 At whose approach all grieving, all thought of trouble flees,  
 With all that marks the peasant from courtly lord and dame.  
 Make soft once more the bosom where pity learnt to freeze,  
 Give rest to saint and sinner, to honour and to shame.

*L'Envoi.*

Sleep, rise from out thy cavern, thy wand and poppies seize,  
 Relax the jaded members of every mortal frame,  
 That weariness may vanish, and all the cares that tease;  
 Give rest to saint and sinner, to honour and to shame.

J. A.

## CARDINAL XIMENES.

## AN UNPUBLISHED FRAGMENT.

By C. W. RUSSELL, D.D., formerly President of Maynooth College.

“**C**ARDINAL Ximenes,” says Robertson, “is the only prime minister mentioned in history whom his contemporaries revered as a saint, and to whom the people under his government ascribed the power of working miracles.”\* It would be difficult, indeed, to find in history any close parallel for the character of this remarkable man. It combines elements the most opposite and all but irreconcilable; a statesman and an ascetic; a monk, yet an organiser and almost a leader of armies; a centralizer, yet a friend of local administration; an inquisitor, yet a munificent patron of science. Even in the separate parts which he filled, the same combination of seemingly conflicting principles is observable. In the Church, while he was strict and even chivalrous in his loyalty to central authority, he was a strenuous upholder of national immunities. In the State, the organiser, if not the founder, of an absolutism as complete and as hard as that founded in France by Richelieu; he was, at the same time, an ardent sympathizer and a jealous guardian of personal liberty and municipal privilege. And, with an energy and strength of purpose which rarely accompany such variety of pursuit, or such versatility of character, he was as earnest and enthusiastic in each individual portion of his work as though that alone had constituted the business of his life. Under the inevitable outward splendour and luxury of his high office, he maintained the austerity and almost the seclusion of a cloistered Cordelier. He conducted the munificent—it might almost be said lavish—expenditure which the vast revenues of his See involved, according to the strictest rules of personal poverty implied in the religious vow which he faithfully cherished throughout life. And, however strange such a union of qualities may seem in modern eyes, there is nothing in his life in which scepticism itself has detected the semblance of a sham, and upon which the verdict of his contemporaries has not set the stamp of sterling, although it may be exceptional, genuineness.

The constituent elements of this remarkable character are

\* History of Charles V.; ii., p. 55.

partly personal, partly due to the influences of his age and country. The first will be sufficiently understood from a brief narration of the leading facts of his history; and we shall take occasion, as the incidents of that history may suggest, to enter into such explanations as will illustrate the influences by which the personal characteristics of the individual were modified or controlled.

Gonzalez Ximenes de Cisneros was born at Torrelaguna, a small town in the province of Toledo, in the year 1436. With the natural ambition of enhancing his many personal titles to distinction by the further glory of illustrious birth, many of his biographers have accepted the name Cisneros as evidence of descent from the Counts of that ancient name famous in the early history of Spain; but the truth appears to be, that the surname of Cisneros was simply due to the circumstance that the Ximenes family, which, although noble, was decayed, resided in that town, where his father held the humble office of receiver of the Moorish war tithe, a half royal, half papal impost, which had its origin during the wars against the Moors. The future Cardinal was the eldest of his family. His baptismal name was Gonzalez; but the name by which he is known in history is Francis, a name which, in conformity with the well-known monastic usage, he assumed on entering into the Franciscan order. This event, however, did not take place till Ximenes had passed the term of middle life.

Although he devoted himself to the clerical profession from his boyhood, his first destination was to the secular ministry; nor does his education appear to have departed in any way from the ordinary type of ecclesiastical training by which the Catholic Church, with that unbending uniformity which is her great characteristic, seeks to prepare her ministers in all ages for those mysterious relations to the souls of men which are the same in their essence in every age, however modified by the condition of society or accommodated to its varying requirements. For all her ministers alike—the monk-priest in the contemplative seclusion of his cloister, the busy toiler amid the daily haunts of men, the missionary in his adventurous intercourse with the savage in his native wilds—however different in each case the direct and proximate preparation, she lays but one foundation; and wide as is the interval which separates the fiery eloquence of De Ravignan in the crowded nave of Notre Dame, and the simple catechetical teaching of Espinosa or Castanares in the Reductions of Paraguay,

•

or the rude homilies of the "black-robcs" at the sources of the Mississippi, the same fundamental teaching underlies them all, and its natural working may be traced in that wondrous harmony of action with variety of instruments, and that curious unity of result from conflicting causes, which form the most remarkable characteristic of the traditional system of Rome.

Ximenes, after the preliminary study of grammar at Alcala, spent six years at the University of Salamanca, where he passed through the inevitable circle of the scholastic philosophy, theology, and law, and laid the foundation of those beloved Scriptural studies, which were afterwards so largely represented in the scheme of academic learning which he himself drew out for his new University of Alcala. During these years, Ximenes, while advancing to the baccalaureate, contrived to maintain himself by giving private lessons in civil and canon law; and in 1459 he transferred himself to Rome, whither the new studies which had been growing up under the auspices of the enlightened patron of learning, Nicholas V., were attracting adventurous scholars from every country. A rather startling notion as to the conditions of the journey to Rome at that period\* may be formed from the circumstance that Ximenes was twice assailed upon the way by robbers, and plundered of his money, his clothes, and his horse, and that it was only the liberal assistance of an ancient fellow-student at Salamanca, whom, in his distress, he had the good fortune to encounter at Aix of Provence, that enabled him to accomplish his journey.

At Rome, as at Salamanca, Ximenes, while pursuing his studies, was dependent for his maintenance on his own exertions, as an advocate in the ecclesiastical courts; but it was impossible even for a busy lawyer to escape the literary influences which at that time were springing into activity in the capital of western Christendom. The fall of Constantinople had driven the most distinguished *literati* of the Greek Church to seek a shelter in the cities of Italy, and especially at Rome; and with these the enlightened enterprise of Pope Nicholas V. had associated a host of

\* Yet Dr. Whitehead, Vice-President of Maynooth at the time that these pages were written, had, not long before, met with a similar adventure in Italy. He used to describe, with much humour, the alacrity with which he yielded to the brigands. "If I had ten times as much in my pocket, I would have given it readily when I saw the fellow's pistol near my throat."—*Ed. I. M.*

eminent scholars of Italy and other western nations. Already, under his munificent patronage, had commenced the work of collecting from every accessible quarter, communicating to the world the scattered remains of ancient literature, and of organizing the new studies by which that literature, and the sciences to which at that time it formed the most important key, should be made available in developing the human intellect and satisfying the cravings of the awakened instincts and impulses which already agitated the age. The influence upon the mind of Ximenes of these years, and of the associations then established, although no immediate results have been recorded by his biographers, will be clearly recognized in the grandeur and munificence of the scheme of studies which in the days of his power he inaugurated at Alcala.

Whatever might have been the prospects of a prolonged career at Rome for Ximenes, they were cut short by the death of his father, which necessitated his immediate return to Spain. Scarce arrived in his native country, he found himself involved in an angry and protracted conflict with his ecclesiastical superior, Carillo, Archbishop of Toledo, which interposed for years a fatal hindrance to the literary pursuits which were so dear to him.

The ecclesiastical system of Spain was, in many respects, peculiar, deriving most of its peculiarities from that Visi-Gothic element which has left its traces upon almost every institution of that curiously conservative though independent people. None of the early national constitutions which on the disruption of the empire replaced the imperial system in the several countries of Europe, partook so largely of the theocratic character as the Visi-Gothic kingdom of Spain. It was in some respects an anticipation, within its own limited range, of the great ideal of the mediæval Papacy, whose influence penetrated every part of the re-constituted system of European society—political, ecclesiastical, moral, social—and compressed into at least a negative uniformity the crude and conflicting elements out of which the new world was destined to arise. In the Visi-Gothic kingdom of Spain from the very first, the temporal and the spiritual are found so intimately blended that not even the most patient students of its constitutional history have been able to separate them. The action of the civil and ecclesiastical legislators, if not always united, was at least maintained in harmony. It would be difficult to determine whether the great councils of Toledo, on which the later legislation

is based, should be called ecclesiastical synods or assemblies of the national estates, on which the clergy held the highest and most influential place. The sanction of the enactments of these councils are as often civil as ecclesiastical, and both are assigned almost indiscriminately to offences against either law. The Church gave the aid of the spiritual penalties to the civil magistrate, and received in return the support of the secular arm. The clergy under these early claimed and received an immunity from the consequences of offences against the criminal law; and, on the other hand, the bishop sat in common with the civil judge, and not unfrequently as his superior in the adjudication of questions of purely secular interest, especially those which concerned the unprotected poor. In the progress and development of the ecclesiastical constitution, many of their details were modified, and the principle remained with little alteration down to a comparatively late period of mediæval history. In no portion of the western world was the union of the secular and the ecclesiastical elements more close; in none did the bishop enjoy more of the authority of the civil magistrate. The influence of this early intermixture of the two powers was long beneficially experienced, and especially in the half-national, half-religious conflict with the Moors, which tended more than all the rest of their history to develop and to fix the character of the Spanish people. But in later and less troubled times the result was sometimes to throw into the hands of a powerful prelate a large and almost irresponsible authority. A startling illustration of this is presented in Ximenes' history.

Among the forms of church patronage which, from the middle of the eleventh century, prevailed throughout most of the countries was the mode of presentations to livings sometimes attended with advantage, but generally abusive, called *expectativæ*, according to which a living, or the right of succession to a living, was conferred during the lifetime of the actual incumbent. This form of patronage, although practised by the popes themselves, had been early condemned. The third council of Lateran prohibited the *expectativæ*; but the abuse maintained its ground despite the prohibition. The law was evaded by a dexterous alteration of the form of presentation. During the residence of the popes at Avignon, and still more during the long western schism, it almost became the normal practice, notwithstanding some vigorous efforts to arrest the abuse, and Pope Martin V., at the Council of Constance,



was found to be content with a modification of the ancient prohibition which confined the grant of *expectative* to minor benefices, and limited the number of such grants to one in each diocese, a limitation, however, from which Spain and Italy were excepted on account of the comparatively small value of the benefices in these countries.

It may be presumed, therefore, that some uncertainty existed as to the limit in the Spanish Church of the exercise of the grant *expectative*. Ximenes, before his return to his native country, had obtained *literæ expectative*, granting him the first benefice which should become vacant in the diocese of Toledo. It happened that the benefice to which he thus became entitled was that of Archpriest of Uzeda, a living especially grateful to him as including within it his native town, and the seat of his family, Torrelaguna. Unfortunately, however, it also chanced that the Archbishop of Toledo, Alonzo Carillo, had promised the same benefice to a member of his household, and he at once resisted the claim put forward by Ximenes.

[At this interesting point, on the first line of a new page, Dr. Russell's manuscript comes abruptly to an end. When we found this fragment among his papers, we imagined that he might have left off upon hearing that his close friend and fellow-professor, Dr. Matthew Kelly, proposed to treat the same subject in *The Dublin Review*; but Dr. Russell prefixes to his paper the name not only of Bishop Hefele's German *Life of Ximenes*, but also of Canon Dalton's translation of it, the latter of which did not appear till 1860, whereas Dr. Kelly's article had appeared as early as the year 1852. One or two of our readers may remember that "Cardinal Ximenes" was the subject of the prize essay proposed by Dr. Kelly in that summer to his class of English Rhetoric.]

## IN PATMOS.

*Chant Royal.*

I JOHN, that was Christ's dearest, even I  
 Christ's lover, best beloved, still remain  
 Alone in these last days to testify  
 Of God, who is Love's self, and of Love's reign ;  
 Wherefore, for that same witness that I bare  
 Before the Latin Gate, lo ! now I fare  
 An exile here in Patmos evermore,  
 Until sweet death to eyes and heart restore  
 Him that my heart has loved, mine eyes have seen,  
 Until that day ! speed, speed it I implore,  
 Mary, O God's dear mother, O men's queen !

My heart fails, dreaming of the years gone by,  
 The silent, rapt communings, when we twain  
 Far-off beneath our starry Asian sky  
 Kept longing vigil, and our souls were fain  
 Beyond this earth, beyond the purpling air,  
 Beyond the utmost stars, beyond whate'er  
 Is not Himself, to pass, to pierce, to soar  
 Into His joy : but long, too long before,  
 Thy bark has crossed the seas of death serene  
 And left me yearning on the lonely shore,  
 Mary, O God's dear mother, O men's queen !

But not forgot ! nay, for He heard my cry  
 And came, Himself ! Oh, even now throbs my brain,  
 Smit with the living lightnings of his eye,  
 Stunned by His voice that rolled as the thunderous main !  
 And that awful face ! sunwise it lit the air,  
 While round His feet the earth burned, and His hair  
 Beamed, and a two-edged falchion flashed before  
 His heart, and a cincture of red gold He wore  
 Girt round His snowy vesture's dazzling sheen ;  
 Then as one dead I fell, and knew no more,  
 Mary, O God's dear mother, O men's queen.

Until He spake : " Rise, turn thy face on high."

And the clouds fled, and the heavens were rent in twain,  
And ever as the trumpet tones rang nigh,  
Unveiled stood some dread mystery that had lain  
Till then in Time's vast womb, that Time will bear  
When the last days crash around us and the lair  
Of Hell is emptied on the world : but o'er  
The tumult and the madness and the roar,  
Enthroned God's justice and God's bolts between,  
Thou, thou art ever pitying as of yore,  
Mary, O God's dear mother, O men's queen !

Twelve stars, the captain-stars in all the sky,  
About thy sweet head tremble, and in vain  
The silver splendours of the paled moon vie  
With thine argent feet, and the sun's high glories wane  
Before thy face transfigured ! Oh ! the rare,  
The lustrous wonder of thine eyes !—my prayer,  
My prayer, my pleading hear thou, I implore,  
Let me not live, my queen !—let death outpour  
His vials on mine eyes ! Death's shafts are keen—  
Here let him speed, to the inmost core,  
Mary ! O God's dear mother ! O men's queen !

Ah, to be heard !—to see 'it brimming o'er,  
This heavy chalice of my years !—before  
Yon sinking Pleiads touch the sea, to lean  
Upon thy heart this head weary and hoar,  
Mary, O God's dear mother, O men's queen !

I. D.

---

### NORRY.

PERHAPS the readers to whom I introduced "Hello" would like to make the acquaintance of another friend of mine. She lives many miles from here ; yet I will not tell her real name, as she might not be pleased, so will call her only "Norry."

She is feeble, old, and bent now, but you could well believe that some years ago her figure was lithe and graceful, that she could trip lightly to the milking bawn, and hold her own in the merry evening dance. Her face is withered and wrinkled, and

her hair is grey. Once the hair was black and glossy, shading the high forehead, and matching the bright black eyes. No blush ever tinges the dark skin now, yet the young blood once glowed through it, making the cheeks rich, and tempting to "pree," as the Scotch say, as a ripe, ruddy winter apple. The mouth you could never imagine to have been a merry, laughing one, it has so many downward, sorrowful curves, which truly tell of that "acquaintance with grief" which is the lot of so many in this "vale of tears."

You will not wonder that her habitual expression is a sad one, when I tell you that one morning, some forty years ago, she arose a happy young wife and mother, and ere the sun had set she was a distracted widow, bending over the body of her murdered husband, and listening to the sorrowful cries of her orphaned children. The husband had gone to a fair in the morning, and returning in the evening had fallen, almost on his own threshold, a victim to the enmity born of those wicked and senseless "faction fights" which used to blot the fair fame of a certain part of the country, and to distort the minds and embitter the kindly, generous natures of so many of the people. She, sitting by the hearth, "croonawning," perhaps, a sweet old Irish ditty to soothe to sleep the baby on her breast, heard an agonized cry, and, rushing out, beheld the prostrate form of her husband, and the hate-deformed face of his murderer. She saw the man plainly, and knew him well, and when soon after she was questioned by the authorities, she told them simply the truth. As she says, when relating this tragedy in her life, "I could not tell a lie before God and the world."

All that followed seemed like a hideous dream. When the next assizes were held, she was taken to the county town to give evidence, and be confronted with the man who, by one fell stroke, quenched for ever the light of joy in her heart. Ah, there was no need of words to prove his identity. The moment he came into her presence, a shudder ran through her whole frame. She covered her tear-dimmed eyes with her trembling hands, and a low cry of anguish broke from her pallid lips. The man was hanged. The widow returned to her little cabin, and devoted herself to her fatherless children.

I doubt that any story Norry could tell would have the interest which there is in her own; yet some of them, and some of her sayings too, are worth recording. This is one of her stories:—

"You must know that some iv the poor sows departed have to go through their purgatory wanderin' about this world. It happened wanst a priest was going a journey, an' as he kem near a town where he was to stop the night, he was overtuk be wan o' these poor crathurs. The priest knew at wanst what he was, an' he axed what was troublin' him? 'Ah! yer revirence, father, sez he, there's on'y wan thing keepin' me out o' the heavens, an' but for that I'd be happy.' 'An' what is that?' sez the priest. 'I have a daughter, sir,' sez he, 'an if she done an act that id make a person say three times *may God be merciful to yer father's sowl*, I'd have no longer to stay here, an' I'd be happy.' 'Where is this daughter?' sez the priest. 'Why, thin, yer revirence, she's parlourmaid in the very hotel ye're goin' to this minute.' 'Very well, so,' sez the priest, an' wi' that the poor sowl left him.

"He rode on, an' soon he stopped at the hotel dure, an' he called loud for the parlour-maid. Out she kem, lookin' mighty surprised. 'Come here,' cried the priest, 'an' hould my horse?' 'Deed faith an' I wont,' sez she. 'I tell you you will,' sez he. 'Why, thin I won't,' sez she; 'there's a stable boy for that business.' 'But I say you must,' sez the priest; an' begor she got afeard iv him, an' she kem an' held the horse, an' sez the priest, 'May God be merciful to yer father's sowl.' 'I wonder,' sez she, 'what my father was doin' for himself while he was alive' (wasn't she a bould thing?). The priest thin called the stable boy, an' sint him round with the horse.

"Aftther a while he was sittin' in the parlour, an' he sint for her agin, an' whin she kem, 'Take off my boots,' sez he. 'Deed, thin, I will not,' sez she. 'I tell you, you will,' sez he. 'But I won't,' sez she; 'there's a shoe boy for doin' them things.' 'I say you must,' sez he; an' faith she got afeard agin iv him, an' she pulled off his boots. 'May God be merciful to yer father's sowl,' sez the priest. 'Wisha, what was my father doin' at all, at all, whin he was alive?' sez the pert lady.

"By an' bye the priest called her agin, and axed her to bring him soap an' wather, an' a towel. 'Iss, sir,' sez she, for 'twas her business; an' whin she brought 'em, sez he agin, 'May God be merciful to yer father's sowl.' 'Yerra,' sez she, 'I wish my father had done some good for himself whin he was alive.' Wi' that the priest tuk up his walkin' stick, an' bate her till she was black an' blue (an' well she deserved it, the impident thing).

"Well, next mornin' an' the priest goin' to say Mass, the poor sowl kem to him agin. 'Oh! sir,' sez he, 'you done a dale for me, an' 'tis I that's happy now. Up in the heavens, where you helped to put me, I'll never cease praying for you till you come there yerself.' Ah!" continues Norry, "there's nothin' like the prayers—the prayers iv the poor above all—an' wan that 'id be said behind yer back is worth forty afore yer face."

"Do you ever pray to 'Our Lady of Good Counsel,' Norry?" asks one of her listeners.

"Who is she, Miss?" says Norry.

"She is the Blessed Virgin, and that is one of the many names she has been called by those who love her, and seek her assistance. When they are in doubt, or want to be shown the right way to do anything, they ask her help as 'Our Lady of Good Counsel.'"

"Wisha no, Miss," answers Norry, "I never pray to her, on'y to the owld Blessed Virgin I knew always."

"Norry," asks another, "why do you go so often to the churchyard?"

"I goes to be spakin' to Johnnie, ma'am."

"And what do you speak to him about?"

"Why, thin, every whole ha'porth; ne'er a thing throubles or frets me, but I tells him, an' it aises my heart."

"And how do you tell him, Norry?"

"I puts my lips close to the sod above him, an' I whispers down."

"And do you really think he can hear you, my poor Norry?"

"Ayeh! sure he can, I know that well, though I can't hear him spakin' back to me; but wan o' these days," she adds, looking wistfully up to the bright blue sky, "I'll hear him, too."

And, with a hearty "Amen," we leave her.

JESSIE TULLOCH.

## WINGED WORDS.

1. We stand in our own sunshine oftener than others do.—*Uncle Esch.*

2. It is the little things that are most wonderful and difficult ; it is possible for human enterprise to make a mountain, but impossible for it to make an oyster.—*The Same.*

3. There is nothing so necessary as necessity ; without it mankind would have ceased to exist ages ago.—*The Same.*

4. The heart gets weary, but never gets old.—*The Same.*

5. If a man is wrong, he can't be too radical ; if right, he can't be too conservative.—*The Same.*

6. The silent man may be overlooked now, but he will get a hearing by and by.—*The Same.*

7. Method and despatch govern the world.—*The Same.*

8. You can outlive a slander in half the time you can outargue it.

9. Letter-writing saints live longest in people's minds, and are by far the most quotable of ecclesiastical writers.—*Father Ignatius Grant, S.J.*

10. Nations are not called on, like private persons, when smitten on one cheek to turn the other.—*Aubrey de Vere.*

11. A little explained, a little endured, a little passed over as a foible, and lo ! the jagged atoms will fit like smooth mosaic.—*Anon.*

12. Nothing gives scandal sooner than a quickness to take scandal.—*Anon.*

13. He who points out a flaw or failure in any good work should not be howled at as an enemy, but utilised to the utmost, as an aid to wiser procedure.—*Rev. Charles Spurgeon.*

14. Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist ; but by ascending a little you may often look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement. We wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit which would have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.—*Anon.*

15. He who never made a mistake never made anything.—*Anon.*

16. There is room in the world for more enthusiasts. Our age, our time, our habits of life constitute an existence selfish, dull, material enough ; and it is enthusiasts who lift us at times out of ourselves, and do something to relieve that general tone of selfish materialism which, I am afraid, is greatly the characteristic of our time. And, after all, my lords, it is enthusiasts who have sounded the trumpet in times gone by, and who will, in all times to come, do it—who have sounded the trumpet when there was any great cry of oppression, or any great effort to be made for human redress.—*Sir Charles Russell.*

## IRISH PAINTERS IN THIS PRESENT YEAR.\*

YOU are anxious to know how the art of painting progresses with us. And I wish I could tell you of much wonderfully beautiful work by home artists, worthy of the ancient Irish designers and artificers who, in unenlightened ages, did so much by their ingenuity, skill, and fancy to beautify the common things of life. At present, however, the works of art produced in Ireland of which we can be very proud are few. A walk through this year's exhibition of our Royal Hibernian Academy brings us unwillingly to the conclusion that the hour for the development of Irish genius for painting has not yet struck, and that we are not, up to the present moment, possessed of more distinguished artists of the brush than poets and novelists. We have, of course, a few brilliant exceptions to the general rule. No work of its kind could excel that of Mr. Alfred Grey in force and beauty; and Mr. Colles Watkins bears a name, the mere mention of which suggests mountain scenes of dream-like loveliness, faithful to nature in every detail, and, better still, to the nature of Irish hill, and glen, and lake, and river, for this artist is still one of

. . . "the wise who soar, but never roam,  
True to the kindred points of heaven and home."

Connemara, Kerry, and Donegal supply him with subjects for his pictures. In the present exhibition his most remarkable work is named "In the Heart of the Mountains." A burst of sunshine from under the hurly-burly of white and grey storm-cloud that fills the sky falls into the lap of the mountains, whose head and shoulders are still storm-hidden, and warms its rugged knees. The mountain road is wet with rain and flecked here and there with snow, and the gorse has turned red-gold in the reflection from the clouds. Two figures hurry along the path from the storm, and, by the turf creel on the bending woman with her red headkerchief, as well as by the delicate splendour of the atmospheric colouring, we know that the artist has not taken us out of Ireland. Side by side with this picture is Alfred Grey's "Highland Drovers,"

\* This is another of the Australian Letters, from which, in August, we borrowed the account of our young Irish Sculptor, Miss Mary Redmond.—ED. I. M.



showing a flock of bulls and sheep just rounding a glorious mountain bluff, which rises full of light and colour against the grey of the clouds. The foremost bull, a great dark creature, with spreading horns and living eyes, full of fire, comes forward out of the picture; the second, big and white, turns aside in the golden grass to gaze into the grey hollow beneath, as if after a flight of plovers winging downwards. The dark, shaggy coats of the animals are full of the sun, and so are their eyes; so are the purple heather and the golden spikes of the grass among the stones. The drovers stand in the gap on the summit of the bluff, looking down on the wonderful valley which you know is within their ken; but the cattle come onward towards you, splendid with life, through the glamour of sunshine.

Mr. Bingham M'Guinness is another truly Irish artist, who lives and works in Ireland, having set up his studio in St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, under the same roof with Mr. Colles Watkins and Mr. Charles Russell, in a nest of studios which some time ago also harboured Mr. Yeates, the father of one of our youngest poets, who has recently migrated to London. Mr. M'Guinness is best known by his graceful and beautiful studies of continental streets, richly, yet not too strongly coloured, and marked with that power which this artist possesses of bringing out the peculiar and suggestive expressions in old buildings, transferring to canvas and conveying to the eye of the gazer the untranslatable poetry often lurking under ancient doorways, and looking out from windows which let in the light of long bygone days on eyes that are asleep under the dust of the ages. "The Haven under the Hill" is the name of a very lovely picture, by Mr. M'Guinness, in this year's exhibition. In a little green creek a ship, with weather-beaten sail furled, is lying close by an old bye-road with mossy walls. The brown mast tapers against the greens and greys of the trees that climb and crown the hill rising beyond, the evening sun just touching the breast of the slope. A cottage, with smoke rising against the darker foliage, suggests home comfort, sweet after the gale of last night on the sea. The highest point of warmth in this gratefully cool and refreshing picture is in the faint rose-flush in the sky above the tender atmospheric greys.

In Mr. Charles Grey's "Evening," we have one of those pictures which charm by reason of the spiritual expression wrought out of home-like materials. It is a picture of pasture-land with

sheep, an irregular hedge of thorn trees turning this way and that with wayward grace, a group of farm-buildings with hay-cock, a distance of pasture and woodlands, and a sky alive and in motion with threatening clouds, through which the sunshine is struggling. The charm lies in the perfect peace as yet untroubled by the coming disturbance. The shadow of the turbulent cloud, the forerunner of war, only makes the light of the sunshine more wistful and tender on the grass, and throws a pleasant, hazy glamour around the gables and chimneys of the homestead. Trouble is, undoubtedly, coming, but for this one evening there is infinite quiet and contentment for eye and for heart.

Mr. Vincent Duffy, yet another faithful brush, true to Ireland, gives us three pictures—"Moonshine," "The Eagle's Nest, Killarney," and "The Woods of Hampton, Balbriggan," the latter being the most loveable of the three. Mr. Nathaniel Hone, who has power, though his manner is a little rude, is well represented in "Blackwood Road," which, though surprisingly rough in execution, gives, even from a distance, a startling impression of the truth. A freshly-ploughed field, a rugged plain of dark, upturned earth, with, at its back, a solid wall of dense forest trees, conveys an impression of natural gloom, reminding one a little of the gloom of Salvator Rosa's *quadretti*. Mr. Walter Osborne's dogs and cats are marvellous studies from life. In his line he is a master, and I am happy to say he is one of the Irish. In Miss Sarah Purser, and Mr. Charles Russell, we have portrait painters who have done excellent work, and from whom much may be expected. Miss Purser's "Portrait of Miss Wise," is a very delightful picture in pastels. The subject of the portrait is delicately fair, with a tinge of blue in the eyes, and a touch of rich red gold on the hair. The dress is of primrose tint, warmed into yellow and amber, and the whole picture is as fresh and as full of sunshine as a daffodil or marigold. Miss Purser's portrait of Dr. Haughton, of Trinity College, is also an excellent picture, and, as a likeness, is true. Mr. Charles Russell exhibits a graceful, easy portrait of a girl in blue, but his ideal studies are hardly so successful.

There are many other pictures which might be enumerated, to prove that we have some artistic talent within our doors, but a glance around the walls forces us to regret that a happier idea of colour does not obtain, on the whole, among our artists. Whether

it be due to the scantiness of our sunshine, and the coldness of our atmosphere, or to some other cause, certain it is that too many brushes seem to have learned a trick of moderating the hues of the prism with an infusion of soot. In a land of rain, cloud, and mist, we crave for the sun; yet these artists grudge us a little warmth, as though the sunlight were a sin. After all, our sun does sometimes shine, and when it shines our artists ought to paint. When it does not shine, they ought to have recourse to the stores which they limned in a happier season. A grey wall, with figures limned in soot, does not make a lovely picture, yet many pictures and studies on our Academy walls keep more or less closely to this extraordinary type. A picture that escapes such fatality is "*A Station Mass in a Connemara Cabin.*" Here there is some warmth and colour, and we see that the kneeling figures are faithfully taken from life. A certain hardness and clean-sweepness, and a severe determination not to idealise or even notice the grace that often lurks about the rugged truth, forbid us to love the picture; but it gives evidence of power, and the artist, Mr. Aloysius Kelly, ought yet to do excellent service to his country after time has somewhat mellowed his method and softened a little his dealings with the positive fact.

\*         \*         \*         \*         \*

[Though the following account of the works of the Irish sculptors, Foley and Hogan, does not come under the title prefixed to these pages, we seize the opportunity of reprinting it from an American journal, as it is written by the same gifted pen, and regards another branch of Irish Art.]

In Dublin there is a church known as Clarendon-street Church, which enshrines one of the loveliest works of John Hogan, the Irish sculptor. The marble figure of the Dead Christ lies exposed to view under the altar, and nothing in devotional art was ever more beautiful. The figure has a grace and delicacy of form impossible to describe, but the irresistible charm is in the expression of every limb and feature—expression which makes the heart of the gazer tremble with reverence and tenderness, lowers his voice and bends his knee, and fills his eyes with tears. So strong and deep is the claim which this life-like and death-like image of the Redeemer, who is not dead but sleepeth, makes on the heart, that

some sad souls, feeling themselves growing hardened through pressure of grief or long trial, will make a pilgrimage here to have the fount of tears stirred and the ache of pain assuaged by half an hour's contemplation of so tender a representation of suffering finished, of the repose of that annihilation which proceeds resurrection. So keenly did Hogan himself feel the meaning of his own work, so greatly did the power which he had in it so wondrously expressed influence him, that in his later days, when ill and depressed, he has been known to rise from his bed in the night to kneel and pray before it. Instances of the same kind of experience are related of other great artists who have given the soul of their genius to sacred subjects. Haydn in his last illness was consoled by the singing of his own music from the "Creation." Vienna was occupied by the French at the time, and one of the last visits Haydn received was from an officer of the French army, who sang his own air, "In Native Worth," to the dying man. That Haydn well deserved such consolation is discernible in his words describing the spirit in which he went to his task of the "Creation": "I knelt down every morning," he said, "and prayed to God to strengthen me for my work." Doubtless it was in this spirit that Hogan also approached his ideal. Probably no work of art was ever more thoroughly venerated, more reverently kept in view of prayerful minds than is Hogan's "Dead Christ." The church in which it remains is a sort of connecting link between two thoroughfares, and it is the practice with many people to pass through it on their way hither and thither, never failing to kneel and pray before the altar under which that still white figure lies extended.

Of our two great Irish sculptors, Hogan is the less known. Most of his works are in Rome, though we possess here, besides the "Dead Christ," the statue, equally beautiful in its own way, of Thomas Davis, in Mount Jerome Cemetery, and that of O'Connell, in the City Hall. But of Foley's works we have a real treasury, as the master willed all his casts, a precious legacy, to the Irish nation. They are to be found in the Royal Dublin Society's House, that is old Leinster House, and are here disposed about the great square entrance hall, and in the passages and on the staircase. In the new buildings, when completed, a fitting gallery will be found for these noble works, which are truly a "joy for ever" for the lover of art in Ireland, where we are so bare and bereft of the

higher productions of art. Among the collection at Leinster House, we have the splendid Hampden, the stately figure standing square and firm, with sword-point touching the ground, looking, in the suppressed activity of his repose, as if he must step down from his pedestal and stride onward while one looks at him; and we have that startling life-like figure of the Parsee gentleman. The noble and lovely forms, and groups of forms, among which these find place, are too many to be enumerated. Perhaps the most pathetic in human interest is the group on the monument to General Bruce. The touching beauty of the prostrate form and face of the man is indescribable, and neither can the exquisite grace of the mourner, with veiled face bent over the dead face and pressed to it in the abandonment of grief, be translated into words. The sister of Foley, a lady now living in Dublin, relates how Foley himself was in the habit of wandering about his gallery at night when every one was asleep, communing with his own creatures, as if breathing a finer spirit into them in the silence and shadows of the world, while the moonlight silvered marble cheek and limb.

Into that studio Queen Victoria often came while the statue of Prince Albert was in course of production, so eager was she to mark the sculptor's progress and to delight in his work. Perhaps the greatest of all Foley's masterpieces is the group of "Asia" on one of the corners of the Albert memorial. A lovely and majestic Eastern woman, seated on a couched elephant, is in the act of throwing back her veil and revealing herself to the beholder, while about her are grouped figures of the different nations of the Continent—the Chinese, seated, with his lantern, the stately Arab chieftain, the distinguished Persian dignitary, each standing, looking different ways, and confronting the world, while one crouching, veiled form is expressive of yet hidden or but little known regions.

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

## THE SAILOR'S CHILDREN.

O NARROW the old dim streets of the town,  
 And narrow the path to the winding bay;  
 Yet the children always go dancing down,  
 And will not keep away.

I know there is danger to them so near  
 The waves, and I call, but they will not wait;  
 They must play all day in the meadows here,  
 Or swing on the orchard-gate.

"There are shells to pick, mother dear," they say,  
 "There is sand to dig by the edge of the sea,"—  
 (Their father was drowned in a storm last May,  
 A sorrowful May to mine and me.)

I have two brown boys, and a tiny girl  
 With restless fingers, and dusky eyes  
 Peeping 'neath many a tangling curl—  
 O would she were grave and wise!

I tell her old tales of the long ago,  
 But the books I read cannot win her gaze;  
 Her eyes smile over the sea-wall low,  
 And into the thick sea-haze.

Often the thought beats loud at my heart,  
 Can her father's voice reach her careless ears,—  
 Can it be that at eve when she plays apart  
 It is not the waves she hears?

He might stir in his sleep at her joyous cries,  
 As she wades through the pools when the tide's afar;  
 He lies where the white breakers fall and rise  
 Beyond the broad harbour-bar.

I know that my boys will follow the ships,  
 My sailor lads, when the years go round;  
 They heed not warnings from tremulous lips,  
 Nor the threatening ocean-sound.

But the little lass should sit by my side,  
While the long brown nets for the men I knit;  
She should sing me her song of the rover's bride—  
"O the sea, and the woe in it!"

For my heart is sad with a pain that endures,—  
So many go forth from each low, green door  
To the perilous deep that for ever allures,  
So many come back no more.

I shall seek for a home in some inland town  
And leave my cottage above the bay,  
For the children always go dancing down,  
And will not keep away.

A. I. JOHNSTON.

---

### PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS.

On the 2nd of August, 1889, in the Presentation Convent, Limerick, a holy life ended with a happy death. *THE IRISH MONTHLY* would be guilty of ingratitude if its next number did not pay a brief tribute to the amiable memory of Sister Mary Genevieve Meehan. When a certain American Nun with an Irish heart showed lately such practical interest in this Magazine, as to merit from us the name of one of its best friends, we took care to add the saving clause, "always excepting Sister Genevieve." This zeal was not kept up for a few months, or two or three years, but during all the sixteen years since our Number One appeared, and, indeed, during the previous four years also, which prepared the way for our little enterprise in a manner which may be explained in some portion of the papers begun in this present Number under the title of "Anonymities Unveiled." This was only one of innumerable outlets for the zeal of Sister Genevieve's kindly heart. She was perpetually taking trouble to serve persons of every class, especially in that most serviceable and most troublesome form of charity, "getting situations." She trampled on the cowardly selfishness which shrinks from asking favours from others, under the pretence of not boring one's friends. Her life was devoted to the service of those favourites of

our Divine Redeemer, little children and the poor. The angel Death took for her the form of a lingering, painful disease, which she welcomed in the bravest and brightest spirit. This was the finishing of her probation. She was full of the most simple and vivid faith, of the firmest and most trustful hope, of the truest and most earnest charity. "Of such is the kingdom of God." But pray for her.

\* \* \*

The paragraph which follows the present one is the account which *St. James' Gazette* gives of a clever book which is not likely to cross the reader's path. We make our own of this notice, for the sake of the wise sayings which are given as samples of the work. It is a pity that it is impossible to furnish any specimens of the other part of the work—the illustrations. The Parnell Commission has made the artist's name familiar to millions, who otherwise would never have heard of Mr. Frank Lockwood, either as artist or as lawyer.

\* \* \*

"When Serjeant Snubbin nodded in a friendly way to Serjeant Buzfuz. Mr. Pickwick was naturally shocked and surprised. He did not know that learned brothers may wrangle in public and be very good friends in private. So it is that Mr. Darling, Q.C., M.P., has collaborated with Mr. Lockwood, Q.C., M.P.—the fighting Tory of Deptford with the earnest Radical of York—to produce the dainty volume called '*Scintillæ Juris*,' the epigrams by Mr. Darling and the illustrations by Mr. Lockwood, which has now reached a fourth edition. Many of Mr. Darling's witticisms have become the common property of a profession which loves to be facetious, especially at its own expense, but which is ever ready to show a united front against the attacks of ignorant outsiders. Below the jest there is often a serious meaning—*e.g.*, 'It is a fault of cheap justice, as of cheap gin, that it is purchased by many who were better without it.' Here is a hint for the young barrister, which has been freely adopted by eminent advocates: 'Although leading questions are properly open to objection, yet, with a little contrivance, they may be asked unobserved.' Here are two epigrams which may sound hyper-cynical; but to those who have seen much of the witness-box they are but sober generalizations from observed phenomena. One is: 'A witness who understands the effect of his testimony on the issue seldom gives it fairly; perhaps few men are honest designedly.' The other is like it: 'Admissions are mostly made by those who do not know their importance.' Here is a golden rule for the sportsmanlike cross-examiner: 'Never torture a witness longer than he will wriggle in a lively fashion; for it is not the pain but the contortions of the victim



which amuse lookers-on.' One more quotation must be permitted from a little book which ought to be read by everybody: 'In relating the misfortunes of clients, one must never forget that, if he is to gain by his pathos, he must not long be pathetic. Our own troubles interest us always, but we soon tire of the woeful chances of others. It is also to be noticed that, while we all pity the victim of a sudden calamity, we rarely sympathise with those whose ill-luck is persistent.' "

\* \* \*

In the Irish Catholic Directory for 1861, in the very curiously assorted collection of incidents which is called "Annals," mention is made of a Renewal Mission at Ross, in which Father Harbison, C.S.S.R., took his text from Acts xv., verse 36, where St. Paul says to St. Barnabas: "Let us return and visit the brethren in all the cities wherein we have preached the word of the Lord, to see how they do." Was there ever a more appropriate text? It explains exactly the purpose of a Renewal Mission.

\* \* \*

The memorandum in the following paragraph has lain among my papers for many years. I do not know whether it has meanwhile found its way into print somewhere.

\* \* \*

Dr. Leonard, Bishop of Cape Town, has a memorandum stating that Captain Basil, ship *Lily*, saw in November, 1876, in the island of Hainan, on the road from Hoy-how to Kiung-Chow, the graves of three missionaries and about 200 native Christians. The graves of the natives are marked by an upright plain slab, with a red cross on the upper part and Chinese characters under. The three missionaries have large granite tombs, with the year of death in large red letters on one end and I.H.S. underneath; a large, upright plain slab standing in front with red cross and Latin inscription. The missionaries were all Jesuits, one a German, two Italians. Two died in 1681, one of them in the twentieth year of his missionary life, aged 67. One died the 9th October, 1686, in his second year on the mission.

\* \* \*

This Magazine was the first to claim as an Irishman and a Catholic Wordsworth's son-in-law, Edward Quillinan, the husband of Dora Wordsworth. When our short account of his poems was given in our fifteenth volume (page 285), we did not know that a volume was published after his death, containing his translation of the first five cantos of the *Lusiad*, edited very carefully by Mr. John Adamson,

who seems to have been a high authority on Portuguese literature, and to have made Camoens the subject of a peculiar devotion. Mr. Quillinan's version appears to be harmonious and dignified; but our degree of acquaintance with it has not convinced us that Camoens is worthy of his traditional fame. But we know that the masterpieces of one language must practically remain for ever unknown to those who speak another language.

\* \* \*

An Oriental proverb tells us that knife-wounds heal, but not so those that are produced by a word. On which text a certain MS. holds forth to the following effect:—

“A man strikes me with a sword and inflicts a wound. Suppose, instead of binding up the wound, I am showing it to everybody; and after it has been bound up I am taking off the bandage continually, and examining the depth of the wound and causing it to fester, till my limb becomes greatly inflamed and my general health is materially affected; is there a person in the world that would not call me a fool? Now, such a fool is he who, by dwelling upon little injuries or provocations, causes them to agitate and inflame his mind. How much better it would be to put a bandage over the wound, and never look at it again.”

\* \* \*

There is a great deal of truth in the remarks which follow; in which, however, the religious aspect of the question ought to have been brought out more clearly:—

“Many an unwise parent labours hard and lives sparingly all his life for the purpose of having enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man afloat with money left him by his relatives is like tying bladders under the arms of one who cannot swim; ten chances to one, he will lose his bladders and go to the bottom. Teach him to swim, and he will never need the bladders. Give your child a sound education, and you have done enough for him. See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to laws which govern man, and you have given him what will be of more value than the wealth of the Indies.”

\* \* \*

I have probably quoted before, but with a different commentary, the hexameter which some ingenious person concocted as a mnemonic

for the *quatuor tempora*, which we sometimes translate by the curious term, "quarter tense."

"Post Luciam, cineres, post sanctum Pneuma, crucemque."

As the ecclesiastical year begins with Advent, precedence is given to the quarter tense fast which occurs on the Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday after the 13th of December, which is the feast of St. Lucy; next, the quarter tense after Ash Wednesday; thirdly, after Pentecost, feast of the Holy Ghost, here disguised under the Greek word for "spirit," of which "pneumatics" will remind us; and finally, after the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, September 14th.

"St. Lucy's feast, the Ashes, then Whitsuntide, and last  
The Cross Exalted: these each year are the four times of fast."

\* \* \*

There are some points of resemblance in fortunes and character between Ireland and Mary Queen of Scots; and it has been their fate in common to be the victims of the bitter tongue of James Anthony Froude. His truculence towards a nation and a woman—whose story, each of them, wins rather the sympathy of every chivalrous stranger—fitted him so far to be the literary executor, or executioner, of the bilious philosopher of Chelsea. With indecent haste he has hurried into print some half dozen volumes of his friend's letters and papers, which have served Mr. Froude's pocket better than Carlyle's reputation. And then he has returned to his task of vilifying the Mary Stuart of the nations in a so-called historical novel, which has suggested the rather obvious remark, that in Froude's romance there is too much history, and in his historical works too much romance.

\* \* \*

I have seen inconsistency and changes of opinion defended somewhere, on the very plausible ground, that to change your opinion thus is often merely to confess that you were not so wise yesterday as you hope you are to-day. The *Pall Mall Gazette* preaches almost the same doctrine in these verses. No doubt, what often passes for firmness and consistency, is nothing better than dogged, sullen stolidity and stupidity.

"You praise his firmness who abides  
In one place, never changing sides  
From reason or emotion.  
Ah yes, the puddles have no tides,  
Only the mighty ocean.

“ Content to hold a little space.  
The reflex of the moon's fair face  
Upon their bosom falling ;  
They never pluck up heart of grace  
To answer to her calling.

“ It is indeed no *fault* of theirs—  
There is no tide in their affairs,  
No interest in their story ;  
But 'tis a thing whereat one stares  
To hear it made their glory.”

Shakespeare, who says everything, speaks almost to the same purpose in the sixth scene of Act II. of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :—

“ Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken ;  
And he wants wit that wants resolved will  
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.”

\* . \*

It seems that till lately the most precious diamond in the world was the “Regent,” one of the crown jewels of France reserved from the recent sale at Paris, but that its fame is eclipsed by one found in Africa, now (since 1884) belonging to a syndicate of London merchants, who had it cut in Amsterdam—an operation which took two years to finish. It is this last circumstance which has procured for this diamond (called the Imperial) the honour of being commemorated here. Its weight in the rough was 457 karats. An unsightly lump then ; but now “its brilliancy is that of the unclouded mid-day sun, and as a radiant object it is unapproachable.” At what cost of bulk has this change been effected ? It now weighs only 180 karats. A similar hacking and cutting down must take place in everything which aims at high perfection, whether a poem or a soul.

\* \* \*

The following is not a poem, but a mnemonic rhyme—a rather long-winded way of saying that Richard II. was born in the year 1366, and reigned from 1377 to 1399 :—

“ The leading dates of Richard Second  
May thus in doggerel verse be reckoned.  
Born '66, in '77  
A king (poor boy !) when just eleven.  
That term being doubled ('99)  
Fourth Henry forced him to resign.  
He died next year. Set down 13  
In front, and Richard's dates are seen.

\* \* \*

In order not to end with rhyme—and such rhyme !—let me empty the next pigeonhole, which contains a good hint for discontented

people, who think every other lot better than their own. The incident is prettily told by Benjamin Franklin :—

“All human situations have their inconveniences. We feel those that we find in the present; and we neither feel nor see those that exist in another. Hence we often make troublesome changes without amendment, and frequently for the worse. In my youth I was passenger in a little sloop descending the river Delaware. There being no wind, we were obliged, when the tide was spent, to cast anchor and wait for the next. The heat of the sun on the vessel was excessive, the company strangers to me, and not very agreeable. Near the river side I saw what I took to be a pleasant, green meadow, in the middle of which was a large, shady tree, where, it struck my fancy, I could sit and read—having a book in my pocket—and pass the time agreeably until the tide turned. I therefore prevailed with the captain to put me ashore. Being landed, I found the greatest part of my meadow was really a marsh, in crossing which, to come at my tree, I was up to my knees in mire; and I had not placed myself under its shade five minutes before mosquitoes in swarms found me out, attacked my legs, hands, and face, and made my reading and my rest impossible, so that I returned to the beach, and called for the boat to come and take me on board again, where I was obliged to bear the heat I had strove to quit, and also the laugh of the company. Similar cases in the affairs of life have since fallen under my observation.”

---

#### TO THE TOWN CLOCK OF LURGAN.

THY voice, O Clock, though loud and strong, is sweet,  
 And very sweetly thou the quarters chimest;  
 The flight of time thou most correctly timest,  
 E'en as thy subtly balanced pulse doth beat.  
 High o'er the noonday clamour of the street,  
 The busy mart, the factory's ceaseless whirr,  
 Four times each hour thou art God's messenger  
 To warn us how the priceless moments fleet.

But couldst thou not at night thy music quell  
 Nor break the solemn silence of the dark?  
 Why act the part of an alarum bell  
 Or of too watchful dog's importunate bark?  
 Ah, let sweet Sleep weave round me now her spell.  
 But no,—four quarters! Two! 'Tis 2 a.m., hark, hark!

## NEW BOOKS.

1. Though the second on our list is a work of exceptional merit, there is no hesitation as to the new book which must first be introduced to our readers this month. This is "Songs of Remembrance," by Margaret Ryan ("Alice Esmonde"). The title page gives us no more information, except that the book is published by M. H. Gill and Son, O'Connell Street, Dublin. There is no preface but this single sentence: "These poems appeared in *THE IRISH MONTHLY* at intervals from the second yearly volume to the present—at first with the writer's initials appended, and then, as these were the same as the Editor's, under the name of 'Alice Esmonde.'" Miss Ryan, therefore, for the first time gives her name on the titlepage of this collection of her poems; and we are convinced that that name will henceforth hold an honourable place in the literature of our country. Margaret Ryan is not a mere writer of graceful verse, but a singer with a true vocation, giving very tuneful expression to the earnest thoughts and feelings of a very refined and sensitive mind and heart. Her "Songs of Remembrance" are fifty-five in number, filling a hundred and thirty-six pages in all, and the longest of them not going beyond two or three pages. They are in every variety of metre, managed with a spontaneous ease and grace which the initiated know to be the benediction bestowed upon conscientious study and labour. The solitary specimen of blank verse, "A Presentiment," is one of the finest things in the volume, rich and musical; and Coleridge said that blank verse is the supreme test of a poet. The dozen sonnets that are scattered judiciously through the leaves show a perfect mastery in this department of the poet's craft; but a large majority of the poems are in more lyrical measures, and these also varied in their construction with a careful skill which the thoughtful student of poetry will know how to appreciate. Miss Ryan's themes also are extremely various. Evidently not one of them is chosen as a mere exercise in versification, but they are inspired by deep and sincere feeling. These are, for the most part, poems of feeling. There are few set descriptions of external nature, though many exquisite touches of scenery occur everywhere; and, while a religious spirit pervades all, there are only four or five directly religious poems which might be grouped under the sacred title that Father Faber gave to his earliest book of verse, "Jesus and Mary." Another division of these poems, which probably suggested their common title of "Songs

of Remembrance," is that which is best interpreted by the dedication of the volume: "*To my brother's memory, in sorrowful love and reverence, I inscribe this book.*" Many outside the Archdiocese of Cashel share that reverence and love for the memory of the Very Rev. John Ryan, D.D., V.G., of whom some account was given in our fifteenth volume (pp. 336-353), under the title of "Dr. Ryan, of Ballingarry." Since Arthur Hallam died and lived again in *In Memoriam*, no sweeter elegies have been sung than those which the holy and amiable memory of an Irish priest has wrung from a sister's love. This may be for the present a sufficient greeting for this beautiful book. It shall be our duty to let our readers know the judgments passed upon it by critics on both sides of St. George's Channel, and on both sides of the Atlantic. We shall watch with particular interest the reception given by the English organs of criticism to a book of poems issuing, not from 1 Paternoster Square, London, but from 50 O'Connell Street, Dublin. This is the first volume of the sort on which we have noticed the imprint of *The Freeman's Journal*, Limited. Both printing and binding hold their own against the workmanship of London or Edinburgh.

2. Not from London or Edinburgh or Dublin comes the next volume, but (of all places in the world!) from Liverpool; and yet in typography, paper, and binding it is the most elegant we have seen for many a day. It is worthy of this external elegance. Very much, indeed, above the average worth of the poetry of the day is "Verse-Tales, Lyrics, and Translations, by Emily H. Hickey" (Liverpool: W. and J. Arnold, 18 Redcross Street). Miss Hickey is not a *débutante*. It is already several years since Kegan Paul, and Trench published her first volume, "A Sculptor and Other Poems," which contained some excellent work. *The Spectator* said that "there was much in her poems that reminded them, without suggesting imitation, of Mrs. Browning;" and another reviewer said "there was sweetness as well as power in the versification, and a reserved grace rare in first works." And now we have Miss Hickey's second work, which fulfils her early promise. Her titlepage classifies her poems very well, except that her sonnets, though not very numerous, are so good as to deserve special mention. She puts her verse-tales first; and certainly she has told several stories very effectively. Her poem on Father Damien of Molokai is far the best of many that that good Belgian missionary has inspired; and her "Christophera" would have had an honoured place, if it had been in time, in a collection of pieces which we once published in this Magazine (vol. xv., p. 216), called "St. Christopher, *cum Notis Variorum*." "A Sea Story" is narrated with great vividness and condensed energy. "Katey" is a highly

dramatic sketch from a London hospital, supposed to be written in the brogue of an old Irish peasant woman; but the idioms are sometimes a little false, and no Irish tongue ever changed "sweet" into "swate." Apropos of Irishisms, we believe Ireland can claim Miss Hickey as another of her poets, though, perhaps, "born outside her native country."

3. The Rev. Arthur Devine, Passionist, has just given to the English-speaking Religious Communities a work of more than three hundred pages, explaining, from a doctrinal point of view, the duties and obligations of the religious state in all its bearings and principles. The full title of the work is "Convent Life: or, the Duties of Sisters Dedicated in Religion to the Service of God. Intended chiefly for Superiors and Confessors." The work consists of some thirty well arranged chapters, divided into four parts, which treat of the various obligations of the religious state, of the vows in great detail, of the spiritual duties of religious, and of the election and duties of superiors and other officials in a convent. Father Devine seems to have summarised with clearness and order the teaching of St. Thomas, Suarez, St. Liguori, Father Gautrelet, and others. He has manifestly spared no pains to make his very difficult and important work as full and as correct as possible.

4. "The Shan Van Vocht, a Story of '98," by James Murphy (Dublin: M.H. Gill and Son), has reached a second edition, which is brought out in excellent type, in spite of its cheapness. It is full of sensational incident, and brings in, with plenty of inventions, a good deal of the real history of Ireland's most troubled time. The author of "Hugh Roach the Ribbonman," "The Forge of Clohogue," and many other tales, has considerable experience as a story-teller; and he would not have persevered so long if he had not a real vocation towards Irish historical romance.

5. Now and then we feel it to be our duty to express our admiration of the "American Catholic Quarterly" (Philadelphia: Hardy and Mahony). The learned Monsignor James A. Corcoran, who had edited it for fourteen years, has just died. We trust that his place may be supplied, at least as far as this Review is concerned: for we believe that, in some respects, the loss which the Church of the United States has sustained in the death of this holy and learned priest is irreparable.

6. Five new publications of the Catholic Truth Society, ranging from one penny to sixpence—two stories, two biographical sketches, and one legal tract on "The Outlines of the Law as to the Custody of Children." The last is by a barrister, Mr. W. C. Maude, and a solicitor, Mr. Dudley Leathley, whose name has been so prominent in



opposition to Dr. Barnardo's peculiar proceedings. The two stories are the first two of a series, by Louisa Emily Dobree, about the Seven Sacraments. The biographies are "Father Mathew," by the Rev. W. H. Cologan, and "Franz Witt" (the ecclesiastical musician), by H. S. Butterfield.

7. The best edition, for use in the pulpit, that we have ever seen of the Epistles and Gospels of all the Sundays of the Year, is that which has been recently issued, with great care, by Charles Eason and Son, Middle Abbey Street, Dublin, with the Imprimatur of the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin.

8. "Saint Mary Magdalen, a Poem," by the Rev. Thomas A. Campbell, is printed and published at Newry, at the office of *The Reporter*. Père Valuy's account of the Saint is prefixed, and the poem opens with an introduction concerning the mercy of God. This seems the most satisfactory part of the work. Though it comes first, perhaps it was written last. It is in a fixed and regular metre—the stanza of Mrs. Hemans' "Cross in the Wilderness," and Aubrey de Vere's "Infant Bridal"—a stanza not so popular as it was formerly, but which has fine capabilities for a solemn subject. Father Campbell's careful management of this uniform measure appears to us to have had a good effect on the development of his thoughts in this introductory portion of his labours. In the poem itself he has not placed the same useful restriction on his Muse. Though he does not unbend to any lighter lyrical metre, but maintains the heroic line of five iambs throughout, couplets are arbitrarily intermixed with lines that rhyme alternately, and one division dispenses with rhyme altogether; but we think it was wise to confine the blank verse to five pages out of the hundred. Father Campbell, where the sacred text is followed, is reverently careful in his fidelity; and while he clothes the beautiful tale in a poetic garb, his piety will edify those who have recourse to his poem as spiritual reading of a novel kind.

9. Messrs. M. H. Gill and Son, Dublin, are the publishers of a very important work, which, alas! is a fountain sealed for most of our readers, including the first reader of these present lines, who has the pleasure of reading them as letter after letter slips from the nib of John Mitchell's celebrated "N" pen. An interesting review appeared in *The Freeman's Journal* about the middle of August, written by one who evidently understood the subject of Dr. Douglas Hyde's book; for the work before us in an unknown tongue is Dr. Hyde's collection of Irish Folk Lore, most of taken down from the lips of Irish peasants. Dr. Hyde is so enthusiastic a lover of the Irish language, that he makes an abject apology for sinking into English in the notes at the end of the book, the first of which is "on the reasons

for keeping alive the Irish Language." Will not the author, or some one else, enable outer barbarians to enjoy some of the good things that must crowd the 212 pages which precede the notes?

10. We may group together into a paragraph some pious little books which do not need to be criticised, but only to be named, for the name of each will be a sufficient recommendation to its own circle. The daintiest possible little tome gives, in a second edition, Dr. Cruise's translation of the *Manuale Parrulorum* of his cherished Thomas à Kempis. Benziger (New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago) has published "A Novena in honour of the Holy Face of our Lord." Burns and Oates have brought out, with their usual good taste, a collection of prayers and devotions by St. Leonard of Port Maurice; a Manual of the Third Order of St. Norbert, by the Rev. Martin Guedens, Canon Regular of the Order of Prémontré, and (holiest and also neatest of all) "The Garden of Divine Love," by the Rev. J. A. Maltus, O.P. This last will, we are sure, be a book of predilection for many pious souls.

11. We join together new editions of two books by Irish Priests—the third edition of the excellent "Sermons at Mass," by the Rev. Patrick O'Keeffe, of the Archdiocese of Cashel, and the second edition of the "Kingdom of God," by the Rev. Charles McDermott Roe, with a suggestive preface by his Bishop, Dr. Vaughan, of Salford. The last is also a series of simple and earnest sermons.

12. According to old Crombie's Gymnasium, the proper places for the emphatic words in a Latin sentence are the beginning and the end: "By the former our attention is excited, upon the latter it rests." On this principle we began these book-notes with the volume which seems to us the most deserving of the reader's attention; and we now end them with one which will be considered a good shilling's worth by those who take an interest in the young literary talent of Ireland: "Lays and Lyrics of the Pan-Celtic Society. Edited by Andrew Russell Stritch." (Dublin: Charles Eason and Son). The Pan-Celtic Society is a purely literary association, intended to help in the work of making Irish Literature, Art, and Music national, and stamped with the individuality of the Celt. One of the means adopted is to contribute to Irish journals and periodicals, and the present volume is a selection from these contributions. The members are for the most part not much beyond the age of Lord Byron when he wrote "Hours of Idleness," though some who have already won their laurels mingle also in their ranks. These last, like the Academicians at an exhibition of painting, are more liberally represented; but the editor, in his preface, states that "he has sought merely to select, not the best, but the most representative poems, and on this

account, perhaps, some verses below the general level have been admitted." There are certainly several of these pieces which seem capable of obvious improvement by the changing of an occasional word, or even the ruthless extermination of an occasional stanza. Far be it from us to illustrate this by examples, but we may go the length of saying that some of the poems are so good that we are astonished they are not better, and we may also venture to mention a few of our favourites. It is fitting in such a context to pass over the contributions of Alfred Perceval Graves (who is hardly at his best here), Katherine Tynan, and Eugene Davis: for these have published volumes of verse on their own account, and must be tried by a different jury. The same may almost be said of Miss Ellen O'Leary; and Miss Rose Kavanagh—who is well represented here by "The Swallow's Message," and two other beautiful poems—belongs to a similar category. Of those whose laurels, like poor Gerald Griffin's, are still growing, and who have not yet "won for their guerdon the half of a name"—Miss Teresa Boylan ought to be heard of. "My Little Girl" has a great deal of warm Irish feeling, very musically expressed; but why did she abandon the leonine rhyming of the first part? To save space, the poem is not printed according to the rhyme; and this niggardliness spoils the music, and just saves six lines, for all the other lines run over, and occupy the same space as if they had been properly divided each into two. Miss Dora Sigerson's "Daisies" is a very pretty little poem; but surely, with such long lines, the ear demands that first and third should rhyme, and not only second and fourth. I should be curious to know how close Mr. P. J. M'Call has kept to the Irish original in "The Brown Thorn." This and his "Irish Noinins" have a good deal of merit; but the latter would require to have two or three words translated for persons who are not Irish scholars like "An 'h'raoibhin Aoibhin." This last is the very unphonetic name that Mr. Douglas Hyde signs to his three excellent contributions to this little volume—which, by the way, gives in the table of contents the real name in some cases where a false name is attached to the poem itself. It was a relief to our feelings to find that for the clever and strictly Petrarchan sonnet addressed by a cigarette to a wax match, we have to thank not a mere clodhopper, but Mr. Louis Ely O'Carroll, who is, we believe, the *ceann* of the Pan-Celtic Society, to which we owe these "Lays and Lyrics."

## ANONYMITIES UNVEILED.

## I.—INTRODUCTORY.

A GREAT deal more than "twenty golden years ago," a governess, who, I hope, found her position somewhat less irksome than is often implied by that strange title, proposed to her young pupils to choose their favourites among the poets. The youngest of the party expressed his preference for "Mr. Anon." He had been pleased with verses which bore no signature but "Anon," and he thought this was a surname, which he pronounced so as to make it rhyme with the name of the President of the Parnell Commission.

In spite of the partiality for anonymous writers thus expressed in the nursery, the present writer has been through all his subsequent life a determined opponent of anonymity. There is a blankness, a disappointment, when you come to the end of a pleasant paper, and find no information about the person whom you have to thank for it. Better far a pair of initials, or a false name, even if we are never to know the real name indicated by the initials.

There are certainly great advantages in having newspaper articles, and also, for the most part, criticisms, unsigned. It is not proposed to discuss here the proper limitations of the principle; for we want to slip at once from theory into practice. A very practical suggestion occurs in a discussion of this subject in *The Stonyhurst Magazine*, No. 39 (July, 1888). The Editor seems to have left it to the option of his contributors to give their names in full, or their initials, or to use a *nom de plume*;<sup>\*</sup> but, as a safeguard against any writer's personality being irretrievably hidden away, it is decreed that to two copies of every number of the *Magazine* the names of the writers be appended in full throughout, one of these copies being preserved in the College archives, and the other retained by the Editor for his own use. A

\* A discussion in *Notes and Queries* seems to have settled that this expression, though now used by French writers, is an English invention, the French equivalent being *nom de guerre*. Some are trying to get it translated among us into "pen-name."

very proper precaution indeed. Would that some such expedient had been adopted (for instance) by the successive editors of *The Dublin Review*, from Mr. Michael Quinn to the Right Rev. Dr. Hedley.

## II.--SIGNATURES IN THE OLD "NATION" NEWSPAPER.

Some time after the '48 period, the present writer used to spend many a delightful hour in a snug garret not far from the banks of the Clanrye, rummaging among an unbound set of *The Nation*, paying particular attention to "The Poet's Corner," and becoming familiar with the various signatures. To most of these, indeed, "The Spirit of the Nation" furnished a key, but not to all.

The early volumes of *The Nation* lie here beside me, containing even No. 1, which is wanting in the set which William Elliott Hudson bequeathed to the Royal Irish Academy. For the present, however, I need not engage in any independent research of my own, but can use the labours of Mr. Daniel Crilly, M.P., who contributed to *Young Ireland* (congenial home for such lucubrations) a series of fourteen papers, running through the weekly parts of December, 1888, and of the first three months of the present year. Under the title of "In the Byways with Young Ireland, or Random Notes and Gossip from the old *Nation*," the Member for North Mayo gossips most agreeably about a great many topics connected with the literature of '43-'48, and, among the rest, about the various signatures adopted by the poets of *The Nation*.

We have heard from one of the most distinguished survivors of that brilliant band, that his own contributions were at first printed without any signature whatever, and that his *nom de plum*, which has since become very famous, was devised for him by Thomas Davis, without even asking the approval of the young poet himself. The republication in the quarto edition of *The Spirit of the Nation*, which names many of the authors, interprets for us most of these fanciful signatures. Others Mr. Crilly has identified by various expedients, and especially by consulting the files in *The Nation* office, where many of the real authors are named, and by making enquiries from the veteran founder of *The Nation*, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy,—from whom, by the way, we are soon to have a Life of Thomas Davis.

Beginning where Mr. Crilly ends, we coolly appropriate the summary with which his *Young Ireland* papers conclude. The chief signatures in *The Nation* from 1842 to 1848 are thus arranged alphabetically, some of the writers using more than one—as Duffy, Davis, M'Carthy, and Mangan :—

- Adragoole—Thomas Davis.
- Amergin—Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee.
- Antonio—Denis Florence M'Carthy.
- A. S. M.—Alexander S. Meehan.
- Belfastman, The—Francis Davis.
- Ben Heder—Sir Charles Gavan Duffy.
- Beta—Michael Joseph Barry.
- Black Northern, The—Sir Charles Gavan Duffy.
- Brutus—Michael Joseph Barry.
- Carolan—Dr. Campion.
- Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia—John O'Hagan.
- Carroll Malone—J. M'Burney.
- Celt, The—Thomas Davis.
- C. G. D.—Sir Charles Gavan Duffy.
- Clarence—James Clarence Mangan.
- Clericus—Rev. C. P. Meehan.
- Clericus—Rev. Michael Tormey.
- Courtenay, D. F.—Denis Florence M'Carthy.
- Curlew—James M'Keown.
- Desmond—Denis Florence M'Carthy.
- Domnall Na Glanna—Denny Lane.
- E. W.—Edward Walsh.
- E. M. P. D.—Ellen Downing.
- Englishman, An—George S. Phillips.
- Eironnach—Dr. Sigerson.
- Eva—Mary Eva Kelly (Mrs. Kevin Izod O'Doherty).
- Fermoy—John Edward Pigot.
- Fionnuala—Mary Eva Kelly (Mrs. Kevin Izod O'Doherty).
- Gracchus—John Cornelius O'Callaghan.
- G. H. S.—Gerald H. Supple.
- H.—Hugh Harkin.
- Heremon—William Pembroke Mulchinock.
- Ierne—Dr. Madden (Author of "Lives of the United Irishmen").

- Ith—Maurice O'Connell.  
 J.—John Frazer.  
 J. B. (Cork)—Joseph Brennan.  
 J. De Jean—John Frazer.  
 J.—John O'Connell.  
 J. C. M.—James Clarence Mangan.  
 J. F——ld—Rev. Joseph Fitzgerald.  
 J. O.—John O'Hagan.  
 J. K.—John Keegan.  
 John Fanshawe Ellis—Lady Wilde.  
 J. S. D.—Dr. J. S. Drennan.  
 Karl—Ernest Jones, the English Chartist leader.  
 Lageniensesis—James Clarence Mangan.  
 Maire—John Fisher Murray.  
 Man in the Cloak, The—James Clarence Mangan.  
 Maria—John Frazer.  
 Mary—Ellen Downing.  
 M.—William Pembroke Mulchinock.  
 M. D.—Michael Doheny.  
 Milton Byron Scraggs—Richard Dalton Williams.  
 M. J. B.—Michael Joseph Barry.  
 M. J. M'C.—M. J. M'Cann.  
 M. O'C.—Maurice O'Connell.  
 M. MacD.—Martin MacDermott.  
 M. O'N.—Michael O'Neill.  
 Monos.—James Clarence Mangan.  
 Montanus—Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee.  
 M. R. L.—Maurice R. Leyne.  
 N. N.—Rev. John Kenyon.  
 O.—John O'Hagan.  
 O'Donnell, The—Sir Charles Gavan Duffy.  
 R. V. (Cork)—Ralph Varian.  
 Shamrock—Richard Dalton Williams.  
 Sliabh Cuilinn—John O'Hagan.  
 Southern, The—Bartholomew Dowling.  
 Spartacus—W. J. Linton.  
 Speranza—Lady Wilde.  
 Stranger, A—Richard Oulahan.  
 T. D.—Thomas Davis.  
 Torquil—Gerald H. Supple.

True Celt, A—Thomas Davis.

Vacuus—James Clarence Mangan.

Vacuus—Thomas Davis.

Vig—Denis Florence M'Carthy.

Wilhelm—James Clarence Mangan.

W. O'B.—William Smith O'Brien.

W. P. M.—William Pembroke Mulchinock.

Yankee, A—James Clarence Mangan.

\* \* \*—Arthur Gerald Geoghegan (Author of "The Monks of Kilcrea").

Mr. Crilly remarks on this list that "Clericus" belongs distinctively to the Rev. C. P. Meehan, having been used only once by Father Tormey, September 26th, 1846; and "Vacuus" was only used once by Thomas Davis, after being employed many times by James Clarence Mangan. It will be noticed, as we remarked while introducing this catalogue, that it assigns several *noms de plume* to a few of the principal contributors, who were pluralists probably for variety's sake, and in order that the same names might not appear too often. But in these cases there is always one signature which is identified with each writer, to the exclusion of the other signatures. Thus Davis is "The Celt," Denis Florence MacCarthy is "Desmond," Gavan Duffy is "The Black Northern," John Edward Pigot is "Fermoy," Francis Davis is "The Belfastman," John O'Hagan is "Slievegullion," and "Shamrock" is, of course, Richard Dalton Williams.

The list that we have borrowed from Mr. Daniel Crilly would bear any amount of annotating. "Lageniensis" is given as one of the signatures of Clarence Mangan. At a later time it has been occasionally adopted by Canon O'Hanlon, author of *Lives of the Irish Saints*. "Eironnach" is said to be Dr. Sigerson; but Mr. Crilly's labours are supposed to end with the suppression of *The Nation* on July 29th, 1848, and Dr. Sigerson was too young then for a place in the ranks. On this point we have consulted the best authority, with results so satisfactory that we cannot turn them sufficiently to account at the end of this first instalment of "Anonymities Unveiled." But we have room to demur to an opinion put forward by Mr. Crilly in some part of these papers: that, after the founders and first recruits of *The Nation*, its three strongest poets were Martin M'Dermott, of Birkenhead (now of



London, for he is living still), Bartholomew Dowling, of Limerick, and William P. Mulchinock, of Tralee. But D'Arcy M'Gee cannot be reckoned among the first recruits of *The Nation*, and many would rank him highest among its poets. Of course Clarence Mangan is not considered, for his best work was before *The Nation* and outside *The Nation*; and, as Mr. Crilly contends, Florence M'Carthy was by nature a poet and a man of letters, apart from the political impulses of the period, and would have done his work and achieved his name by the strength of his personal vocation. "Spartacus" also might dispute the claim put forward for "M. M'D," "The Southern," and "W. P. M." His contributions were very numerous and very vigorous, and of high poetic merit. This was the signature of Mr. W. J. Linton, a distinguished English engraver, who (imitating the custom of the people with whom he sympathised politically) emigrated to the United States. He still survives, and has won a high reputation in poetry and art. When Mr. W. M. Rossetti, in *Macmillan's Magazine*, took a survey of contemporary poetry, Mr. W. J. Linton was included in a list of poets from which D. F. MacCarthy, Sir Samuel Ferguson, and others were strangely absent. We must try to find an opportunity of studying the poems of "Spartacus." The poems of Mr. Mulchinock were also published in a volume in the United States, to which he and Bartholomew Dowling (who sang so well "The Brigade at Fontenoy") emigrated after the failure of '48.

M. R.

OCTOBER, 1889.

---

MOLLY'S FORTUNES.

CHAPTER XIX.

GASTON FORGETS HIMSELF.

**E**VEN had not Justine enlightened Molly as to the real meaning of Monsieur de Treilles' jocular telegram, the girl's own penetration would have enabled her to discover it, and she was, therefore, disposed to look on that young gentleman in the light of a self-confessed "prodigal." The letter which the countess had received, and her consequent distress, Raoul's sudden departure, and Gaston's delicately expressed desire for "fatted calf," or, in other words, for a prodigal's welcome, alike pointed to the fact that the latter had fallen into some scrape, and had summoned his uncle to his assistance.

"I only hope it is not a money scrape," thought Molly. "Heaven knows there is poverty enough here without wilfully adding to it!"

Then recollecting the young man's very sensible remarks on the subject of lavish expenditure, she consoled herself: it certainly could not be *that*.

Angry as she felt with Gaston for having, as she was convinced, added to his uncle's troubles, she could not help being disarmed by his demeanour when he arrived at La Pépinière. The tact and tenderness which he displayed towards his mother were only equalled by the consideration which he showed Molly herself; his evident desire to please and entertain them both, was, moreover, sufficiently flattering. Then, there was no doubt about it, he *was* a most amusing companion. There was a sparkle in his conversation, an originality in his thoughts, a charm in his manner as fascinating as apparently unstudied.

"I don't believe he can have done anything *very* bad!" thought

Molly, as she regained her turret-room that night; "but I wonder why he and his uncle are so completely estranged. And I wonder," she continued half aloud, and with a certain irritation, "why Monsieur de Sauvigny does not come back."

The next day, on entering the dining-room for "déjeuner," she found Monsieur de Treilles already there, seated on the window sill, and humming a gay little ditty in a very sweet falsetto.

"Mademoiselle," he said, after he had risen and offered his greetings, "I am rejoiced to have this opportunity of thanking you for all you have done for my mother. I assure you the change you have worked in her is incredible, and I hardly know how to express my gratitude. If you could conceive how much my mother is to me, you would realise what I feel. My mother is all that I love, all that I have. Imagine then my joy in finding her health re-established, her life doubtless prolonged by your untiring devotion."

"You are too good," returned Molly, a little stiffly, for his tone appeared to her exaggerated. "I am afraid I cannot lay claim to having worked such wonders. Madame de Treilles *has* been certainly better, which I attribute in a great measure to the fact of her going out regularly; but of late I have not thought her so well. Of course she has been anxious," she added, rather wickedly.

"And that is my fault, is it not?" said Gaston, a sudden flash of humour leaping into the eyes which a moment before had been actually moist. "I accept the reproof, Mademoiselle, and am not surprised at your severity. All women are naturally cruel—like cats. They like to make you feel the claw in the *patte de velours*. But some day, Mademoiselle, I should like to tell you a little about myself. Perhaps, if you knew all, you would not blame me so much."

"Pray do not think I blame you," said Molly, quickly, for she had no desire for the proposed confidences. "I would not venture to do such a thing. Indeed," with a smile which somewhat softened the bluntness of the remark, "I know nothing whatever about you, and am quite incompetent to pass any judgment on your doings."

Gaston seemed very much amused at this remark, and was about to reply when his mother entered.

"Some time I will tell you my history," he said, in a low voice as he passed the girl. "Not to-day—to-morrow perhaps."

On the morrow, therefore, he tracked her to a retired part of the garden, where she was, as usual, struggling with the weeds, and began his story. It was not much of a story after all. A long "rigmarole" about a petted childhood, a spoilt youth, an easy, good-natured disposition, a too generous heart. Molly was not much the wiser at the end. Monsieur de Treilles gave her to understand

that all his life long he had been extremely popular, that he had many friends—some of them, as she gathered, not altogether exemplary ones—and had been betrayed by them into sundry peccadilloes which had caused him to suffer acutely, and the mere memory of which filled him with remorse.

"What is one to do," he asked, "when the heart urges and the conscience forbids? Ah, Mademoiselle, in me the two are not evenly balanced, and struggle, suffer, reason as I may, the heart too often gains the day."

"Well, but it should not, you know," said practical Molly. She was just a tiny bit out of patience with him and his story. "If you know you are wrong, all the sentiment in the world won't excuse you."

She looked longingly at her heap of groundsel, eager to set to work again, but as Gaston showed no signs of desiring to withdraw, and as she was anxious to bring the conversation to an end, there was nothing for it but to return to the house.

"Then you do not pity me?" said the young man, turning to accompany her. His eyes were twinkling, but his voice was pathos itself.

"Not the least in the world," returned Molly, promptly; and then Gaston burst out laughing, with that frank, merry, spontaneous laugh of his which the most stony-hearted found irresistible.

The young mentor herself, however much she might disapprove of such volatile conduct, was constrained to join in his mirth, and the two were laughing still as they strolled together up the moss-grown steps of the portico, and came suddenly face to face with—Raoul.

Raoul, looking more worn, more worried, more wearied than ever, and with a perfect thunder-cloud on his brow.

"Ah, the joyful surprise!" cried Gaston, airily. "So you have come back, my little uncle?"

He placed his hands jauntily on the baron's shoulders, and kissed him on both cheeks before the latter had time to recover from his surprise and evident indignation. In another moment, however, Raoul had pushed him sturdily from him, and turned away without even a glance at Molly, who had been advancing with outstretched hand.

Hot tears of anger and disappointment rose to the girl's eyes as she sought her own room. Why should he treat her so? What had she done to deserve it? Was it her fault that she had chanced to be in his nephew's company at the moment of his return, and even had the *rencontre* been of her seeking, would the transgression have merited such deep disgrace? Monsieur de Sauvigny was too much

of an Englishman in education and ways to share his country folks' exaggerated ideas of the decorum suitable to girls, and, under other circumstances, the fact that Molly and a young man had walked from the garden to the house unattended by a chaperon would not have excited his ire. Why should he be so angry, so rude, because in this instance the young man happened to be his own nephew?

"He *was* rude"—cried Molly, indignantly—"a perfect bear!"

Yet even while still smarting under the sense of the indignity, she fell to thinking of Raoul's miserable face, of the traces of further care and suffering so plainly to be noted there, and her heart ached for him.

Monsieur de Sauvigny's displeasure had apparently subsided—at least in so far as she was concerned—when they again met, and he greeted her as though he now saw her for the first time since his return. But he was as gloomy and taciturn as in the first days of their acquaintance, and treated Gaston with a cold severity, which to a less buoyant person would have been depressing. Molly was conscious, moreover, that he took note of every word his nephew addressed to her, and felt with an increasing sense of mortification that he disapproved of such slight attentions as the latter paid her.

During the ensuing week her position was far from comfortable. Whether from the perverse desire to do that from which his uncle would have him refrain, or from the fact that the passionate affection which he professed to feel for his mother did not prevent his being occasionally bored by her, or simply because the girl's pretty face and bright ways attracted him, Mr. Gaston elected to cultivate her society with an assiduity which she found embarrassing. His admiration did not, indeed, take any decided form of expression, for unversed though she was in the ways of the world, there was something about Molly which forbade the smallest attempt at familiarity. They scarcely ever met except in the company of others, the girl being as determined to avoid a possible *tête-à-tête* with him as the most punctilious of French "*demoiselles*" could have shown herself. So Gaston was obliged to content himself with paying her a few compliments—at which his uncle sneered openly—following her about from room to room, fetching and carrying for her on every conceivable occasion, frequently sighing in a marked manner, and rolling his fine eyes with great effect. Molly could not help laughing at him now and then, but usually discountenanced his attentions and endeavoured to keep him at a distance, a line of conduct which piqued the young man to further efforts to ingratiate himself. Indeed, he began to feel more and more interested in her, and to congratulate himself cordially on the tedium of his life at the château—endured for

reasons best known to himself—being enlivened by the presence of so charming a companion.

Meanwhile Raoul watched them both with the eyes of a lynx, and as the girl could not but feel, endeavoured by every means in his power to keep them apart, expressing, moreover, in manner if not in words, such indignation at Gaston's attitude towards her as filled her with the keenest resentment. Not that Molly was not absolutely heart-whole; she was sharp enough to take Monsieur de Treilles' pretty speeches for what they were worth, and he was the last man in the world to have really attracted her. But Raoul's apparent distrust of her cut her to the quick. Was it possible that he imagined she encouraged his nephew's advances, that she, the penniless orphan, was perhaps taking advantage of her position to endeavour to entrap this young man? Doubtless, to an unprincipled girl, the conquest would have been easy, and a marriage with a scion of so noble a house, apparently wealthy enough to have secured her a comfortable if not brilliant future, would have seemed to such no inconsiderable triumph. But to Molly, the mere idea of being suspected of such an ambition was so humiliating, so insulting, that had it not been for the deep pity with which Monsieur de Sauvigny inspired her, and the odd liking which she did not cease to feel for him, she would have left the château at once.

One evening, however, matters came to a crisis. Molly was playing dominoes with Madame de Treilles in the little *salon* after dinner, Raoul being ostensibly reading the newspaper, while Gaston wandered about the room, now pausing to look out of the window, now fiddling with the knick-knacks on the table, now making a pretence of assisting the domino-players with his valuable advice.

All at once Monsieur de Sauvigny crumpled up his newspaper with a smothered exclamation, and Molly, glancing up, saw him gazing indignantly at Gaston, who was idly engaged in sliding the lid of the empty domino-box up and down, and who returned his uncle's look with one of innocent wonder. No word was spoken, however, and presently Raoul caught up the paper again, settled himself in his chair with much rustling of the former and creaking of the latter, and soon was apparently again absorbed. But the incident had startled and disturbed Molly to such a degree that she so far forgot herself as to win two games of dominoes running, whereupon the countess, in a pet, rose from the table, declaring herself fatigued, and requesting her son to give her his arm upstairs.

Molly was absently preparing to put the dominoes away, when, on removing the lid of the box, she discovered a neat little three-cornered note snugly ensconced at the bottom. She turned white to the very

lips, and instinctively glanced at Raoul to find his eyes fixed on hers with an expression of doubt and uneasiness which hurt her even more than his nephew's impertinent act.

Hardly knowing what she did, she rose and walked towards him, holding the unopened note in her extended hand. Her eyes were flashing with indignation, but she was too much insulted to speak a word.

Raoul took the letter in silence, tearing it feverishly into countless pieces, and then Molly found her way to the door, walking with difficulty, for the room appeared to be spinning round and round, and there was a sound in her ears like the roaring of the sea.

---

## CHAPTER XX.

### RAOUL RECOLLECTS HIMSELF.

Raoul rang the bell, and desired Isidore to request Monsieur le comte to come to him directly. Accordingly, in a few minutes, Gaston entered, with a smiling face, but appearing slightly surprised at his uncle's message.

His countenance changed as his eyes fell on the little white heap of torn paper which Raoul pushed towards him, and it was with a almost ludicrous expression of chagrin that he exclaimed :—

“She tore up my verses !”

“Ah, they were verses, were they? No, she did not tear them up. She considered herself insulted by your impertinent note, and handed it unopened to me, and I—disposed of it as you see.”

“Also without opening it?” inquired Gaston, with his innocent smile.

“What do you take me for?” cried Raoul fiercely.

“Be calm, my dear uncle. Well it is a pity that no one should have read my verses, for they really were well turned. I had a moment of inspiration”—here he tapped his forehead—“and I surpassed myself. Yet no one will ever be the wiser. The barbarous act! To tear up a *chef-d'œuvre* like that without even reading it. *Tiens!* I wonder if I could remember it. It began :—

‘*Jeune tête penchée—*’”

“Spare me the rest, if you please,” interrupted Sauvigny, sternly, ‘and favour me with your attention. Gaston, how is this affair to end?’”

"Which affair do you mean, uncle? I have a good many to occupy me just now. Do you allude to the card affair?"

"No, I allude to—the domino affair, to your behaviour just now. You have chosen—forgetful of Miss Mackenzie's position and yours—to pursue her in a most unchivalrous manner, to force upon her countless attentions, to convey to her the most marked expressions of your admiration. Everything culminates in your audacity to-night—an audacity by which, as I tell you, she was deeply insulted."

"*Bonté du ciel!*" ejaculated Gaston. "Was Beatrice insulted by the poetry of Dante? Did Laura resent the devotion of Petrarch? Did ——"

"Silence!" cried Raoul, whose patience was now at its last ebb. "You need not think your impudent trifling will blind me. Answer me this question: can you marry Miss Mackenzie?"

Gaston stared at him in genuine amazement.

"Really, uncle, things do not go quite so far as that. I like, I admire Miss Mackenzie exceedingly—she is an adorable little person—but"—with a sudden change of tone—"alas, it is impossible for me in my position to dream of marrying a girl without money. You know ——"

"Of course I know!" cried Raoul, savagely. "Who should know so well as I? Then how *dare* you behave to her as you do? How dare you lead her to suppose that you care for her?"

"My dear little uncle," with the *naïveté* which was so salient a feature of his character, "I am so bored! I have absolutely nothing else to do. After all, be reasonable. You take me away from the life I am accustomed to ——"

"You know very well it was dire necessity that obliged me to insist on your remaining here," interrupted Raoul.

"And you bury me alive in this—doubtless very charming, but somewhat quiet place, the only inhabitants of which are an elderly lady (my mother, whom I adore), a middle-aged gentleman (my uncle, whom I respect), and a young, pretty, charming miss, a new acquaintance, whom I admire. Now I ask you as a man, and as a Frenchman, is it not natural that I should occasionally prefer to cultivate the society of the latter to that of my cherished parent and my respectable uncle?"

"I will not discuss the question with you," said Sauvigny, in a tone of suppressed passion; "but I tell you this: I will not have it. I will not allow this innocent young girl, for whose welfare I am doubly anxious, as she is so far from friends and country, to be annoyed or disturbed in the slightest degree. I request that you will apologise to Miss Mackenzie for having forgotten yourself this eve—



ning, and that you will give me a solemn promise to be more careful in future."

"I will write no more verses, if that is what you mean—at least I will not show them to her, but ——"

"It is not only your ridiculous verses that I object to," interrupted Raoul; "it is your attitude towards Miss Mackenzie, your conduct altogether where she is concerned, which is unbecoming, unchivalrous in the extreme."

"I must confess, uncle, that I think you are unreasonable. You place a pretty woman opposite me, and tell me I am not to look at her. Her conversation is piquant and amusing, but I am not to speak to her; she sings, and I am not to listen; she has moments of delightful vivacity, and I am not to quarrel with her. *Enfin*, I cannot promise to refrain from all this, and I will not."

He seated himself astride of a chair, and looked a little angrily at his relative.

"If I am to be an anchorite, you must not throw temptation in my way. Why do you not engage a gaunt Englishwoman of fifty, with teeth a yard long and spectacles? I would then promise you with the utmost good faith not to show her the slightest attention. But this pretty little creature—h'm, h'm! You must not ask the impossible, uncle."

Furious as he was, Sauvigny owned himself nonplussed for a moment. Why, indeed, did he not engage a lady who, in point of age and personal attractions, would be more suited to the position than Molly? Should he, ought he, under existing circumstances, to send the latter away, and replace her with a less dangerous person?

Only for a moment did his hesitation last, however. He speedily remembered that even were his sister to consent to the change, it would be exceedingly unlikely that another woman could discharge the somewhat trying duties of the post as efficiently as Molly. Moreover, would it not be the height of unfairness to visit on her the iniquities of his nephew? His heart gave a great throb of joy as he realised the justice of this reasoning; but he was nevertheless much puzzled. There was an angry sparkle in Gaston's eye, a defiance in his tone, from which he augured ill. To permit him to continue his present line of conduct was not to be thought of. Not only was it unbecoming when the relative positions of the young couple were taken into consideration, but it was to a certain extent dangerous. What if Molly, misled by Gaston's apparent devotion, were to lose her heart to him? True, there was apparently, at present, no fear of such a contingency: he had watched the girl narrowly, and had satisfied himself of her indifference. But how long could he count on it?

Gaston was universally acknowledged to be attractive and charming ; they were both young, much thrown together, and his nephew attached himself to the girl with a persistency which might well be deemed flattering. Were this state of things to last, no one could be surprised if the latter's affections were engaged, and Raoul gauged her character sufficiently well to know that in her case this would be a serious matter. A shiver of horror passed over him as he thought of the evils which might accrue to Molly, were such a misfortune to come to pass. The cruel disappointment, the shadow cast over her bright youth, perhaps her whole life—no ; she must be saved at any cost. Gaston must go : no other course remained open to him. Impossible as Raoul would have deemed it but half-an-hour before to permit him to leave the château, he must now despatch him with all possible speed.

He informed the young man of the conclusion to which he had come, finding it difficult to repress his irritation at the latter's evident delight.

"Leave !" he cried, with sparkling eyes, "but how ? Only the other day you told me I must prepare to spend the winter here."

"And so you should ! Had you a spark of consideration, a remnant of honour, you would submit to my wishes, and spare me the necessity of taking this step. A step which will, as you know, cause me endless miseries and anxieties. Yes, you shall go somehow ; I will supply you with the necessary means to live elsewhere. But, remember, you *cannot* go on as you have hitherto done. It is almost of the necessaries of life, of bread, that you deprive us !"

"Oh !" cried Gaston, looking inexpressibly shocked. "How can you say such monstrous things ?"

"I speak the truth," said Raoul, sternly ; and then, not caring to prolong the discussion further, he left the room.

Gaston sat still astride of his chair, a variety of expressions succeeding each other on his mobile face. At first his meditations were not altogether pleasant ; his uncle's words rankled in his mind, and he had an uneasy conviction that another man in his place would have given the required promise, and—it might be—have kept it. But then, on the other hand, if he was not to make love to Molly, even from afar, what was he to do in this wretchedly dull place ? Besides, one-sided love-making is apt to pall on a man of his stamp after a time, and he knew enough of Molly to realise that one-sided it was likely to remain.

"It is better for me to leave, now that I have the chance," thought Gaston sagely. "If I were to promise, I might break my word, and it is better, far better for a man of my temperament, to be out of

the reach of temptation." A vision of Molly's blithe young face here floated before him, but he put it away from him with a resolution which he felt to be almost heroic.

No, he said virtuously, he would run no risks; he would leave the château—and go to Paris.

He was already gone when Molly came downstairs on the following day, Raoul announcing his departure in a hesitating, confused way, which was owing to his sense of shame at the whole occurrence, but which she attributed to a different motive. Evidently what she had so much dreaded was really the case: Monsieur de Sauvigny did suspect her of wishing to entrap his nephew, and had, therefore, removed him to a safe distance from her dangerous fascinations. Only the fear of lending colour to this idea of his by leaving so soon after the young man's departure, withheld her from giving up her situation then and there. As it was, she was too little used to conceal her feelings, to hide the indignation with which Raoul's fancied distrust filled her. Her manner towards him was unconsciously stiffer than usual during the ensuing days, her words were few and constrained, and she avoided his company as much as possible; while her mortification and distress of mind were further betrayed by pallid cheeks and heavy eyes.

Sauvigny, on his part, was intensely miserable. He had been too late, he thought, and the suffering from which he would have saved Molly at so great a cost had already come upon her. Her resentful attitude towards himself also filled him with sorrow, with remorse at having, though from so unselfish a motive, caused her pain, and with at times a wild unreasonable anger at Gaston, at himself, at fate, at everybody and everything, except Molly. To see her suffer, and to know that she attributed that suffering to him, aroused within him, indeed, so fierce a tempest of pain, that he was scarcely master of himself; his philosophy failed him, the dogged patience which had enabled him to support so much gave way, and in its stead, came an almost frenzied desire to justify himself in the girl's eyes, a desire with which he waged a daily battle, but which proved too strong for him in the end.

One day after their *tête-à-tête* dinner, a particularly wearisome meal, during which the baron had made a solitary remark, which Molly had snubbed, he felt he could bear it no longer. He had risen and opened the door as she prepared to leave the room, but suddenly closed it again, and the girl glancing up in surprise, met his great eyes fixed on hers with that hungry, pleading look she had noticed once or twice of late.

"Believe me," he said, "I acted for the best. I should not have

sent my nephew away, but that I feared he might make you unhappy."

He bent forward for a moment, his face alight with eagerness, his hands outstretched as though to bar her progress; but suddenly recollecting himself, flung the door wide open, and drew back behind it, while Molly, with cheeks aflame, darted down the passage and out of the house.

The confusion and astonishment with which this speech filled her was mixed with an extraordinary sense of relief. It was, indeed, on her account that Gaston had been sent away, but for her sake, not his—not through fear of his being beguiled into an imprudent marriage, but lest he might make her, Molly, unhappy.

"I must show Monsieur de Sauvigny that he need not have been afraid; I am quite heart-whole!" said the girl, with just a little toss of her saucy head.

Then she fell to pondering on the motives which had induced Raoul to part with the nephew rather than the dependent. It was certainly an amazing state of things: she could not understand it, but after a time her wonder was lost in gratitude. He had not misjudged her then; he was not angry with *her*; on the contrary, this action of his gave evidence of a consideration for her welfare which touched her deeply.

"I don't care about anything now," whispered Molly to the roses. "I am very glad Monsieur Gaston is gone. He was too impertinent—and then he made his uncle so cross!"

Meanwhile, Sauvigny, quivering with agitation, crimson with shame, was taking himself to task for his momentary weakness. How could he have so far forgotten himself as to make this singular explanation? What must the girl think of him? Perhaps, in acceding to the craving for self-justification, he had outraged her feelings on the most tender point. It was unmanly, contemptible, to have run the risk of doing so, merely to gratify his own selfishness. Then came a revulsion of feeling—one of those unaccountable impulses which of late had so disturbed him. Was it in human nature to inflict pain on the beloved of one's heart, and to withhold a word of explanation as to the motives which rendered such a proceeding necessary?

"At least she knows now that I did not mean to be unkind, that I acted for the best—oh, Heaven sees I acted for the best!" groaned poor Raoul. "If it were possible for Gaston to marry—if I were sure that he would make her happy—I could give her up to him without a pang."

Poor fellow, for a moment he thought he could! His love was, in truth, so great, his desire for her happiness so sincere, that for her

sake he would have been capable of any sacrifice. He was ready and willing to hand her over to any man with whom her happiness would be secure. He would do so unshrinkingly; but could he indeed do so "without a pang?" Ah me! which of us can promise not to suffer? We may—we who deem ourselves strong—lay down and rigidly adhere to certain hard and fast rules with regard to our actions; we know that which we may do, and that from which we shall refrain; but, when it is a question of suffering, who can be answerable for himself? The utmost that the greatest stoic amongst us can undertake is—not to cry out.

A dim consciousness of this fact came over Raoul all at once; the acuteness of his pain during the past few days recurred to him, and he clasped his hands together in a sort of terror. What meant this strange tide of rebellion rising up within him, and threatening to sweep all before it? Was he not content with the lot which he had marked out for himself, and which, but a little while ago, he had deemed so blessed? Was it possible that he wanted more—that, not satisfied with loving, he was fain to be beloved—that he longed with a frantic, desperate longing for something which could never, never come to pass? Had he indeed fallen to this—he who had thought himself so strong? Oh, he was not strong! He was weak—weak with a man's love and a man's sorrow. He dared no longer count on himself; he must look for help, for strength, for comfort elsewhere.

Gradually he slipped down on his knees, and, with his head sunk in his hands, prayed, and grieved, and fought his lonely battle with his own rebellious heart. "Lord, I am weak: do not let my weakness conquer!" he groaned, in the depth of his humiliation and disappointment with himself.

And then, still lower, more fervent, came another prayer:—

"That she, at least, may be happy!"

M. E. FRANCIS.

## BEFORE A PICTURE.

THE green of an English lane; soft April skies;  
 Two rosy children laughing in their play;  
 Far-off, the faint blue hills that fade away  
 Into the West; and how much more uprise  
 Before me, gazing on these pictured eyes,  
 And sweet remembered face!—a mellowing ray  
 That gilds the sunset world while sinks the day,  
 And makes one dream of morning ere it dies.

So, Agnes, sister, so your dear face still,  
 Soothing to sleep the present and its pain,  
 Restores to me an old-time peace and joy,  
 And makes me, while I gaze, the white-souled boy  
 That plucked you cowslips on the scented hill  
 And sought the youngest primrose down the lane.

I. D.

## BESIDE THE SEA.

ALONE, beside the radiant seas,  
 I watched the sun-spears pierce the deep,  
 And saw the stealthy shadows creep  
 Around a mystery of trees.

And in the far-off land of dreams  
 A faery hall of pearl I built,  
 And placed it where the sunset gilt  
 The rocking tide in lavish streams.

But lo, within those waters bright  
 Both sun and castle found a grave;  
 Now stand I by the bitter wave  
 And wait the coming of the Night.

E. S.

## OUR POETS.

No. 24.—JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

HOW does the author of "Home, Sweet Home!" come into a series which is confined to the poets who are more likely to be neglected by the general critic on account of one or other of these two disqualifications—Irish birth or Catholic Faith? It will be seen towards the conclusion of this sketch that the subject of it died a Catholic.

Before giving a few particulars about a man who is remembered for the sake of one song—that song itself remembered chiefly for the sake of its sweet name—we shall print an original document which has lain in our hands for some years. It is a letter, in the clearest and neatest possible handwriting, addressed to, or (as Payne himself writes) "for Counsellor O'Connell," amongst whose papers we found it sixty years afterwards:—

"London, October 28, 1816.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"To the extreme kindness which I have ever received from you, you may ascribe this trespass upon the indulgence of your friendship. I wish you to arrange a little matter for me in Dublin, and when I explain to you the reasons which render your agency desirable, your generous heart will readily excuse me for giving so much trouble.

"Soon after I left Cork, curiosity led me to Paris, where great political events succeeded each other so rapidly that I could not for many months permit myself to quit the scene of such interesting revolutions. During my first eight months at Paris, I lived under seven different governments. After having seen the King dethroned and the Emperor restored—the Emperor dethroned and the King restored—I bent my thoughts toward London. Just previous to my departure from France, a friend of Lord Byron's acquainted me with his having been commissioned by that nobleman to arrange some business for Drury Lane Theatre, to which his want of knowledge of theatrical affairs and persons in Paris rendered him incompetent. I volunteered my services, and transacted the business, and thus became introduced to the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird, who takes Whitbread's place in that establishment. Mr. Kinnaird treated me with great attention, and, unsolicited, proffered me opportunities of playing at Drury Lane under extraordinary advantages, and with the highest patronage; and induced me to promise to associate myself with the interests of his theatre. I had occasion soon afterwards to return for a few days to France; and Mr. Kinnaird overwhelmed me with commissions to transact theatrical business on his behalf. These commissions so accumulated as to detain me in France, engaged in business for Drury Lane Theatre, for eight months.

during which I prepared five theatrical pieces by desire of Mr. Kinnaird—one of which only was acted—incurred expenses of various kinds, and lost the profit which would else have accrued from my exertions in other ways. Alarmed at the magnitude of the pecuniary engagements in which I was involved, I wrote for three hundred pounds. Two hundred were sent me on account. I hastened to London for the sake of coming to some understanding, and was kept still in suspense till I made a regular demand. I was then by degrees repelled. A quarrel ensued between Douglas Kinnaird and myself. I appealed against him to the Committee at large. They expressed their regret that I should have gone to such expenses unauthorised by them, and left me to settle how I could. My situation was dreadful. To escape a prison I was obliged to enter into a compromise with such as had demands against me, and I am now loaded with claims to the amount of some hundred pounds, which must be liquidated within a few months. Mr. Harris, of Covent Garden Theatre, hearing of the treatment I had met with, called upon me at the crisis of my greatest distress. He offered me an engagement at Covent Garden, of which I instantly accepted. He has treated me with unexampled kindness. He wishes me to get into practice, and advised me to play in Dublin previous to my coming out in London. I must also do something to enable me to discharge existing claims—my London engagement being inadequate to that end. I have written to Farren—paved the way for an arrangement—and annex his letter to show you what progress has been made.

"Will you forgive the liberty of this intrusion? The influence of a powerful name is great in these arrangements, and I must ever feel the advantage of being authorised to boast the honour of your friendship. I, therefore, presume upon former liberality so far as to request that you will see William Farren, and endeavour to arrange with him on the terms I now specify.

The managers of Covent Garden permit me to engage for three weeks in Dublin, and a renewal of the engagement must depend upon their arrangements for my début at Covent Garden. For the whole term of my playing I desire £5 a week, and a Benefit free from any expense of any kind, in consideration of which I will bring with me a revised copy of my own play, "*Accusation*," in which I will perform myself; a MS. of the "*Broken Sword*" (a new melodrama of extraordinary interest, which has lately appeared at Covent Garden), with the music, scenery, and stage business marked—and some other new pieces which cannot but be of great importance to the Dublin establishment. Mr. Harris particularly told me to name *The Broken Sword*, which he gives me for the purpose of aiding the attraction during my engagement. The managers, on their part, must pledge themselves to afford every support to my Benefit, and to push my playing as much as possible, so as to give a favourable impulse to my début in London.

"If they will not accept these terms, I would wish you to take the Benefit, free from every expense, without the weekly stipend or the new pieces. If they decline both propositions, pray take the best terms that can be made. But the first offer should not be given up without some struggle. The moment the arrangement is made, they may announce me in the character of Douglas, with an occasional address. Mrs. Glover will probably play the part of Lady Randolph.

"It is an object with me to act in Ireland on any terms; but it is a matter of deep importance to get the best terms I can. I shall consequently leave London for Dublin on Saturday next; but there is no need of disclosing this to Farren till some engagement is definitely settled. When I arrive, I shall have the pleasure of conversing with you regarding the Benefit, for which I have a plan which will doubtless relieve me from all present difficulties.



"In this business, my dear sir, I throw myself entirely upon your generosity. I am pained to give anyone so much trouble; but especially you, whose intercourse with me has been but one chain of liberal actions, which it has been out of my power to return. Let the right of those who do not prosper over the protection of the high—plead in my favour.

"I have often seen Phillips. He has been extremely well received here, and sets out for a public dinner in Liverpool to-morrow. His speech will be finer than any he has yet delivered. I believe he has quite broken with the O'Neills. His monody has gained him new laurels, and I think he would do excellently well at the English Bar. Phillips tells me that my little Kate is faithful to her early vows. I hope soon to assure her personally of my gratitude. I shall not remain here long enough to receive your answer to my letter, and, therefore, trust on my arrival to find everything satisfactorily settled.

"With best remembrance to Mrs. O'Connell and all the family, I beg you to believe me,

"Dear Sir,

"Your obliged and ever faithful

"JOHN HOWARD PAYNE."

"The foregoing letter was written when Payne was in his 25th year. He was born in New York, June 9th, 1791, and showed his literary talent at a very early age. Both his parents died when he was about sixteen years of age. He soon after went on the stage at Boston, and gained a great success. But he seems to have been lacking in dogged perseverance, and he interrupted his dramatic career to engage in some Public Library scheme which failed. In 1813 he went to England, and, after fourteen days in a Liverpool jail through a mistake about his passport (strained relations then prevailed between England and the United States), he reached London, and made a successful début as "Douglas" at Drury Lane. He made a brilliant tour afterwards through the provincial towns and Ireland; yet somehow his fortunes did not keep pace with his fame, and matters were not mended by a luckless attempt as manager of Saddler's Wells Theatre.

His next resource was original dramatic composition. *Brutus, or the Fall of Tarquin*, was his first, and probably his best, original play. He wrote many others, and adapted many from the French. Even in *Brutus* he acknowledges that he has adopted many ideas from his predecessors, and he makes on this point an observation which seems to us very true and just: "Such obligations, to be culpable, must be secret; but it may be observed that no assistance of other writers can be available without an effort almost, if not altogether, as laborious as original composition." In some of his adaptations from the French, Payne had as his

colleague Washington Irving. Another name of higher charm is linked with his in Crabb Robinson's Diary (Vol. I., page 477), where he says, speaking of Mary Lamb in Paris, in 1822: "Her only male friend is a Mr. Payne, whom she praises exceedingly for his kindness and attention to Charles. He is the author of *Brutus*, and has a good face."

In the next year, 1823, Payne produced his opera of "Clari, the Maid of Milan," in which occurs what has been called the brightest jewel in the coronet of simple song." "Home, Sweet Home" is familiar to us all, and if any reader has not long felt it as a song, he will hardly be able to feel the spell of the mere words. The song is said to have been originally written as follows:—

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!  
A charm from the skies seem to hallow us there,  
    (Like the love of a mother,  
    Surpassing all other),  
Which, seek through the wide world, is ne'er met with elsewhere;  
    There's a spell in the shade  
    Where our infancy played,  
Even stronger than time and more deep than despair!

"An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain!  
Oh, give me my lowly, thatch'd cottage again!  
The birds and the lambkins that came at my call,  
    Those who named me with pride,  
    Those who played by my side—  
Give me them, with the innocence dearer than all!  
The joys of the palaces through which I roam  
Only swell my heart's anguish. There's no place like home!"

Many accounts are given of the origin of this famous song. Payne himself told his friend, Mr. James Rees, of Philadelphia, that the words were suggested to him by an air sung by a peasant girl in Italy. He was so attracted by the melody that he spoke to her and asked her to repeat it, so as to enable him to jot down the notes. He sent both words and music to his friend, the celebrated composer, Sir Henry Bishop, who, happening to know the air perfectly, adapted Payne's words to it. Dr. Faust, an American writer in *The Catholic World*, says this is the only great song that America can claim as her own.

The exact form in which Payne finally arranged the words for his opera, and in which it is preserved in his own handwriting, is as follows :—

“ ‘Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home !  
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,  
Which, seek through the wide world, is ne'er met with elsewhere !  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home !  
There's no place like home !  
There's no place like home !

“ An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain !  
Oh, give me my lowly, thatch'd cottage again !  
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call—  
Give me them, and the peace of mind dearer than all.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home !  
There's no place like home !  
There's no place like home ! ”

After many years of labour, not rewarded with any excessive supply of filthy lucre, Payne returned to the United States. While soliciting a diplomatic appointment from President Tyler, he said one day to the President's son : “ Since I came to Washington, it has cost me more diplomacy to conceal my poverty than would be necessary to conduct the foreign affairs of the government.” He was made American Consul at Tunis, and, after filling the post creditably for many years, he died there on the 9th of April, 1852. Thirty years later his remains were taken home to be buried in American soil, through the munificence of a devoted friend of his, a wealthy American Catholic, a pupil of Georgetown University, but bearing the very Irish name of Corcoran. Strange that Father Abram Ryan, who himself died in 1886, and whose claims to the title of “ poet-priest ” must shortly be laid before our readers, speaks of this second interment as having taken place “ a few years ago.” He wrote thus to *The Catholic Columbian* :—

“ The author of ‘ Home, Sweet Home ’ has found a home of loving, pathetic memory in countless hearts. How many know that this sad heart had found a home in the Catholic Church ? When the corpse of the homeless exile was brought to this country a few years ago, how is it that a minister of the Episcopal Church officiated at his obsequies ? In 1852 Payne died, in the sixty-second year of his age. The Catholic Bishop of Tunis was on terms of the closest intimacy with the poet, and the priest who prayed at his grave spoke often of him in terms of highest praise. During his sickness the Sisters of Charity—Rosalie, Josephine, Marie, and

Celeste—nursed him. And they, with his Moorish domestics and his Mussulman servant, Mohammed, saw his spirit pass away, and closed his eyes in death. This information will be new to many, and will gladden many a Catholic heart."

We suspect that it was the second burial of John Howard Payne which prompted a young Cornish woman to write a little poem "On the Death of the Author of 'Home, Sweet Home.'" That death took place in 1852, perhaps before the poetess was born; and these lines appeared in *The Month*, in the year 1883, when the poet's ashes returned from exile:—

" O Minstrel Bard, thy work on earth is o'er,  
No more round thee do angry billows foam;  
The shore is reached and thou canst enter in  
The golden portals of thine own true Home.

" But forth in distant lands where strangers dwell  
Thy sweet old song has earned a crown of fame;  
Thy words have caused proud hearts to melt and burn,  
And men who knew thee not, to bless thy name.

" For thou hast struck with whisperings of love  
The memory of men, till they were fain  
To listen to the echoes of the past,  
And hear their mothers' voices once again.

" But rest has come at last, and never more  
O'er life's steep pathways shall thy footsteps roam;  
Bright choirs of Heaven shall greet thee on thy way,  
With Angel voices chanting ' Home, sweet home.' "

The signature attached to these lines—"M. P. Hawker"—has more significance when developed into "Morwenna Pauline Hawker." St. Morwenna reminds us of the Rev. Robert S. Hawker, Vicar of Morwenstowe, who only at the last joined outwardly the Catholic Church, somewhat like the other restless and unprosperous poet for whom we have just heard the Cornish poet's daughter claiming the welcome of the one true home of heaven.

## FOREBODING.

IT may be that on some drear, distant day,  
 Sorrow shall strike my heart with wounding hand,  
 And I'll remember this blue, sunlit bay,  
 And see that white wave fringe the circling strand.

I'll see those sun-kissed rocks smile graciously  
 Upon the wavelets dancing at their feet,  
 And boats like white-winged birds glide o'er the sea,  
 I'll hear the laugh of childhood, clear and sweet.

This fresh'ning breeze again shall fan my cheek,  
 I'll list the lazy lapping of the wave,  
 Then to my sorrow-stricken heart I'll speak,  
 "Courage," I'll say, "The Lord is strong to save."

Twice has the sun arisen and twice has set  
 Since this same sea was raging tempest-tost,  
 The waves advancing and receding met  
 As if in warfare, each a deadly host.

The pebbles from the beach were fiercely torn,  
 Then like the fire of musketry they fell;  
 The vap'rous spray in cloud-wreaths upward borne  
 Was like the battle smoke of shot and shell.

Heaven darkly frowned; the storm-king on his car  
 Swept o'er the sea with loud, exultant roar,  
 Rejoicing wildly in the mimic war,  
 Which seemed to shake the spreading rock-bound shore.

But He who bade the winds and waves be still  
 Liveth and reigneth for ever and for aye;  
 Woe cometh in the night, but by His will  
 The morning sun breaks into blissful day.

JESSIE TULLOCH.

Tramore.

## SKETCHES IN IRISH BIOGRAPHY.

## No. 17.—KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

**K**ATHLEEN O'Meara will soon be a year dead. Last winter the newspapers contained the announcement: "At Paris, November 10th, Kathleen, eldest surviving daughter of Denis O'Meara, of Tipperary, Ireland." We have delayed too long to pay our slight tribute to the memory of this gifted Irishwoman in the pages of the Magazine which was the first (let us begin with this boast) to induce "Grace Ramsay" to appear in print under her own beautiful Irish name.

Though "magnificent Tipperary"—which, in Miss Ryan's "Songs of Remembrance," has just achieved the finest bit of literature we have yet seen from it—is the only Irish locality connected with her in the above notice, it had not the honour of giving her birth. Her sister writes to me: "She was born in Dublin, but I do not know in what parish."\* As she died at Father Faber's age—49—she was born in the year 1839. At a very early period of her life her home was removed to Paris, and I am not sure that she ever after paid more than a passing visit, or even that, to the land of her birth. In many respects she was more French than Irish, even to the small point of not beginning "Irish" with a capital letter. She herself alludes to her want of acquaintance with Ireland in a letter which only bears the date "Feb. 15, 15 Rue de Billault," but which the reference to Lord Emly's contribution to *THE IRISH MONTHLY* assigns to the year 1878:—

"DEAR FATHER RUSSELL,

"Father M'Mahon is a pearl of a reader; five hundred such would create the kind of literature he pines for. I was very glad to see your rebuke of 'Mickey Casey' in *THE IRISH MONTHLY*. I had just been persuaded by three different readers of the *C. W.* to write to the editor and protest against the vulgarity of the last of the Irish caricatures. I do not know who the writer is; but he is giving a

\* It is but fair to add that in the letter which communicates this fact, Miss G. M. O'Meara declines to furnish any biographical details. "Her life was too retired and had too little incident in it to be of any interest except to her family. Her beautiful character could only be depicted by those who knew her intimately, and to whom I could remove a little the veil that hid it from the world. This, at present, is to me impossible."

very contemptible, and, I believe, utterly false picture of Irish society to American readers.

"The editor asked me many times, and so did Father Hecker, to write a series of Irish sketches for the *C. W.*; but I declined, for the good reason that I could not speak from personal knowledge, and that the sketches would lack reality. What revolts me is that all other nations assume that the Irish are in a state of perpetual joking and rollicking, and that their manners are not ruled by the same code as other civilized societies. My first and only (and I suspect last) attempt at portraying my countrymen was 'The Battle of Connemara.' The way the Catholic papers have attacked me for it, shows how widespread and rigid the prejudice still is against old Ireland.

"I have been now nine years before the public, and I have been had up before the most rigorous tribunals of the English Press, and the most severe have spoken of my style as free from defects, even in my first book. The *Saturday*, the *Spectator*, and the *Athenæum* used such complimentary epithets as 'brilliant,' 'pure,' 'delicate,' etc., in reviewing my Polish novel. And now, apropos of my Connemara tale, the English Catholic journals say I use bad grammar! I quite expected my Irish name would hurt me at Mudie's, but I did not think that ——— and ——— would have visited it on me as a crime.

"Lord Emly's lecture was deeply interesting. You have struck a good mine there. Work him well!

"I have been suffering from my eyes lately—a cruel trouble for a scribbler—and this has thrown a great load of work on me just now.

"I shall put Miss ——— down at Notre Dame des Victoires again. I am sorry to hear of her continued ill-health. The blade wearing out the scabbard, very likely. It is a privilege in one way not to have a brain!

"Yours most sincerely,

"KATHLEEN O'MEARA."

But Miss O'Meara has herself suggested another reason why "The Battle of Connemara" does not hold a higher place in her series of fictions—her lifelong absence from Ireland. And yet it is to another absentee that we owe one of the best Irish stories—"Castle Daly." Miss Annie Keary also lived all her life out of Ireland, hardly spending more than two or three weeks in the midst of Irish scenes. But then her father kept up an Irish atmosphere in his English parsonage. To Miss Keary, Miss O'Meara alludes in an earlier letter, October 12, 1877, which refers also to the same "Battle of Connemara" as still in the future in its substantive form:—

"Miss Keary is Irish, and I fear she has turned that terrible forty. But she is as young in spirit as if she were twenty.

"Washbourne is bringing out 'The Battle of Connemara' and counts on its having a sale in Ireland. I hope he may not be disappointed. If you are kind enough to introduce it to your readers by a word of commendation, please don't allude to its having appeared in America (in the *Age Maria*). People sometimes care less for a story when they hear it has not been written expressly for their particular entertainment."

She concludes "with every good wish, and begging a remembrance in your prayers, especially on Monday, the feast of my patroness, St. Theresa." Did she choose her partly because mighty at the pen as well as mighty at prayer? How soon the young Irish girl at Paris found out her own cleverness with the pen we are not aware, nor do we know anything of her early training and literary apprenticeship. We have been told that under the Second Empire, her mother received a pension as a kinswoman of Barry O'Meara, the author of the once famous "Voice from St. Helena." An American Magazine spoke of her once as daughter of Bonaparte's physician. To this mistake she refers in the following letter, which begins with a generous but perfectly just estimate of one of the best stories of Catholic flavour that has ever been written, and which, though "a mere story," is not unworthy even of the Author of "Christian Schools and Scholars," and "Songs in the Night:"—

"February 13th, [1877].

"DEAR FATHER RUSSELL,

"'The New Utopia' is first-rate. Stick to this new string! This is the kind of note one wants to hear in Catholic magazines—spirited and cultivated, and interesting to men and women of the world. When people want pious reading, let them go to pious books. Magazines are meant to entertain.

"Ozanam was the most grateful of men, and will, I am sure, pay back with interest your kindness and zeal in his own and his biographer's behalf.

"By all means look at 'A Voice from St. Helena.' But you don't suppose, with *The Catholic World*, that the author was my father, I hope? Barry O'Meara died before I was born—in 1836, I believe. If he were alive now, he would be about 120. It is so silly of those Yankees to make these kind of personal statements, and without even taking the trouble to ensure their being correct. Like another editor out there who announced that 'this distinguished authoress has at the present moment four uncles, generals in the English army.' The four uncles in question were my great grand uncles. Two of these brothers *were* generals in the British army; the other two came over here and became generals in the French army. It does not, of course, matter a straw; but I confess it annoys me to see my personality put forward in this way, and falsely into the bargain. If, by misfortune, these biographical details should be copied nearer home, you can contradict them."

The signature to this letter has been cut off in a way that makes me think that it is at present adorning some autograph album. On the 27th of the same month of February, 1877, she reverts to the same subject half-way through a long letter, in a spirit to which I may seem to be running counter at present. But death makes a great difference in such matters; and the departed



would, no doubt, desire that the feelings and interests of the living should be chiefly consulted for:—

“I hope you did not suppose I want those ‘biographical details’ to be made use of in any way but for your own perusal, and in case it were necessary to contradict those silly American gossips. There is nothing that could pain or annoy me more than to be brought forward personally before the public, no matter how flatteringly it might be done. That review in *The Times*, with my name in full, has brought me letters from all parts of the world, from Africa even; and, though I am told I ought to be glad of this, it is more painful to me than I can say, and makes me regret every day that I gave in about casting aside my *nom de plume*.

“I am off to Pau for a month or so, the temptation to the long journey being the neighbourhood of Lourdes. I shall present your compliments to Our Lady there, and do any other commission you may have.”

We have already claimed the credit or accepted the blame of that change which Miss O’Meara here regrets. The fourth volume of this Magazine, in December, 1876, concluded with a notice of “The Life of Frederic Ozanam,” by Grace Ramsay, the last sentence running thus: “Our brief notice of Miss Ramsay’s latest work, occurring thus on the last page of Volume Four, has suggested to us to bespeak for her a cordial welcome from our readers when they meet her name again on the first page of Volume Five.” That first page did not contain the name of Grace Ramsay, but was brightened by the opening of “Robin Redbreast’s Victory,” by Kathleen O’Meara, one of the prettiest stories written by her or any one else. Opposite that opening page, however, was placed this editorial note, which disappears in the bound volume:—

“We promised last month to open our new volume with a new Tale by Miss Grace Ramsay. As a cursory reader might accuse us of having broken our promise, we are glad to explain that the writer of many good and attractive books, published in London and New York, under the above *nom de plume*, has consented to appear for the first time in her native country under her own much better name, which may be seen on the opposite page.”

The following extract may be given from an earlier letter, in June, 1876, before she consented to be herself again:—

“Literature ought to be always a service of worship, it seems to me; and those who strive to make it such should be helped by the apostles of the grand, the supreme service of the Priesthood: which means, dear Father, that you are to ask the Holy Spirit to come upon Grace Ramsay, that she may be worthily inspired to write, as soon as possible, that which will delight the editor and readers of *THE IRISH MONTHLY*. . . . It was my publishers, Hurst and Blackett, who insisted on my taking a *nom de plume*; they fancied the Irish and Catholic ring of my real

name would indispose the liberal British public ; and now it is, of course, desirable that the known name should be preserved. . . . I commenced lately a kind of legendary story intended to illustrate the power of faith in consoling great human sorrow. I meant it for a Protestant periodical, but stopped half-way, finding it impossible to keep the Catholic note from predominating offensively. I will now finish it for *THE IRISH MONTHLY*, and have my fling ! The idea of the story was suggested to me by the despair of a Catholic mother on the death of a beloved child. She seemed to have lost all hold of the supernatural as a source of consolation ; and I longed, as I saw her, to write something which, even in a poetic, intellectual form might bring it home to her. This led me to a very ambitious flight, but I hope will not prove quite a failure."

I do not know if Miss O'Meara ever carried out this idea. It was not realised in "Aline," or any other of her tales contributed to this Magazine. Here may be given a list of her writings. In one of her letters to me, she mentions that her first book was "A Woman's Trials," which had a marked effect on private schools in Paris. But the fact that the leading incident of the tale was the conversion of an English girl to Catholicity was not calculated to make it popular among Mudie's clients. An account of Miss O'Meara which appeared in *The Ave Maria* after her death, from the pen of a religious who knew her intimately, and to which her sister has referred me as authentic in its particulars, mentions that the author of "A Woman's Trials" did not escape trials herself, and that she did not at once meet with the success which crowned her later efforts. The remembrance of her early struggles and failures made her ever ready to extend to beginners on the same course the sympathy and the helping hand that are then so frequently needed and so rarely given. "Iza's Story, a Tale of Russian Poland," was considered by herself artistically superior to the first ; but a much brighter book is "A Salon in the Last Days of the Empire"—namely, the Second Empire—and of this tale Disraeli (Lord Beaconsfield is no authority upon novels)—Disraeli said that it was the best picture of modern French life to be found anywhere. "Mabel Stanhope," "Diana Coryval," "The Old House in Picardy," are three that we have not read ; but we can guarantee the interest and fine spirit of "Pearl," and the strangely named novel, "Are You my Wife ?" In *Harper's Monthly* appeared her Russian novel, "Narka," towards the end of her career ; and another American magazine, *The Atlantic Monthly*, was enlivened with her "Madame Mohl, her Salon and her Friends," more entertaining than any fiction. And, indeed, Miss O'Meara's best work is to be found in her lifelike biographies. During her visit

to Rome in 1887, when an American prelate asked her what work she was doing, she replied, "writing novels for the good of my soul;" but she was, perhaps, glad to vary the toil of novel-writing by other kinds of literary craftsmanship. Her "*Life of Thomas Grant, First Bishop of Southwark*," is an excellent piece of biography; and still better, with a more attractive subject, her "*Life of Frederic Ozanam*." It seems that the present writer named this last in one of those lists of "The Hundred Best Books" which were much discussed a year or two ago; and to this Miss O'Meara refers in almost the last letter received from her—May 15, 1886—adding that she was more desirous of securing patronage for the new edition of her "*Life of the First Bishop of Southwark*." "Dr. Grant" (she says) "was an Irishman, and his biographer is Irish, and this ought to count a little in favour of the '*Life*.'" Father Lacordaire was the subject of another of her biographies: and her very latest, only finished in *The Ave Maria* after her death, was "*The Curé of Ars*," which ends with this prayer: "O holy, gentle-hearted Curé of Ars, bless us still and pray for us, that we too may be worthy to receive that joyous welcome, 'well done thou good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord.'" When she wrote these words, she probably had no idea that they would not be printed till five months after her own death would have made them appropriate to herself.

Eleven months before her death she had suffered a bereavement which deprived death of half its pang. I shall venture to give the words in which she announces her mother's death to the Abbé Hogan, who had long been a distinguished son of St. Sulpice at Paris before being sent out to preside over the Sulpicians at Boston:—

"Dec. 20, 1887.

"15 Rue Washington, Paris.

"DEAR FATHER HOGAN,

"A great sorrow has come upon us. Our beloved and sainted mother has left us. After three days and nights of pain and anguish, borne with angelic sweetness, her soul took flight to its God.

"She asked for the last Sacraments before anyone dreamed of danger, received them with extraordinary fervour, and remained in constant prayer from that moment till she fell asleep to awake in the presence of her Lord. It was the death of a true Christian—the worthy crown of a valiant life of faith and childlike piety.

"My sister and I are full of deep thankfulness for the mercies that have encompassed us in our trial; but the desolation is too great for words.

"Dear Father, you will pray for our mother. And will you ask all my

Catholic friends in Boston to give me the same precious proof of friendship: Miss C., and her suffering friend, Mrs. T., and that fervent little soul, Miss J., and Mrs. D. If there be any other Catholics who know my books, and have received an hour's pleasure from them, I beg them on my knees to repay me by praying for my mother.

"Dear Father Hogan, you will forgive me for crying out so boldly to you. I would go out into the street and beg prayers for my beloved one, if that would help her. Send us your blessing; and believe me ever

"Gratefully and respectfully yours,

"KATHLEEN O'MEARA."

The priest to whom Miss O'Meara wrote the foregoing letter, wrote of her in her turn after her death: "In all I have read of her books there is a rare combination of taste, tact, tenderness, and delicacy of feeling with sound judgment and solid sense. In manner she was most simple and unassuming, seeming never to give a thought to herself. She was full of the old Irish faith that she got from her mother." And another, who knew her immensely better, because best of all—her only sister—received some such expression of opinion with these words: "How I thank you for all you say of my beloved sister! It is so true. She was a rarely gifted soul, and all her gifts were devoted to the service of God: that is now my only consolation."

But we have not yet reached the end. Beside "Bishop Grant," "Ozanam," and the other biographical works which we enumerated, the series called "Bells of the Sanctuary" were mostly sketches of edifying biography—"A Daughter of St. Dominick," "A Queen by Right Divine," "One of God's Heroines," etc. "Aline," which appeared in this series, was almost a piece of real biography, as appears from the note which accompanied it:—

"I send you by this post a MS. entitled 'Aline,' part of which came out in a sketch called 'The Story of a Miracle' some five years ago in America. I always meant to rewrite and enlarge it for home publication, and now THE IRISH MONTHLY has given me the energy to do it at last. It is *strictly true* in every detail; and this always gives a power to a narrative which no talent or imagination can replace. I trust the lesson it teaches may wake an echo in some suffering soul."

When a holy man of the world was on his deathbed, and when a religious who had a sister's interest in his soul imagined that he was clinging too eagerly to life, the remedy which she prescribed across two or three thousand miles of land and sea was—"make him read 'Aline.'" Here is the way in which the author of "Aline" appreciated Miss Mulholland's "Wild Birds of Killeevy":—

"Whose fault is it—the Editor's or the French Post-office's—that the May Number of *THE IRISH MONTHLY* is not forthcoming? I have been attacked about it by friends to whom I lend the *I. M.*, and whose enthusiasm about 'The Wild Birds' has induced me to begin it before the story is finished—a thing I never do, on the principle of doing to my kindred as I wish to be done by. I can't say I regret it so far (for I have not come to the end of the numbers); but I feel it will be a trial to be cut short in the middle of the story. The charm and delicate grace of the writing are delightful. I shall be grateful if you will thank my sister authoress for the pleasure she is giving many of my friends and myself across the water."

With considerable misgiving we print Miss O'Meara's kind words about another book of a very different sort—"Emmanuel, or Eucharistic Verses"—and we even venture to append the still more personal and private passage which concludes this extract from a letter dated June 11, 1878:—

"Your little book would have been welcome on its own account, but was made doubly so by that charming and unmerited dedication on the fly-leaf. I have only had time to glance over 'Emmanuel;' but already 'The Stations of the Cross' have been copied into three prayer books—one for each member of the family—answering a want that we were expressing only a day or two ago—some short epitome of the Way of the Cross which would save us from having to carry a large book to one's Visit in the afternoon. This is beautiful. The 'Two Messages' are very sweet and consoling.

"Our hearts are in need of consolation at this moment, for we have lost the dearest friend of our lives, Mr. Russell Gurney. He was more than guardian to us; he was like a father. His house was our home in England; and the example of his virtues, his nobility of soul, his *faith* and his humility, were a lesson never to be forgotten. And yet he died out of the body of the Church? The ways of God are inscrutable; but His mercy is beyond all; and He has told us there are many mansions in His Father's house, and other sheep than those of this fold. Of your charity say a *De Profundis* for the soul of our friend—and a prayer for his widow and for us."

Her own time came ten years later—November 10th, 1888. "Kathleen O'Meara has gone to her reward," was the phrase in which a Parisian friend conveyed the sad news to a friend in the United States. "Great indeed must that reward be," rejoins the American friend, "when measured by the blameless life and the ardent devotion to religion and truth that endeared her to all who knew her."

Another American friend, of a kindred nature, Miss Katharine Conway, of Boston, writes thus in a letter which we received last March:—

"I knew her very well personally when she was here in the fall of 1886, the guest of some of the most prominent non-Catholic literary people. I met her

once or twice socially, had long and intimate chats with her, and later had more or less correspondence. She was a thoroughly lovely character, one of the few people of whom one has heard and read much, and who on personal acquaintance do not disappoint expectation. Her death leaves a very real and perceptible void. I know of hardly one among our Catholic women-writers who is in any way qualified to take her place. She united harmoniously so many qualities that hardly seem compatible. She was the pious, almost ascetic Catholic, and the woman of society. She had a great grasp of European politics—I must say, however, that our American politics, social life, etc., rather puzzled her—and yet she could pass from the discussion of a grave question of church or state to a kindly and sympathetic consideration of those things which touch the interest and sympathy of the average illogical, limited, and emotional woman; and that, too, without condescending. I have said there is *hardly* any woman now writing in any way qualified to take her place. The only one whom I think of under the saving 'hardly' is Miss Rosa Mulholland, who, like her, as I can judge from the descriptions of those who have had the pleasure of meeting her, not only covers a similarly wide literary range, but has an equally attractive personality."

This sketch is nothing but a mosaic of a few of Kathleen O'Meara's letters, the names of her chief writings, and the words that have dropped from some of her friends about her. Another of these said: "She had a keen sense to resent any insult to God: it touched her like a personal wrong. She opened her heart wide to every form of pain and sorrow." Cardinal Manning, who knew her intimately, wrote to her sister: "I had hoped for many more years of that bright and holy life which has taught so many the true way of charity to God and His poor."

"That bright and holy life" had lost its brightness under the shadow of the grief we have already referred to, her mother's death on December 14, 1887. "All her labours, all her successes, she referred, after God, to her mother. How often, in the bosom of her family, when she returned from a walk, would she kneel by her mother and kiss her hand, as she used to do when a child!" The writer in *The Ave Maria* quotes this from "an intimate friend" of Miss O'Meara's, and from her journal her sister has furnished him with this extract:—

"Many and many a time I reminded myself that the day would come when she would not be there to bless me, and I tried to picture my living on without her; but it seemed impossible. She was so completely the life of my life, that it seemed as if mine must come to an end with hers—as if my heart could never keep on beating when her's had stopped. She lay within my life as the heart lies in the breast, and in going away she seems to have lacerated me as when a limb is torn from the body. And yet I know that it is well with her, and I bid my heart rejoice for her and with her all the day long. We can praise God on broken hearts. The agony of our poor broken hearts makes no discord in His."

Her sister tells the end: "The last year of her life was a struggle to live after the loss of our mother; and at last, her frame weakened by grief, she sank in a few days from pneumonia. Her death was most beautiful. No agony, no sigh, to say that all was over. She received Holy Communion and Extreme Unction. She was conscious almost to the last. She said to me two days before her death: 'God's will be done; He knows what is best; and if I am to be taken from you'—then she stopped; and I said, as firmly as I could: 'Yes, darling, this will be best; you accept it, and I accept it.'"

And so Kathleen O'Meara wrote *finis* to her last story—the story of her life—and it was a happy ending.

M. R.

### FATHER DAMIAN.

**SUBDUE** *thyself!* this Christian lesson learn  
 From Damian's noble life. In sloth and ease  
 Are men deep sunk, as in wan, darkling seas,  
 Where the drowned lie with faces white and stern.  
 Strong victors they who rule their souls and yearn  
 To live the life that all self-seeking flees,  
 And from the passions' thrall the glad heart frees:  
 Aye wins self-conquest glory's crown eterne.

The Leper's grave near bright Pacific sands  
 Speaks of hard duty done and courage true.  
 Damian! That name stirs hearts in Christian lands  
 As clarion thrills in war. Know whence he drew  
 His daring, constancy, and strength of hands—  
 He learned the lesson well: *Thyself subdue.*

M. W.

## THE LEPER PRIEST OF LUNEBURG.

"The Chronicle of Luneburg records that during the year 1480, there were whistled and sung throughout Germany certain songs which, for sweetness and tenderness, surpassed any previously known in German lands. Young and old, and the women in particular, were bewitched by these ballads, which might be heard the livelong day. But these songs, so the chronicle goes on to say, were composed by a young priest who was afflicted with leprosy, and lived a forlorn, solitary life, secluded from all the world. . . . While all Germany sang and whistled his songs, he, a wretched outcast, in the desolation of his misery, sat sorrowful and alone."—*Heine's Confessions*.

### *The Students' Song.*

"A SONG! a song! let's have a song!"  
 The chairman said. Through a night of smoke,  
 In thund'rous music, loud and long,  
 The German students' chorus broke,  
  
 Then ceased. And one clear, liquid note,  
 High poised above the echoes dim,  
 In long and lambent measure smote  
 Their hearts: it was the students' hymn,  
  
 That sang of wine and war—the sword—  
 Of all that's noble, high, and free—  
 Of all that's linked with that dear word,  
 The students' *camaraderie*.  
  
 And pipes were poised; and lips apart  
 Scarce breathed on the heaving air,  
 And tears from many an eye did start,  
 And cheeks would blush to find them there.  
  
 Till once again the chorus burst,  
 Love-angry, fiercely questioning: "Who  
 Is this our poet? We will thrust  
 Our honours on him; loyal and true,  
  
 We'll worship him, and laurel-crowned  
 We'll toast him, whilst the spirits free—  
 Grim meistersingers—stand around  
 This prince of German minstrelsy."



"You may not see him—may not know  
His name:" but every student sprang  
To's feet, with many a heavy blow  
And fierce, hot word the chamber rang.

"Come! who's the singer?" "Rosenthal!"  
"Now, who's the poet?" "Ah, to tell  
Would be a treason." "Yes, you shall!"  
"The priest who tolls the leper bell!"

*The Soldiers' Song.*

Right face! quick march! at the command  
The Landwehr's sinuous lines unfold,  
The dragon of the Vaterland,  
With scales of steel and crests of gold.

The drums are beat! the trumpets blare,  
Euphonium sweet and piccolo  
High, harsh and shrill; the women stare,  
As down the strasse the soldiers go.

But say, what sets their teeth, what knits  
Their brows, what clenches till they crush  
The corded muscles—what spirit flits  
O'er whitened lips, and cheeks aflush,

Yet makes them calm when bullets hiss,  
And steady while the sabres wave,  
Makes them forget the wife's last kiss,  
And dream of honour, or a grave?

And if the latter, well, what then?  
The violets o'er their dust will blow,  
And daisies star the grasses green,  
Where tears of pride will often flow

From eyes that glisten at the thought,  
"He loved me; but loved better still  
That Fatherland for which he fought,—  
Whose eagles crest each German hill."

And if 'tis honour, God! what pride,  
As down the strasse the soldiers go,  
And bronzed and powdered feel the tide  
Of triumph through their pulses flow,

And flags are waved, and torches flare,  
And bayonets flash the ruddy glow,  
And drums are beat and trumpets blare,  
Euphonium sweet and piccolo,

Ring out that march! The regiments cheer—  
That song of fire they know full well.  
Stand forward, minnésinger dear!  
*Alas! he tolls the leper bell!*

*The Lover's Song.*

Above the Rhine—the silvery Rhine,  
That pictures as it swiftly floweth  
The storied ruin, the hallowed shrine,  
Haunted by shades of sage and poet,

Bowered in roses, thickly twined,  
Blossoms a maid, as sweet as they;  
So fair in form, so pure of mind,  
That lovers look, and pass away

In sheer despair; but one fair youth  
Hath whispered to the nightingale,  
And she had lent him tones of truth  
Wherewith to tell his lover's tale.

In vain! in vain! the maid hath heard  
Of a lost song that fell to earth,  
A song so sweet that brook nor bird  
For fleeting minds could give it birth.

And he, who shall this song eclipse,  
Or haply find it, should he seek,  
Shall pluck the cherries of her lips,  
And brush the peach-bloom of her cheek.

And he hath wandered up and down,  
Love's pilgrim, with the guiding star  
Of her sweet eyes, from town to town,  
From Köln to the famed Weimar,

And thence to Avon's sacred stream,  
And then where turbid Arno rolls,  
Which in the sad poet's eyes saw gleam  
A lurid light from stricken souls.

Till, broken, weary, from his quest,  
He walked the twilight of a dell,  
And dreamt that, as he sank to rest,  
He heard the echo of a bell,

And then a song of dreamland sweet,  
And sad and strong as wine or love.  
And while the mystic measures beat  
His brain, he thought of that fair dove,

Who haunts the Rhine—the purple Rhine,  
And wafted by Love's pinions fleet,  
He came, he sang, and from its shrine  
Her heart fell fluttering at his feet.

*The Sceptic.*

Well! life's a lottery, over which  
Some veiled divinity presides,  
And swings his treasure-box, full rich,  
But cares not how he shifts the slides,

But flings on men his varied gifts,  
Just as his rain and sunshine fall,  
Knows not the face his grace uplifts,—  
The hearts that wine and wealth enthrall.

But here's a thorn, and here's a rose,—  
This, solid pearl—this, liquid dew—  
And here are songs, and here are woes—  
And this for *you*, and that for *you*!

And now he takes this poet soul,  
And rivets it in bars of death,  
Bids it its mighty measures roll  
Through crumbling flesh and fetid breath,—

And memories of heaven awake  
With fleshless fingers on the keys  
Of women's hearts that throb and ache,  
And find in blood and tears such ease

As throws a threnodied silence o'er  
The quivering chords of agony,  
Whilst the sad hours mute measures pour  
Of Time's eternal lullaby.

And then this prisoned brain must think  
For sages : and those bloodless lips  
Must drive the blood through nerves that shrink,  
Till kindled to their finger-tips,

The warrior's draughts of life inspire,  
And jest at death, and shout with glee,  
While the salt blood and salted fire  
Proclaim a fatal victory.

And all this time the owlets stare  
At cerement cloths, sepulchral cell,  
And children cry : " Beware ! beware !  
The man who tolls the leper bell ! "

You call this order—love : I think  
'Tis chaos, hate, and cruel wrong ;  
High heaven is shamed for loathsome link  
Of fleshless form and deathless song !

*The Believer.*

My friend, I see that your sad eyes,  
Dimmed by a glimmering mist that shapes  
To clouds the forms they would analyse,  
The magic mystery escapes

Of linkèd contrasts which we call  
The blundering of a 'prentice hand,  
Till at a word the curtains fall,  
And lo ! serene, divinely-planned,

Each work stands forth, rounded complete,  
As when of old creation woke,  
And saw its priest, and at his feet  
Into a chorussed anthem broke.

We stare at beauties which enchant  
With contrasts that our senses vex,  
And visions oft the soul will haunt  
And please us while they sore perplex.

Along the vaulted firmament,  
 You'll find, as on the level land,  
 Colours, and sights, and sounds are blent,  
 And mingled by a master hand.

He never shows his gold but when  
 He tips the spears of morn, and night  
 Rolls her dim columns down the glen,  
 Pierced by the lances of the light ;

Or when the sun moves down the west,  
 And coward night creeps up apace,  
 He pauses as he sinks to rest,  
 And flings his glory in her face.

And gold, and grey, and red and black,  
 Contrast and blend in sympathy,  
 As thunders in the wild storm-wrack  
 Swoon to the silence of the sea.

But you would link, I think, you said,  
 A poet-soul to angel-form ;  
 For fair blooms sweetest perfume shed,  
 And beauteous lips the music-storm.

You know not that a poem is lit  
 And kindled on the palm of God,  
 Blown by his breath, wherever fit,  
 The wingéd words He wafts abroad.

They find a sanctuary where'er  
 A vestal soul its watch doth keep ;  
 And, as they spring in flame of prayer,  
 Sad eyes that wept forget to weep.

\* \* \* \* \*

Look up, my friend ! Beyond that vault  
 Is Heaven, and beneath is Hell :  
 And both are God's. Then where's the fault  
 In poet-priest and leper-bell ?

P. A. S.

## BOULOGNE THE DESPISED.

BY MRS. FRANK PENTRILL.

“AND are you really going to Boulogne?” said a chorus of friends, with raised eyebrows and supercilious lips.

“You might as well spend a month in the sewers,” quoth one; “the smells are very similar.”

“Or in the Tottenham Court Road,” said another; “you’ll meet the same people, and hear the same talk.”

“’Tis the old Fleet Prison without the jailers,” muttered a third.

“If you want the Continent, go to the Continent, and not to Margate and Leicester Square combined,” said a fourth.

To all of which we made answer:—

“We are going to the Upper Town, where, even when the tide is out, the smells of the port don’t reach; there are smells in all French towns; ’tis a thing from which there is no escape, and Boulogne is very healthy. As to your sneer about the runaway debtors, it was long, long ago that they found safety at Boulogne. Now-a-days they go much further afield—to Spain or to Morocco. We shan’t meet Margate, and we shan’t meet the Tottenham Court Road folk, because they stay in the Lower Town, and never live beyond the ramparts. The Upper Town is as different from the Lower as—as a French omelette from an English one. It is more French than any other French place I know; the ramparts——”

“Oh, we give up if you bring in the ramparts,” said our friends. “You evidently think the ramparts can keep out all our arguments. Vauban himself could have built no stronger ones.”

“They were repaired by Vauban, but they are much older than that,” cried we triumphantly. “Indeed you, none of you, have the slightest idea how much historical interest there is in Boulogne, if you only know where to seek it. Come over and we will convince you.”

The belfry bell is ringing. *Jeanne Marie’s* strong, soft voice tells us that it is time to rise. Fain would we sleep a little longer, but *Jeanne Marie* is always punctual—too punctual sometimes—

though her ringing depends on no modern clockwork arrangement, but on the vigilance of the funniest little old man, who dwells at the top of the belfry, and who has to strike each hour just as, no doubt, the ancient watchman struck it when he woke Godefroi de Bouillon from his dreams of Jerusalem delivered.

Now comes another voice, a girl's sweet, plaintive voice. "Voilà la galette toute chaude, les petits gâteaux," she cries, trying to tempt hungry souls; then the fishseller's shrill note, the guttural call of the peasant woman, and the rumbling of her covered cart, in which are eggs—oh, so deliciously fresh—and sweetest yellow butter, and a kind of curd without whey, in which French children delight. While we breakfast, the cathedral bell—not so rich and mellow as *Marie Jeanne*, but still a pleasant bell—reminds us that nine o'clock Mass is just going to begin in Notre Dame.

Wonderful Notre Dame de Boulogne, dear Lady of the Sea, monument of what love and zeal and energy can do. Wonderful, not for its architectural beauty, which is not very great, nor on account of its antiquity, for it is a cathedral of yesterday, and many still kneeling there remember the laying of the foundations; but wonderful because it is the work of one man, who, poor, unknown, without powerful friends, erected this church, now so widely known and so beloved.

Long, long ago, when faith was strong and simple, there landed on the Boulogne shore a little boat without sails or oars. In it stood a wooden statue of the Blessed Virgin bearing Our Lord in her arms, and Our Lady, appearing to the burghers of the town, led them to a spot where she wished a church to be built as a shrine for the miraculous statue. The church was built, and thither, for centuries, flocked kings and knights, fishermen and peasants. There knelt Godefroi de Bouillon many a time ere he started for the Holy Land. There prayed Louis IX., holiest among the holy, and bravest among the brave; there came Louis XI., sinning and trembling, and trying to bribe heaven to forget his crimes.

The miraculous statue, carried off by Henry VIII., returned in triumph; again it was borne away by the Huguenots, who flung it into the well of an old château, and again it was restored to Boulogne; but the madmen of '93 destroyed the cathedral and burnt the statue, so that nothing now remains except the charred

fingers, which have been carefully preserved and enclosed in a golden hand.

The old church and the old pilgrimages were almost forgotten when Monsignor Haffreingue, then a young priest just ordained, conceived the idea of building a new cathedral in Our Lady's honour. For forty years he laboured and prayed, and God granted him life far beyond the allotted three-score and ten, that he might, ere he died, behold the completion of his life's work.

All the year round votaries now come to Our Lady of Boulogne, but in August they flock day after day from the villages of the coast and from the inland towns. They fill the air with the sound of hymns as they slowly climb up to Notre Dame. "Ave Maris Stella" sing the men and women who have left their nets and fields to do homage to Our Lady; "Ave Maris Stella" sing the tiny children brought by their mothers to pay a first visit to the shrine; "Ave Maris Stella" sing the priests who close the procession, and often among them one sees an old country *curé*, who, perhaps, is saying in his heart: "It is the last time I shall bring my children—the last time I shall come to Our Lady of Boulogne."

But the great day—the day of days, the pride and boast of Boulogne—is the Sunday after the Assumption. More Masses are said and more people flock to the cathedral on that morning than on any other; the bishop has come, and the streets seem full of priests; early in the afternoon people begin to gather at every *cogn* of vantage, while women who have an eye for profit—and what Frenchwoman has not?—are driving hard bargains for chairs with victims from across the Channel.

Each parish, headed by its *Suisse* in mediæval costume, and followed by its clergy, has to be at the cathedral steps by four o'clock; there they all fall into line, and the long procession slowly winds its way through the rampart gate, and down the steep, picturesque Grande Rue. Groups of young girls, in purple and white, are carrying the emblems of the Passion; others hold shields, on which the mysteries of the Rosary are emblazoned; banners are borne aloft by the tallest and strongest, while the streamers are held by younger maidens. There are several Holy Families. The Little Jesus represented by baby boys, whose mothers' admiring eyes watch them anxiously; for sometimes the tiny creatures have to be carried part of the way by these



mothers, or by the demure little maids who take the part of Our Lady.

Now come sailor boys, with blue sashes floating and red sashes flaming ; they carry boats on their shoulders, and are followed by fisher-folk in gala costume, by peasants, by the " Lady Gardeners," and many others, and at last by the fisherwomen of Portel, whose right it is to carry the silver boat with Our Lady's statue.

A murmur of approval runs through the crowd as they pass, for the women of Portel are the handsomest as well as the richest of the coast, and they cling to their costume, and would not change it for all the fashions that Paris ever invented. The close-fitting cap, the red petticoat, the lace apron, the dainty slipper, and silk neckerchief are certainly very becoming to the handsome faces and perfect figures which, at Boulogne, belong to the fisher class, and to that alone, and nothing can be quaintier than the same costume on the children, who are exact miniatures of their mothers, in their long petticoats, and click-clacking wooden slippers.

It is a very pretty sight, even as a mere spectacle ; but what strikes one most is the earnestness and piety of the people ; the young girls beneath their veils, the pretty fishermaids in their brilliant costumes, are not thinking of the staring crowd through which they pass ; they have come to take part in a religious ceremony, and they say their rosary and sing their hymns with heartfelt devotion. Then, too, when the bishop is returning to the cathedral, how the mothers, and even fathers, crowd round him, bringing their children to be blessed ; for the Boulonais are a God-fearing, religious people ; the peasants leave their baskets at the church door while they go in to say a prayer ; the fisherman, when he has bid adieu to his wife on the port, turns his eyes to the crucifix which stands high on the cliff—the last thing he sees as he goes, the first as he returns.

During the month of pilgrimages the fair also displays its more mundane attractions ; for a week we have heard the incessant sawing and hammering of workmen, erecting booths in the avenue of The Little Trees ; then follows the rumbling of heavy house-carts, drawn by strong Normandy horses. We peep into one of these carts, and are filled with envy by the tiny kitchen with its bright stove and pans, and by the cosy, compact little bedrooms. How delightful to go through a summer world in such a house as this, stopping where one lists, one's luggage always at hand, no

trains to catch, no porters to fee, and—oh, best of all—no hotel bills to pay!

The owner of this delightful home on wheels is standing outside, in a neat cotton frock, washing salad for the family dinner, and this afternoon we shall see her at her stall in a Parisian silk gown, and she will beam recognition as she tries to tempt us with every imaginable thing, from five sous to fifty francs.

We walk through the long avenue of shops, resisting as best we can the temptations that surround us. Toys innumerable; nougat from Russia and the East; rosaries and crosses from Jerusalem; gingerbread from Arras; diamonds from Paris; pots and pans from Flanders; wheels at which you may win anything, and generally win nothing; merry-go-rounds for the children; boxes in which you are rapidly carried high up in the air, and down again, and up again, with much the same sensation that you would have if caught by the arms of a windmill; lions roaring an invitation; wonderful monkeys, and more wonderful dogs; neat little packets of fried potatoes for a halfpenny; tumblers, and jugglers, and cheap-jacks, flinging their shrill-toned wit to the crowd; eager, laughing, chattering people everywhere.

From this cheerful confusion we pass under the rampart gate, and, in a moment, we have returned to the repose of the Upper Town; or, turning to the left, we go down the steep Grande Rue, pitying the horses, and pitying also our own poor feet, which suffer not a little from the uneven pavement.

A moment's prayer at St. Nicholas, and then, as it is Saturday, we stroll into the market place, where the stalls in rows have made little impromptu streets. The fruit is plentiful, though not very fine; but the vegetables! No wonder foreigners care little for meat when their "soupe maigre" is made with such vegetables as these! Poor tame rabbits are meekly awaiting their doom; fowls are screaming their protest against fate; the peasant women call after us, asking what seem rather high prices, and suddenly coming down with a leap to tempt us to buy. "Madame, see my eggs!" "Monsieur, taste this butter!" "Ah, mademoiselle, will you have some flowers?"

But we are strangers; we have only come to look—and they good-humouredly shrug their shoulders, and turn to more profitable passers-by.

On through old streets with new names, till we come to a corner

shop, where cream tarts, delicious and cheap, tempt the wayfarer ; a moment's halt here, and on again, through the fish market, to look at the handsome fishwomen, who, amid soles and turbot, have conger-eel and dog-fish for sale. "It is delicious when cooked," they say, and we turn away with a vow to eat no more fish in Boulogne, unless quite sure of its name and pedigree.

On again to the port, to see the arrival of the Folkestone boat, and to laugh at the poor victims of the Channel passage as they file by.

Some men are starting for the deep-sea fishing ; their wives and children stand in groups, or sit on the ground, watching their preparations ; the empty barrels are rolled on board, the brown sails are spread, the breeze fills them, and away goes the pretty boat, on a blue sea, beneath a bluer sky. But, alas, the fishermen will be three months absent, the sea will not always be calm, nor the sky cloudless, and, with heavy hearts, the wives go home to long days of anxiety and solitude.

Further still, to the sands,—such splendid, smooth, far-stretching sands—where cannon and cavalry and forty thousand men once marched and counter-marched, brought there by Napoleon the Third to do honour to Queen Victoria.

Mothers and nurses sit under striped awnings, watching their children at play ; and what puny, pale, sickly little creatures are these French children from the large towns. Their faces seem old and lined, and their unchildlike eyes take stock of our costume, noting with disapproval our child's linen frock and white sun-bonnet ; but the mothers look at her enviously. "What rosy cheeks !" they say ; "What health !" and then they glance, with a sigh, at Jeanne and Gustave, whose cheeks, alas, are so thin and fallow.

Back to the Upper Town, where we never tire of looking at the belfry which dates from the first crusade ; at the old streets and old houses ; at the quaint mediæval gates, through which we pass on our way to little red-roofed villages, peeping over at the sea, or hiding inland among trees, with here and there an old château that remembers '93.

Then there is Devres, with its potteries, and Tingry, with its sheep-folds ; and, further on, Montreuil, a little great-grandmother of a town, where people talk of the First Revolution as if it had happened yesterday, and where there are beautiful wide ramparts, and a chapel which is a gem.

If, besides all this, you must have the usual town amusements, there is the Casino, where you can dance, and see acting, and hear concerts, and even enjoy a mild and cheap imitation of Monte Carlo; but whether you throw down your francs recklessly, or, still more foolishly, trust to a system, you are sure to lose in the long run. A pious family of our acquaintance thought to compel fortune by promising a fourth of their winnings to the poor; but, alas, even this charitable ruse did not avail: the poor got nothing, and the pious family went home with empty purses in their pockets and wise resolves in their hearts.

It is ten o'clock, and the curfew-bell is ringing; "Good-night, brave burghers of Boulogne," says *Marie-Jeanne*, in the old-fashioned phraseology which she learnt when she was young;—"Good-night, sleep soundly, for I am watching. If fire or any danger come nigh, I will summon you to the rescue. God guard you, and wake you to-morrow to your happy life of cheerful work and simple pleasures."

---

### ON HEARING À KEMPIS READ.

HOW the sweet music of this noble prose  
Shames into silence vainer poetry!

And as the thought is like a tranquil sea  
Heaving its bosom after tempest throes,  
So does the wave that murmurs on the shore  
Sound to the ear as does unto the soul  
This solemn sentence with its rhythmic roll,  
Sound from the ocean of the evermore.

And we who stand and listen by the beach  
Hear in the sound the murmur of a voice,  
Telling of things that yet we cannot see,  
Of years, like waves that hurry to our reach,  
Looked for by sorrow, seeking to rejoice,  
And by long-suffering, praying to be free.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. "*Whom God Hath Joined*" is the title of No. 189 of the Leisure Hour series of novels, published in New York by Henry Holt and Company. This series contains some of the best tales of R. L. Stevenson, Thomas Hardy, Mrs. Alexander, L. B. Walford, Jessie Fothergill, and other excellent writers of the day. It is, therefore, an honour for Mrs. Elizabeth Gilbert Martin, the author of the present novel, to be included in the series. The story is well told, the characters carefully drawn, the conversations in particular are often very clever. Some phases of religious feeling in the United States are, as it would seem, faithfully depicted from personal knowledge. But the wonder is that such a series should admit a novel which is almost as frankly controversial as "*Mrs. Gerald's Niece*," by Lady Georgiana Fullerton, especially as the haven of rest in both cases is the Catholic Church. Nevertheless, this object is not unduly obtruded, but subordinated to the action of the story, which is interesting all through, and in its ending dramatic, or almost melodramatic. Has Mrs. Martin published any other story of this importance? None is mentioned on the titlepage, which takes its motto from Senancour—"L'amour est immense, il n'est pas infini."

2. The Rev. William P. Treacy, author of "*Irish Scholars in the Penal Days*," has published a new volume on "*Old Catholic Maryland and its early Jesuit Missionaries*," which may be procured from "St. Joseph's Rectory, Swedesboro, New Jersey," an address which occupies on the titlepage the place which usually mentions the publisher of a volume. This union of the functions of author and publisher is much more common in the United States than in these countries. This volume of two hundred pages, compactly but very clearly printed, has been compiled with loving diligence from a great many sources, several of them inaccessible to the ordinary historical student. To American Catholics, and particularly Marylanders, it will be of great worth and interest. It is full of edifying incidents, narrated in a very interesting manner.

3. "*Brian Daly*," is No. 3 of Miss Louisa Emily Dobree's "*Stories of the Seven Sacraments*," a penny series, published by the Catholic Truth Society. It illustrates the subject of Holy Communion.

4. The fullest and only authorised "*Life of Father Damien, the Apostle of the Lepers*," is that published by the same Society, with an introduction by his brother, Father Pamphile. In 150 pages the beautiful story is told with delightful simplicity, chiefly by means of a

long series of Father Damian's own letters, from his very first letter to his parents from school (which is justly described as "quite a model of an honest, plucky schoolboy's letter") down to his last letter, when dying amongst his thousand lepers on the 19th of last February. The Catholic Truth Society deserves great credit for its promptitude in issuing an excellent sketch of Father Damian's career immediately after his death, and now this admirable "Life and Letters."

5. Those of our readers who are at home among French books may have their attention called to an excellent popular treatise on the relations between Christian faith and modern science, "*L'Ordre du Monde Physique et sa Première Cause d'après la Science Moderne*, par D. L. de Saint Ellier;" and also to a delightful narrative of recent journeyings along the Fishery Coast of Hindostan, published lately by Stephen Coubé, S.J., under the title of "*Au Pays des Castes*" (Paris: Retaux-Bray). The descriptions of scenery and character and the details of missionary work are in the highest degree interesting and edifying. Xavier and John de Britto are not forgetting in heaven the scenes of their earthly toils. *Credo in sanctam ecclesiam Catholicam et sanctorum communionem.*

## QUESTIONS, ANSWERS, AND REMARKS.

1. Many of our contributors and would-be contributors have at divers times honoured us with communications which might have been summarily dealt with if we had had a department set aside for Answers to Correspondents; but these communications, being each insufficient to furnish matter for a separate article of even the most modest dimensions, were stored away for future treatment, and, in most cases, were heard of no more. The comprehensive heading to the present paper gives "ample room and verge enough" for the speedy manipulation of any such items.

2. For instance, a certain "A. B." wrote to us on the 4th of September, 1877. To those modest initials he appended his real name with quite different initials—"not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith." It so chanced that, just after noticing this name and this letter quite lately, we saw the same name and address figuring in a very agreeable context—namely, among the marriages in the first column of *The Freeman's Journal*. The happy event thus

chronicled and the lapse of twelve years will hinder "A. B." from heeding or caring for the tardy insertion of his note, which, as we have said, would naturally have found its place at the time among "Answers to Correspondents," had such a department been then opened in our Magazine:—

"I beg to inform 'M. R.' that he has fallen into an error in the third stanza of his poem 'Allo Unvisited.'

"The River 'Allo' or 'Allow,' joins the Dalue at Kanturk, and then flows into the Blackwater, and this is the river to which the poem refers. Now the 'Allua' which Callanan refers to in his 'Gougane Barra' is a lake situate at Inchigeelagh, on the River Lee, about six miles from Gougane, which latter place is three miles from the Valley of Desmond where the Lee rises. So 'M. R.' will perceive that Callanan does not at all refer to the 'Allow,' which is a river flowing into the Blackwater, but to the lake immediately below the source of the Lee, and the place his poem refers to."

3. Can anyone furnish us with any good reasons for attributing to George Nugent Reynolds the pathetic old song "Kathleen O'More?" M. J. Barry's "Songs of Ireland" gives it as anonymous, while Mr. Alfred Williams, in his excellent volume on "The Poets and Poetry of Ireland," assigns it to Reynolds. It seems to us to be much too good for him. Where did it appear first?

4. Why does our young friend from Chicago condemn us to pay a fine of five pence on his very blank verse in honour of Lake Michigan? (Our experience tends to prove that an immense number of underpaid letters travel across the Atlantic, in one direction at least. Half an ounce only is carried for twopence-halfpenny. Remember this, O ye poets and prose-writers!

5. In American magazines one meets a great many clever contributions that are signed by Irish names. *Harper's Monthly*, and *The Century*, and the rest of them, ought to be ransacked by anyone who wishes to follow the achievements of Irish talent. In last year's March number of the large New York magazine, *The Catholic World*, there are striking verses marked with the unmistakably Irish name of John E. MacMahon; and Frank Waters throws "A Rule of Life" into the form of a sonnet:—

"To do, each day, its work, however small;  
 'To see, each day, that something has been done;  
 To rear, each day, life's solemn fane more tall,  
 Still near and nearer to the blessed sun—  
 This is to live life well: the task begun  
 Never to be relinquished, though beset  
 By faint-heart fears and sorrows many a one.  
 This is to live that life may claim no debt

Unpaid, when summons the Great Arbitrer  
To the dread audit of the Last Account,  
When death shall close the balance, and refer  
Life's books to Him who claims a full amount.  
One day's work little on the whole may touch,  
Yet many a little added maketh much."

6. Who was it that said first: *Nil de mortuis nisi bonum?* The saying has never been paraphrased more prettily than by the charming American writer who will write no more—Louisa Alcott: "Death should set the seal of silence upon lips that cannot praise."

7. We rescue the following delicious bit of word-painting from one of Miss Rosa Mulholland's letters to *The Weekly Register*. It may seem a little out of season at present, but Summer will come round again:—

"Anyone who wanted to see Ireland at her loveliest ought to have been on the road between Killarney and Glengariff yesterday. The day was a perfect Irish day, neither too sunny or too dark, with enough of overhanging cloud to give their richest, grandest purple to the big mountains, and soften the brighter tints of the valleys and the foreground hillsides. Killarney, with its echoing bugle calls and its ringing bell chimes, its enchanted ruins, and comfortable hotels, is more like a foreign region than a bit of Ireland in her forlorn beggarmaid beauty; but the long miles through the lonesome country to Glengariff, are more sternly, sweetly, and truly Irish. So few are the habitations visible that a traveller might think he moved through a depopulated country. The road winds amidst ever-shifting beauty; there the imagination follows up the dark, steep-walled glen to possible scenes of unutterable loneliness and desolation, here the royal purple pales on the mountain's breast, and shows the rare and bewitching greens of garden-like woods and pastures. Occasionally, a lake lies asleep in the bays of a mountain, or the shallows of a winding stream bring unexpected light from Heaven into dark places. At Glengariff there is a charming hotel half covered with brilliant flowers, which will scarcely grow out of doors elsewhere, and bloom here in Winter. The waters of the lovely little bay wash up almost to the door, and the colouring of earth and air around is made up of the tenderest and most vivid of Irish greens and greys, purples, and tawny browns. For delightful walks and rambles, there are few places more tempting to quiet-minded wanderers than Glengariff."

8. The writer of the "Life of Father Damian," published by the Catholic Truth Society, says that the English spelling of the name has settled itself as "Damien." But how do those who spell it thus pronounce the name? If they give the English sound of *dams* to the first syllable, they ought to spell it "Damian," for it is only the name of this new saint's patron saint; he took the brother of St. Cosmas as his name-saint in religious life, his own name being Joseph de Veuster.



9. Has Father Damian inspired as many poets in other languages as in English? Even "The Leper Priest of Luneburg," which fills so well several pages in this present number, though not inspired by him, is published just at this moment chiefly on his own account. Perhaps this is true also of "The Singing Leper," sung by some American with no Christian name but three surnames—Lynam Whitney Allen. The interlacing of the stanzas, by making the last rhyme of each reappear twice in the next, seems to be original and effective :—

" A Saxon king, with merry throng  
Of nobles hunted in a wood  
At eventide, when lo ! a song  
Most wondrous broke, a tremulous flood  
Of praise from distant lips unseen.

" The hunters halted, listening keen  
To catch each nearing echo, till  
Among the trees a form unclean,  
A leper white moved up the hill  
Across their path, and sang the while.

" His livid features wore a smile ;  
His wrinkled hands were clasped in prayer,  
While living death, a master vile,  
Made all his flesh a thoroughfare  
For swift and myriad-footed pain.

" And all the while he sang his strain ;  
Then spake the king with stirring call,  
And bade him halt ; and with his train  
The king moved on with care withal,  
And questioned him with pitying gaze.

" 'How sing you thus these words of praise  
When life is death ?' A moment's pause,  
Then smiling answered he : ' I raise  
My voice in songs of joy because  
Although a leper, yet I know

" 'That as my frame decays I grow  
More near the sure deliverance  
That comes from God, whose graces flow  
Through all the wastes of circumstance  
And moves by life and soul to Him.'

"The king's and nobles' eyes grew dim ;  
Then turning to his train, the king  
Spake thus : ' Unto the very brim  
Are this man's sorrows, yet they bring  
Rejoicings, for he trusts his Lord.

" ' This leper's voice shall here record  
We have not hunted all in vain,  
Our spoil this day is as a sword  
Whose shining blade shall conquer pain,  
And to our homes we turn again  
With larger faith and nobler word.' "

10. One of the finest sights in the world is a boy who shows little attentions to his mother. No boy can be his mother's cavalier unless he is a thoughtful boy. A thoughtless lad doesn't remember to wait upon his mother—his mother waits on him. Some boys that we have seen love their mother dearly, but they will go off to play and leave the coal-scuttle empty, or the wood-box unfilled, or something else to be done, when they know there is nobody but mother to do it. A noble, manly boy delights to serve his mother, and to save her strength. He is always watching opportunities to do something for her. There is no home, no matter how much hired help there is in it, in which there are not a great many things the children can do for the comfort of their parents. Anything done for love's sake by loving hands is so much more thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed than anything done by hired hands. The thoughtful kindness and and consideration of children fill parents' hearts with happiness.

11. The "Pigeonhole Paragraph" concerning the vice of consistency in our September Number, reminds our valued correspondent, G. N. P., of the admirable couplet by Oliver Wendell Holmes :—

"Leave what you've done for what you have to do—  
Don't be consistent, but be simply true."

And this, in turn, reminds me of "ce fameux vers" which I saw quoted lately by a French writer :—

"L'homme absurde est celui qui ne change jamais."

12. The unfinished paper last month on Cardinal Ximenes, reminds the same correspondent of his earliest acquaintance with that great name in his boyhood : "Funds being greatly needed for the completion of the Church of Our Lady, Rathmines, several fine prizes were collected for a bazaar ; and among these a great silver crucifix, once the property of the glorious Spaniard, was contributed by the

venerable P.P., Monsignor Meagher. I do not know the previous history or after fate of that fine specimen of Christian art, which was lightly valued at £100."

13. In our August Number, in the sketch of Mr. W. B. Yeats as No. 23 of "Our Poets," Robert Buchanan was quoted as asking where could such a piece of rollicking vigour be found as Lysaght's "Sprig of Shillelagh?" Mr. R. M. Sillard has called our attention to this mistake, for it is a mistake committed by even the latest compiler of Irish minstrelsy, Mr. Halliday Sparling. Mr. Sillard found this song in a play, which is referred to by Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick in his interesting "Life of Lady Morgan"—"The Russian Sacrifice, or the Burning of Moscow," an historical and musical drama, by H. B. Code, which was performed in the Theatre Royal, Dublin, in the year 1813. The following note is attached to it: "This song, written by the author of this play some years ago, having been so long before the public, it was held expedient that he should forego his intention of introducing it, however applicable, in the representation, and substitute another original song." In the book a fifth stanza is added, which posterity has judiciously suppressed. In a volume which lies before me—"Poems of the late Edward Lysaght, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Dublin: Gilbert and Hodges, 1811"—there is no sign of the Sprig. Mr. Code lived in Eccles Street and was editor of a newspaper called *The Warden*.

14. The biographical preface to the book referred to in the foregoing note ends just where you think it is beginning. It does not mention that pleasant Ned Lysaght was ever married. Was he a kinsman of his namesake who figured lately in the following newspaper paragraph, which is headed "An Irish Surgeon's Heroism":—

"Mr. W. C. Lysaght, M.R.C.S., assistant medical officer of the Bristol Royal Infirmary, has sacrificed his life in an effort to save a patient. About a fortnight ago a man was admitted to the Infirmary suffering from an affection of the throat, supposed to be diphtheria. The operation, tracheotomy, was performed by Mr. Lysaght; but the tube becoming choked, the last chance of saving the man's life was for someone to apply his lips to the tube and suck the moisture. This Mr. Lysaght did, but without avail, for shortly afterwards the patient died of suppressed scarlatina. Mr. Lysaght caught the disease in its worst form and died. A window is to be erected in the infirmary to his memory."

15. The doubt expressed in the preceding paragraph is cleared up by the sketch of Lysaght's life given by Mr. Charles MacCarthy Collins, M.R.I.A., barrister-at-law, in his recent volume on "Celtic Irish Songs and Songwriters." "Pleasant Ned Lysaght" *was* married; and, when he died in his 47th year, in 1810, he had been only for one

year a Divisional Police Magistrate for Dublin, and left his widow and children unprovided for. His brethren of the Irish Bar made up a subscription for them which almost reached £3,000.

16. But how hard it is to settle even the few facts connected with such men as Lysaght! This recent authority, the latest before Mr. Sparling and Mr. Daniel Connolly, not only, like these two, gives "The Sprig of Shillelagh" to Lysaght, but also "Kitty of Coleraine." On what grounds? Again, he tells that Lysaght, though born in County Clare, went to school at Cashel; and he adds, "a Catholic school, though he was a Protestant." Whereas Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick, a more accurate biographer, says that John Lanigan, the future historian of the Irish Church, was transferred to an excellent classical school kept at Cashel by the Rev. Patrick Hare, a *Protestant* clergyman of great learning and eccentricity, and that Lysaght was his school-fellow, five years his junior.

17. Lord Ronald Gower, in his pleasant volume of *Reminiscences*, mentions that Gladstone, at lunch once at Stafford House, said that Canning had said that a dinner, in order to be pleasant, should consist of not less than the Graces and of not more than the Muses. Lord Ronald adds: "Surely this occurs in some classical author, either Horace or mentioned in Cicero's *De Amicitia*." Can anyone clear up his Lordship's doubt?

18. In the same volume my eye has just alighted on the name of a contributor to THE IRISH MONTHLY. In November, 1865, the Marquis of Lorne and Lord Ronald were at Cambridge, supposed to be University students, and the latter records in his diary that the A. D. C. performed the burlesque of "Kenilworth." "Queen Elizabeth," he adds, "was admirably personated by Swainson, now, I believe, a Roman Catholic monk, then one of the brightest and gayest of our set." Father Swainson is the E. G. S. who contributed to some of our back volumes many beautiful pieces of poetry, such as "Regina Angelorum," and an admirable blank-verse dialogue on the Mission of St. Catherine.

19. Is anything known of T. Brosnan (of course, an Irishman), who wrote the sweet old song, "Long, long ago"?

## MISS RYAN'S "SONGS OF REMEMBRANCE."\*

**A**N old Portuguese cancionero of the time of Ribeyro has the story of a youth who taught a girl his secret for the grafting and culture of flowers. The fact he had forgotten, when some years later sickness prevented him indulging the pride of his life—competing in the floral games of his native place. The winning collection of flowers being without name (though woven into his initials), was guessed to be his from the colouring and variety, and the prize was awarded him by acclamation. It was the handiwork of her he had taught long ago who thus guarded his fame in his absence.

Whether in contrast, or by analogy, the old conceit of the "flower-language" (as the Spaniards call Portuguese song) somehow recurred to us on opening this first volume of verse from one who has had encouragement from the editor of this Magazine. We fear in contrast, for it was the brightness of the colouring and the variety which revealed at least the teacher in the story, whereas the flowers of poesy here gathered—the initials to which were once mistaken for Father Russell's—are, we regret, of pale or sombre hues, and of too little variety.

We did not need the epitaph which is the book's dedication, nor the dates of the only two dated poems, to tell us the writer had sustained a real sorrow, or that its memory was acute and abiding. There is, as we read it, more than mere poetic insistence in the last stanza of "On the Mount." Nor shall we, we trust, be misunderstood if we say that the vitality in "The Cry of the Souls" is of something more than only faith in purgatory. It is a pleading so eager as to carry with it the eloquence of personal appeal, in which the poetry of earth is dexterously used to heighten the cry for pity. \*

But are "tears, tears—the ceaseless language of the heart?" Is the constant use of that language the truest form of song?

[\*The subject of the following notice is so closely linked with this Magazine that we admit the more willingly the estimate of one whose name has never before appeared in our pages, though we should ourselves be disposed to modify that estimate in some respects. A name occurs towards the beginning which would have been erased if it were not ingeniously linked with the story from the old Portuguese cancionero.—ED. I. M.]

Were it not more worthy the memory of her loss to put forth the strength of "Bereaven"—a poem which touches us more nearly, because written with a firmer nerve, than most of its companions—and

" Make in thy heart a secret place,  
A room closed fast without a stair ;  
And see thou let no strange, cold face  
Gaze idly on thy pictures there—"

in which the *shrinking* of new sorrow is so well expressed.

Will not this turning all the lights—we had nearly written her determination that all the lights should be turned—on her sorrow rather check than attract the sympathy her tenderness would evoke : rather mar than enlarge its fulness ? Nearly every poem bears a burthen of sadness ; most, a distinction of sleepless pain. All aspects of Nature are made to foster and deepen it. It is evolved out of the glee of robin's song in "a Wise Singer," and more palpably from the same notes in "The Spring Birds ;" a caprice which, if Miss Ryan will excuse us, appears wilful after the lightness and brightness of the opening. In all which she is less than fair to herself. The fancy may become a phantom, and when she wants an image, there may be others like this :—

" I thought of that strong man I saw one day  
Who unawares had walked upon a grave  
That was fresh made, and yielded to his feet."

All the trees in the garden of life are not withered bays or cypresses, nor every flower-bed the adornment of a grave. Yet, in asking her to beware of Shelley's charnel-house, let us guard ourselves against the least injustice to Miss Ryan. True, this recurrence produces a brooding, but the brooding a tenderness, which is a quality of poetic value. And her tenderness is true—not the softness that shrinks and sickens ; rather the sensibility from a heart-hurt, of force enough to sustain hope. It escapes morbidity by a strength of resignation—a something higher than power of endurance ; resignation, the lack of which made Matthew Arnold's regrets the weakness of his poetry. Sorrow *has* her young days shaded, but there is a spirit by, who weeps with her tear for tear. This differentiates her from the day's singers, who mistake a life's *ennui* and a *dilettante* dulness for the still, sad music of humanity. Nor does she know anything of the despair

of a Leopardi or a Thomson.\* If she has felt the bitterness of a cross, she has felt the sweetness of a crucifix.

That Miss Ryan has felt the value of true poetry is witnessed by her lines on Aubrey de Vere, whom she has characterised with singular felicity and truth. The lines are altogether worthy of the subject, their praise is high, but exact and just; they are an honour to her who wrote them, no less than to him of whom she so truly says:—

“ For one line traced by thy hand  
Never need God’s angels sigh.”

It is because Miss Ryan, by this poem, has shown her companionship for such a man that we fear the injustice she will do herself by persistence in this “language of the heart,” that we have presumed to point out the danger there may be of

“ A something of a sadness ’round her mouth  
That held in check the smiles that should be there.”

She has the example of the brightest poetic name of her sex in English literature, and the lesson of her own piece, with a true ring in it, “Safe.” She has now woven a chaplet of tribute to the past. Having, like Horace, hung it in the Temple, we invite her to face the To-day, and, standing on the headlands, to sing us the gladsome changes of the sea, the sunlights on the plain, the music in the woods. All which will brace her for that deeper study of the human heart which lonely introspection never can.

The right to ask this of Miss Ryan is, we think, given us by other portions of her book, for she is most strongly pathetic and her touch more direct when least personal. Excepting “A Poet,” and two poems we refer to later, there is no work in the volume equal to “Waiting,” and, in the same view, “Parted” and “A Passage Paid.” In the best sense simple, without any distraction of “subjectiveness,” they are a gift from heart to heart, and touch us sensibly by their direct pathos. Her country is full of legends to the secret of whose appeal she has the key in the warmth of tenderness she shows herself to possess. Here are the saddest facts of life; but she masters them—they do not master her. In

[\*Not the poet of “The Seasons,” but one of precisely the same name, lately dead, of whom few of our readers have heard—the poet of pessimism, author of “The City of Dreadful Night.”—Ed. *I. M.*]

"Waiting," a mother, knowing her son's love of the sea is first and his love of her only second, measures the care the sea must have for him by the love she bears her boy. Hence she cannot realise its being so cruel as to drown him. She had promised to meet him by the shore, and, though he returns not, will keep her word, cost what it may in years of waiting; for he will remember her promise.

" Should you ever meet with him out beyond,  
Will you say I'm waiting, the strand beside?"

Not a word too little, nor a line too much, unless perhaps the effect would be strengthened by the omission of the last stanza. There is a resignation, as the growing futility of her flickering hope for his return, as the gathering fear that return may be too late, presses upon her, in what would then be the last line, which intensifies her lonesomeness and deepens our sympathy in her struggle not to believe him dead.

Is "Life's Seasons" its sequel?

There is less reserve, less directness in "A Passage Paid," which hence possibly loses a little force; yet we could not wish its picturesqueness away, nor be content to miss its homely illustration, which is admirably natural and true.

There are two poems in this book, each of which we re-read before turning the page, revealing, if we are not mistaken, an aspect of Miss Ryan's gift which justifies the appeal we have ventured to make. In "The Mountain Rose" and "The Cry of the Souls" there is a hint of that music of nature turned into a canticle so distinctive, as a minor note, of the prose-poems of St. Bonaventure, and the *Fioretti* of St. Francis. This closeness of God to His mute creation, and the harmonies it returns Him for His gift of life, has much of the feeling and spirit of "Les Poètes Franciscains," as Ozanam has presented them to us. The daily beauty of His earth and its beings as an aid to, nay medium of, prayer and praise, as a motive of rejoicing in Him, are of the essence of the sweet Assisi's "Our Brother, my Lord the Sun." It has something more than Wordsworth's

. . . "flash that has revealed  
The invisible world"—

something closer and more definite than his shadow of infinity everywhere present in our life. It is this as a permeating actuality, an



overlapping potency ; in the highest sense, a true reality. Wordsworth's, indeed, was a spiritualised passion, which raised him from Nature to Nature's God. But with the Franciscan poets it was this and more, and no poet in English that we know of has the spiritual faith distinguishing them, whereby the contemplation of nature is carried on direct with the contemplation of God, more fully than Aubrey de Vere. It was the insight into the mind of Mr. de Vere, revealed by "A Poet," coming after the reading of the two pieces named, that induced us to more earnestness—we hope not more presumption—in going over the work in hand. A study of the Franciscan poets would yield a fuller insight into this attitude towards nature, and while revealing its value as poetic texture, its attraction as imaginative impulse, its meaning as thoughtful motive, it would add richer and more brilliant colours than we as yet notice on Miss Ryan's palette.

There is ample room for this treatment in English poetry, and it is because the fulfilment of the potentiality which we think traceable in many passages of this book will bring the writer honour, that we have called upon her to recover herself from the past. And no greater reverence can be paid to her brother's memory.

In her own words, written with real insight :—

“ Holy and strange are a young child's eyes,  
Wondering and awed, half sad, half shy—  
Gazing, you long after better things ;  
Thinking, you turn away with a sigh.”

“Songs of Remembrance” give the third line its value, and suggest a hope that the fourth may not be realised.

D. MONCRIEFF O'CONNOR.

NOVEMBER, 1889.

---

MOLLY'S FORTUNES.

CHAPTER XXI.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

AUTUMN had come round again. ruddy-lipped, open-handed ; scattering gold and jewels lavishly over forest and hedgerow, dancing with light feet across gleaming stubble fields to the music of waving boughs and rustling leaves.

Raoul, walking slowly down the great avenue one bright morning, paused to contemplate the beauty of his surroundings, and heaved an impatient sigh. Would that the trees were bare, and the air chill, and the skies leaden like his own heavy heart ! This joyous autumnal beauty, this glittering and jingling and merry-making of nature, jarred upon him ; it was so out of keeping with his life.

After a moment he went on, pausing ever and anon before certain of the fine trees, which, after a critical survey, he marked with a cross out into the bark.

A robin was trilling out its fresh, indescribably touching song in the upper boughs of one of them, and Raoul stood still, knife in hand, to listen. How many a time in boyhood and youth he had hearkened to just such a song ! How often, lying on his back on the moss beneath, he had gazed up into these very branches, his glance wandering beyond them to the blue sky above, drinking in the brightness, and beauty, and sweetness round him with a sort of rapture. The joyousness of nature had not jarred upon him then, his heart was attuned to all her harmonies ; but now !

"You, too, are doomed," he said, and, in another moment, the little white cross was chipped out with fatal distinctness on the rough bark. Yes, this tree must fall like the others, in spite of its countless

associations; its friendly presence must be exchanged for a few paltry gold pieces, that would soon melt away like all the rest.

The cross was cut out clearly enough, yet Raoul still remained chiselling and polishing it, as though he meant to make of it a work of art. All at once he flung the knife from him, and resting his folded arms against the tree, sunk his head on them in an attitude of utter desolation. It was this man's misfortune to love, not only certain people, but even certain places and things—"not wisely but too well;" and he cherished his home, and all appertaining to his home, in his very heart of hearts. Every stone of the old mansion, every twig of the unkempt hedges, every nook and corner about the place was dear to him, loved with a tender, clinging, almost reverent love. He had sworn to cleave to his home though all else should escape him, to live there while he had a crust to eat, to die there when even that should fail him; yet now it seemed as though it had begun to slip piecemeal through his fingers. With his own hand he had marked out for destruction these trees which so enhanced its beauty. Was this the beginning of the end?

As he stood pondering, almost despairingly, on the painful problem, the sound of rapid, dancing feet approached, and Molly's voice rang out in little short ecstatic scraps of song.

Raoul gathered himself together, and stepped out of the shadow, watching with his dazed, weary eyes the lissom figure as it whirled along beneath the golden arcade; a rain of yellow leaves falling over her ever and anon from the low hanging branches, while her light feet stirred up the flame-coloured drifts on the path. On she came, now in shadow, now in light, her dress fluttering, the soft hair about her brow rising and falling with the rapidity of her progress, while she tossed her arms and snapped her fingers in time to her breathless ditty.

She was quite close to Sauvigny before she saw him, when she paused, panting and laughing, in the midst of a great blaze of sunshine which came striking down between the trees. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes continued the dance which her form had relinquished,—she was the very embodiment of glee. Raoul could hardly bear to look at her. Though she had managed to convince him that she was not pining for Gaston, and, in consequence, had removed one of his anxieties, the strain of what he now felt to be a false position grew more painful every day. He was afraid of Molly and her witcheries, of himself and his weakness, dreading that at last, in spite of his resolutions, his love might be betrayed.

After a moment, however, he again glanced at the dazzling little figure, and smiled his sad smile.

"You seem very happy!" he said.

"I think it is the sunshine," returned Molly, apologetically. "It intoxicates me sometimes. God's sunshine, you know, is such a lovely thing."

"Yes, God's sunshine is, indeed, a lovely thing," assented Raoul, with a curious, steady glance at her, for he thought in his heart: "You are like God's sunshine!"

"Like the sunshine!"—Miss O'Neill had compared her to a breath of fresh air; her uncle had been wont to call her "my bird." It was to such bright, sweet, untrammelled things that people likened Molly. There is, perhaps, nothing which attracts us so much as the little earthlinesses which we sometimes can clearly see, and which more frequently we are only vaguely conscious of, in one another. I do not use the word *earthliness* in its grosser, more common sense, but according to its literal meaning, to express a certain something within us which appears to partake of the very nature of the earth itself,—the kindly, bountiful earth, on whose fair face its Creator looked and saw that it was good, from whose genial bosom spring the flowers and nourishing herbs, and trees where little birds sing their innocent love-*tales*, close to whose merciful heart are gathered even the dead. The innocence of perpetually renewed youth, the vitality which conquers all decay; beauty, majesty, generosity—these are some of the attributes of this mother of ours. Dwelling on them we may the better realize, that the power which draws us to certain of our kind is often only their more palpable earthliness—the harmony of their being with the best and sweetest of sublunary things, the "touch of nature"—using this last word in its widest, fullest sense—which makes the whole world kin.

Molly was essentially a child of earth; in all her life no one had ever dreamed of calling her an angel, but she was not less tenderly loved on that account. Indeed, it is questionable whether, had an angel in visible form descended to Eden of old to bear Adam company, the sight would have filled him with greater rapture than did that of the gracious woman who seemed to have sprung up beside him from the blossom-laden earth, but who was in truth flesh even of his flesh and bone of his bone. And this was not the "old Adam"—the type of all that we hold guilty and degraded—but *young Adam*, innocent Adam, Adam fresh from the hand of God, with heart as yet untainted and instincts undebased.

After a silence, Raoul turned abruptly, and began to hunt about for the knife which he had discarded a short time before. What had *he* to do with sunshine and the sunny presence by his side? They did but fill his heart with longing.

Something in his face, as he rose from his stooping position, touched Molly with sudden pity. What were these troubles that weighed on him so? why did he not shake them off, and face his life anew? Her very compassion inclined her to be impatient.

"Oh, why don't you *try* to be happy?" she cried.

Sauvigny wheeled round sharply, and looked at her. The sparkle had left her eyes, and they were very soft and pitying; she was bending forward slightly, and had clasped her hands, her whole expression and attitude betokening earnestness, free from the slightest touch of coquetry.

Raoul laughed out suddenly,—a harsh bitter laugh. Why did he not try to be happy! he who felt within himself such infinite capabilities of happiness,—that was the most maddening part of it,—who was obliged to struggle constantly, and with all his strength, lest in spite of every obstacle he should be tempted to snatch at it.

"I think, if you tried, you might enjoy things a little more," continued Molly diffidently. "If it was only the weather even. Why a day like this should make you feel glad to be alive!"

She stepped forward a pace or two, such a winning, gracious little figure, and again fixed her innocently alluring eyes on his face.

With an effort he wrenched his own away from them, and his glance fell on the little white cross cut by his own hand on the neighbouring tree. The cross! typical for all time of suffering and renunciation; had he not himself set its mark upon his lot? His broad chest heaved. Glad to be alive! Oh, he was so weary of it all, so tired of suffering, and fighting, and giving up, always giving up,—life was a very dreary business.

"We differ, you see," he said huskily; "a day like this, on the contrary, makes me feel as if I should be glad,—so glad to die."

"Why do you talk like that?" said Molly impulsively. "I know it is no business of mine, but still—I am sure you do not look at matters in the right light. Of course you have suffered a great deal; I can see that, though I don't know in what way; but there are probably many years before you. Why don't you shake off your troubles, and resolve to get the better of your ill-luck? Rise above it; trample it under foot," cried Molly, looking very determined. "After all, a man with a strong will can more or less master adverse circumstances, and I am sure you have a strong will."

This was strange language for so young a lady to use to her employer; but the girl was too much excited to weigh her words.

"What does a strong will avail against one's destiny?" returned Raoul grimly. "As well tell a convict that his physical strength will enable him to get to the end of his task before weaker men. Hercules

himself, on the treadmill, would not have got through more work than the puniest wretch that ever was convicted. Well, I have spent most of my life on a sort of moral treadmill,—as soon as I have trampled down one difficulty another presents itself.”

“I daresay some people would sing on the treadmill if they got the chance,” observed Molly. “And perhaps, if you wished, you might lighten your task by setting about it in a more hopeful spirit. Especially, if your difficulties are only money-difficulties,” she added in a lower tone.

Under other circumstances she would have been frightened at being betrayed into such daring language, but Raoul's half-confidences had interested and puzzled her so much, that she forgot their relative positions, and spoke out straight from her heart. It seemed such a pity that anxiety about money-matters should poison his whole life; and, after all, as she knew from her own experience, there were many little odds and ends of happiness flying about the world which even poor people might take hold of.

Raoul, ultra-susceptible where she was concerned, imagined that she spoke contemptuously, and responded with some heat.

“Only money-difficulties! You do not know what poverty is, Miss Mackenzie. I don't mean decent, respectable, ordinary poverty, which can hold up its head, and, by pinching and struggling, pay its way. I mean degrading, disreputable poverty, which has to stoop to all kinds of wretched shifts, and to submit to every sort of indignity. I mean the poverty that makes even an honest man appear to be fraudulent, that brands him so that he dare not look his fellows in the face, that debars him from everything which makes life worth living. Poverty like this brings trouble enough with it; however, if the acknowledgment will make you think better of me, I may tell you that I have other troubles too.”

He shut up his knife with a sharp click, put it in his pocket, and abruptly walked away, Molly following him with her eyes. She was wounded and a little angry at his tone, and began to reproach herself for having ventured to interfere.

“I did not gain much by being so meddlesome,” she thought, as she slowly returned to the house, it being now time for her morning's work in the countess's room.

She found Madame de Treilles in an exceedingly bad humour, the task of entertaining her proving, in consequence, so difficult, that she well-nigh forgot her conversation with Raoul, puzzling and unsatisfactory as she had considered it. An insignificant circumstance, however, recalled it to her mind, and was the cause of her being unexpectedly enlightened as to the real nature of Sauvigny's difficulties.

Being dismissed by her tiresome charge earlier than usual, she betook herself to Justine's room, intending to volunteer her assistance in mending the linen. The maid was occupied in darning an exceedingly smart silk sock, which Molly recognised as belonging to Gaston; a little pile of others, equally gorgeous, lying on the table beside her.

"*Regardez-moi ça !*" said Justine; "*hein*, are they not beautiful? One must confess that M'sieu has perfect taste." She stretched out her hand, wriggling her fingers about inside the sock, and presently fell to work again with a sigh. "It is not our poor M'sieu le baron who can wear such things, though his nephew can—at his expense!"

"At his expense!" echoed Molly, in surprise. It had never occurred to her that Gaston could be dependent on his uncle. The apparently easy circumstances of the young man, and the contrast between his mode of life and that of the baron failing to suggest such a state of things.

"Certainly," responded Justine. "He has not a *sou*, M'sieu Gaston, but he lives in princely fashion all the same; therefore, as *somebody* must pay—his uncle does."

"But why does he *allow* him to be extravagant?" cried Molly, indignantly. "Why does he not refuse to give him money to squander when he himself has barely the necessaries of life?"

"Oh, M'sieu le comte does not ask him for money. He sets about it better than that. He comes *tout doucement* to embrace his mother, and just picks her pocket at the same time. He knows that M'sieu le baron will never let her want, and that what he takes will be replaced. Then every now and then, when his debts accumulate, there is a scene. M'sieu Raoul is angry, and swears he will not let him have another *sou*; Madame la comtesse faints; M'sieu le comte promises—oh, promises cost nothing, as Mademoiselle knows—and it always ends in the same way. M'sieu le baron pays, and M'sieu le comte recommences. That expedition to Homburg, for instance, must have cost something, and last year it was the same story. Nothing like cards for making money fly——"

"Cards!" interrupted Molly, with a dim recollection of the warning which Raoul had endeavoured to give his nephew on a former occasion. "Does he gamble, then?"

"Just a little—to keep others company. (As to that, he does a little of everything, for the same reason, it appears.) You know, Mademoiselle, though the public tables are put down, they say, at Homburg and such places, the play is still high in private, and money disappears quickly. But M'sieu Gaston amuses himself!"

"Who would have thought he could be so wicked, so ungrateful!" ejaculated the girl.

"Ah, ungrateful, that is indeed the word!" assented Justine, with sudden heat. "If Mademoiselle only knew all that M'sieu le baron has done for him, she would still less understand such conduct. When I remember that it was the late count, M'sieu Gaston's father, who first brought ruin on my master, and that he, the son, owes him everything he has, there are moments," said Justine, solemnly, "when, instead of darning our fine young gentleman's socks, I should like to plunge my needle in his body!"

Molly was too much concerned at the former part of the maid's speech to be amused at the sanguinary desire expressed in the latter. She did not speak, but her eyes expressed so much wonder and compassion, that Justine, sure of a sympathetic listener, embarked without more ado on the story of Raoul's life.

---

## CHAPTER XXII.

### RAOUL'S STORY.

"Our M'sieu le baron was still a boy," said Justine, "when he and *feu* M'sieu le comte first became friends. M'sieu le comte was just such another as his son, only he was more cunning, and hid his faults more cleverly. M'sieu Raoul and he were schoolfellows together at one of your English colleges—I forget the name now; there was a great difference of age between them, M'sieu le baron being quite a boy, and M'sieu le comte merely dawdling on there, having finished his studies. However, they clung together as compatriots will in a strange country, and one vacation M'sieu Raoul brought him here. Madame la comtesse was then young and handsome, and had a pretty fortune, and the young gentleman began to pay his court to her. You should have seen M'sieu le baron's delight when they were engaged; one would have thought he had now nothing more to wish for. Well, they are married," said Justine, with a sudden, characteristic dash into the present tense as she warmed with her subject. "M'sieu Raoul leaves school, goes to the great university of Cam—bridge (of which Mademoiselle has doubtless heard), and, after finishing his course there, begins to study diplomacy. Years go by; old M'sieu le baron, the father, dies; M'sieu and Madame de Treilles install themselves at La Pépinière, to take care of it for M'sieu Raoul, who is devoted heart and soul to his career. The old baron has got affairs rather mixed up, it seems,



but M'sieu le baron says he will retrieve the fortunes of his house. He comes to the château now and then, is received with open arms, and goes away enchanted. What between his admiration for his brother-in-law—who was the handsomest man in France, they say, and clever and charming, *au possible*—and his love for his sister, they do pretty much as they like with him.

"All at once the crash comes: M'sieu le comte has been amusing himself by speculating, and believing that he has a chance of re-establishing his fortunes—which have suffered much from this fancy of his—by a bold stroke risks at the same time not only all he has but nearly everything M'sieu Raoul possesses too——"

"How, why? I don't understand," interrupted Molly. "Surely Monsieur de Sauvigny was not so foolish as to abet him in such rashness."

"Oh, he did not ask his leave—you may be sure of that. Indeed I do not know exactly what he did—I understand nothing of business, *moi*. It appears he wrote something in M'sieu le baron's name, and imitated his signature, obtaining a large sum of money in that way—how, as I tell you, Mademoiselle, I do not exactly know. He meant to replace it, but instead of that he lost all he had himself. Well, as I say, the crash comes at last; everything is lost, and disgrace appears certain. M'sieu le comte is beside himself with terror. He writes a full confession to my master, and then, not daring to trust it to the post, sends for me, explains everything to me *tant bien que mal*, and packs me off to London to implore M'sieu le baron's help and forgiveness. 'Tell my brother-in-law from me,' he says, 'that I throw myself upon his mercy. Two courses are open to him. He may either repudiate this forged signature, and ruin me and my helpless wife and child ir retrievably in name and honour, as well as in purse, or, if he is noble and generous enough—little as I deserve it—to stand by me still, to keep my secret, at least my honour, and the honour of his family will be safe though he should share my ruined fortunes.' Well, you may guess which was M'sieu le baron's choice. He seemed to turn to stone when I told him; he who a moment before had looked so handsome and blithe it was a pleasure to see him. 'Go back to M'sieu le comte,' he says, 'and tell him that he is safe with me, but that I find it hard to forgive his treachery!' Ah, Mademoiselle is *émue*? In truth it is a sad story, and this is only the beginning. Back I go; I give the message to M'sieu le comte, who is much affected. 'You know, Justine, I did not mean your master to suffer—it was just my cursed luck,' he says. 'Oh, *parfaitement*, M'sieu le comte!' say I. Madame is to know nothing. No one knows but my master, the count, and myself. Then the

thunderbolt falls ; not only is M'sieu Raoul's fortune swallowed up," said Justine, with a slight mixture of metaphors, "but worse than ruin—dishonour—comes upon him. M'sieu le baron de Sauvigny is bankrupt! Everything is swept away from him at one blow. Fortune, position, career, for under such circumstances he is obliged to give that up too, and even good name—and so he becomes what he is. Well, time goes on ; M'sieu le comte—that God may forgive him—dies, and M'sieu Raoul lives on in this solitude with the widow and child ; he resolves to devote himself to the child ; all the love that is in him almost goes to the child ; he begins to take heart again, to hope a little, to look after the property—all for the child's sake. You see, Mademoiselle, our M'sieu le baron is so proud, he felt his disgrace more keenly than another man would have done. At first he refused to go anywhere, to see anyone—if you will believe me, he led the life of a hermit."

Molly could readily believe it, but the story affected her too strangely to permit her to speak : only her eyes besought Justine to continue.

"Well, as I was saying, M'sieu Raoul began to take heart again a little, in his love for the child. He educated him in a great measure himself, but sent him to college when he was sixteen. Yes, by dint of privations, and economies, and unremitting attention to the estate, by that time affairs at La Pépinière were in better condition. M'sieu le baron had paid all outstanding debts, and had even a little sum in hand. 'When my nephew succeeds to the property he will have less difficulties to contend with even than I,' he used to say. Yes, that was his one thought—no matter what he himself suffered or did without, his nephew's future was to be secure. 'Does M'sieu then never mean to marry?' I asked him one day. 'M'sieu is still a young man ; why should life be ruined for him because of another's fault?' 'Hush, Justine, what folly!' he said, frowning. 'Everything is over for me. I cannot take up my life again for myself ; though I can and do live—for him.' And he looked lovingly at M'sieu Gaston's picture.

"Well, after all that, my fine young man turns out just such another as his father. A *mauvais garnement* ! heartless, foolish, denying himself nothing ! Ah-h-h, do you see, Mademoiselle, I cannot contain myself when I think of him ! M'sieu le baron did not find him out all at once—I think even when he did he could hardly bear to believe the evidence of his own senses ——"

"But did he not reason with him,—reproach him?" cried Molly excitedly.

"Reason with him ? I should just think he did reason and

reproach and implore M'sieu Gaston, almost with tears, to lead a different life. Yes, and when all else failed, I myself told him the story of his father's misconduct. Oh, he was much touched, was M'sieu le comte. He had tears in his eyes, and declared that he could never hold up his head again, so deeply ashamed was he of *M'sieu son pere*. As to proving ungrateful to so good an uncle, only a monster could so far forget himself."

"The hypocrite!" exclaimed Molly, with flashing eyes.

"Not altogether," said Justine, laying down her work, and speaking meditatively. "I believe that for the moment he means what he says,—he has really the best intentions, only he never fulfils them. Well, little by little M'sieu Gaston got through his mother's portion (which, being settled on her, had formerly escaped). Of course, when she chose to give it to him, no one could save it. And then things went from bad to worse, till now we are almost beggared; of late we have been living from hand to mouth; how it is all to end I know not. But it is not so much the poverty that M'sieu le baron feels,—though mind you, as I say, to a man of his temperament the present state of things here is far more painful and humiliating than it would be to one less proud and sensitive,—but it is the grief and disappointment caused by M'sieu Gaston. His second bankruptcy is worse than the first; for now he is bankrupt in hope, in affection—in all that remained to him in life. And here I am mending that young good-for-nothing's abominable socks!" cried Justine, suddenly breaking off in her recital and flinging her work on the floor. "Why I do it I don't know. The fact is we are all ready to do anything for M'sieu Gaston. We all love him, I believe, though he is so bad. Yes, I even think his uncle loves him still, though he is often cold and stern to him, and for that reason he suffers all the more."

Molly was silent. After a pause the other picked up the offending sock again, muttering that if it were not mended Monsieur Gaston would buy new ones, and therefore, in his uncle's interest, it was better to continue to darn.

"I am sure, Mademoiselle," she observed all at once, "that I can count on your discretion. No one knows this story, except M'sieu le baron, his nephew, you, and I. I tell you, because" said Justine, thoughtfully rubbing her nose with her needle, "it appears to me that you are interested in M'sieu le baron, and besides, *ma foi*, one must talk *sometimes*, and I have carried about this secret for so many years that my heart was bursting with it."

Molly suddenly turned pale, and was struck with a great horror. What had she done? What dishonourable part had she unconsciously enacted?

"Oh, Justine!" she cried, "you should not have told me, and I should not have listened!"

"It is a little late to think of that now, Mademoiselle, is it not?" returned the other placidly; "but do not distress yourself; no one will be the wiser."

The girl turned away, and, after a moment or two, sought her own room, a prey to the bitterest remorse. Could she ever look Raoul in the face again, knowing what she did, and having become possessed of her information in such a manner? How could she, she asked herself in that paroxysm of wonder with which we occasionally contemplate our own actions,—how *could* she have stooped to such conduct? Giving way to vulgar curiosity; prying into family secrets; gossiping with a servant! Was it possible that she—*Molly*—was guilty of all this? She felt as if she could sink into the earth with shame, as she realised how much appearances were against her; yet her conscience exonerated her from intentionally acting dishonourably. She had been so much interested in Justine's story, so carried away by the recapitulation of Raoul's sorrows and by her sympathy with them, that she literally had not realised what she was doing.

Oh, what a story it was! Kneeling by her open window, resting her hot cheek on her hand, the girl's thoughts wandered away from the recollection of her own error to the memory of what she had heard.

How that man had suffered, how he had striven, and how bitterly he had been disappointed! In her young hopefulness, her innocent faith in a protecting Providence, she could not understand this marred, blighted life; it was out of harmony with all her ideas of the fitness of things; she asked herself, in sorrowful amazement, how such trials could befall such a man,—a man so good, so noble, so brave! Her quick perceptions and vivid fancy gave life and colour to Justine's rough sketch; she felt as if she had witnessed each incident described, and she knew and understood Raoul as she had never done before. For a brief space she almost lived his life: gauging his sufferings, measuring his disappointment, sympathising with the soreness of his heart. Was it any wonder that he should be irritable and impatient now and then, chafed as he must be by the peevishness of his sister, outraged by Gaston's heartless unconcern? And then the love which, as Justine had hinted, he still felt for his nephew, masked though it might be by his apparent severity, was it not in itself an additional trial? She could so well understand that love, which clung to Gaston for the sake of the past, which indeed belonged to the past, being bestowed not so much on the handsome, careless,

disappointing youth of to-day as on the golden-haired child of long ago, the recollection of whose innocent caresses smote his uncle's heart so sorely, and round whose unforgotten figure had been twined so many hopes and dreams. Was it not the very depth of his love for Gaston, the bitterness of his constantly renewed disappointment, that caused Raoul to be so curt, and occasionally so harsh, in his manner to him? And then that ceaseless, ever-increasing anxiety about money; no wonder he was weighed down by his sense of insecurity, depending as he did on the wayward will, the elastic sense of honour of such a man! With a great pang, Molly went back in spirit to the scene of a little while ago, when she had taken upon herself to offer him advice, and had spoken (as it now seemed to her) lightly of his difficulties; and then, with a renewed sense of shame, she returned to the consideration of her unconscious breach of trust. After long and painful meditation, she resolved to expiate it by a full confession to Raoul himself, braving his displeasure, that she might regain her self-respect.

"At least, I will not be a hypocrite," thought Molly. "I owe it to him not to deceive him in this. He will be very angry though; I am sure of that. I wonder if he will send me away."

After *déjeuner*, at which she cut a sorry figure, she introduced the subject, looking so grave and perturbed that Sauvigny's heart sank within him.

"I have something to say to you," she began, and then stopped, breathing hurriedly.

"She is going to tell me she wishes to leave," thought Raoul, and he turned a shade paler, and braced himself for the ordeal.

"I—I have a confession to make," went on Molly in a very shaky voice. "I must tell you that I fear,—I know I have taken advantage of the liberty you give me,—I have betrayed your trust;" here she came to a stand-still again. Oh, why *would* her lips tremble so, and why did she feel that painful, humiliating inclination to cry?

"I daresay it is nothing very bad," said Raoul, kindly. He felt immensely relieved, and expected the avowal of some display of impatience, or other slight deviation from the duty which she owed his sister.

"Oh, but it is!" cried Molly, finding her voice all at once, and bringing out her story as fast as possible, lest her courage should again fail her. "It is very, very bad. I don't know how I could have done such a thing. Monsieur, I have been talking with Justine, and somehow—I can hardly understand how it happened—she told me everything about you all,—your most private concerns,—and I listened, and did not stop her."

There was a pause, during which Molly listened to the frantic beating of her own heart. When she stole a glance at Sauvigny, it seemed to her that his face wore an expression of disappointment.

"I daresay it is not very easy to stop Justine once she begins to talk," he said at length, in what she thought a very frigid tone.

"I didn't try," owned the girl penitently; "I never realised what a wicked, mean, dishonourable thing I was doing till she had quite finished."

The naïveté of this confession tickled Raoul's sense of humour, and a kindly smile stole over his face. Molly's occasional childishness was a part of herself, and, like all her other characteristics, wholly sweet and lovable in his eyes. Had she again ventured to glance at him she would have felt much relieved; but being more and more overcome with a sense of her own guilt, she stood before him with head bent, and downcast eyes, the very picture of a culprit.

"Oh, please, don't think too badly of me!" she faltered all at once, mistaking his silence. "I know I cannot expect you to believe that I was not trying to find out your secrets. But really, *really* nothing was farther from my thoughts. She began to tell me, and I was so interested, and so sorry for you, and it was such a sad story, I was carried away by it, and let her go on without realising what I was doing."

"And so you know everything now?" said Raoul in a low voice. "It was good of you to come and tell me all about it. Only a very honourable person would have done so, Miss Mackenzie, so let your conscience be at rest. Had you not yourself told me, I need never have known."

"Oh, I could not have kept silence," cried Molly quickly. "What a hypocrite I should have felt, apparently knowing nothing about your troubles, and really feeling for you acutely all the time! I am not so bad as *that*! And there is just one more thing I must say. Will you please forgive me for having unconsciously wounded and offended you so many times. Even this morning I spoke so foolishly, little knowing the truth. Will you forgive me?" said Molly, at last venturing to look up with sweet dewy eyes. "It can never happen again *now*."

Her sympathy was very precious to him. It was intense happiness to think that henceforth he need never suffer alone,—that here was one in whom he might confide, who would be ever ready with her tender, womanly pity to comfort and assist him.

In another instant, however, he put the thought away from him, as he would have put away a temptation.

"I have nothing to forgive," he said, very gently and gravely.

"You must not take this little matter so much to heart. Forget what Justine has told you, and I—will forget that you know. "Yes," he added, as Molly turned away, chilled and disappointed, she knew not why, "it is better for us both to forget."

---

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## A DISCOVERY.

Mrs. Mackenzie, though a regular, was not precisely what one would term an interesting correspondent. A letter was to her a serious matter, requiring a considerable amount of time and thought, and it was her custom to take great pains, both as regarded writing and composition. Such being the case under ordinary circumstances, the care and diligence needful for a letter which was to go all the way to France, to be written on foreign paper, and the postage of which would cost twopence-halfpenny, was necessarily extreme, and Mrs. Mackenzie was accustomed to devote three hours or more to her weekly epistle to Molly. The natural consequence of this was, that the said epistle was apt to be a trifle stilted and unnatural. Moreover, by the time the good lady had commented, in laboriously turned sentences, on all the items in Molly's last letter, had expressed a hope that her niece was well, and had informed her of the precise state of the weather—a rule of procedure which she invariably adopted—her allotted space was nearly filled, and Mrs. Mackenzie would have been broken on the wheel rather than have run the risk of her letter being over-weight. Besides this, being filled with the idea that Molly was living out of reach of all civilization, and quite ignorant of what went on in the world, she had a way of covering the last half sheet with disconnected items of public news, which she considered the girl "ought to know." These being culled at random from newspaper placards passed in the street, were apt to vary from week to week in a manner that would have been confusing to one unaware of the circumstances under which the information was obtained, but which Molly easily accounted for. It being against Mrs. Mackenzie's principles to subscribe to any particular journal regularly, and her avocations being too multitudinous to take her daily in the same direction, she was accustomed to glean her intelligence now from one organ of political opinion and now from another. Therefore, when Mrs. Mackenzie wrote that the state of the country was more and more deplorable, but that (as she added somewhat vaguely) the

Government was determined to *put it down*, Molly inferred that she had been reading the placarded contents of the *Irish Times*; and when she enthusiastically described the gallant resistance of the tenants on such an estate, or attacked the base conduct of "Removable So-and-so," her niece knew that she was influenced by a poster of the *Freeman's Journal*.

Though the mental exercise involved in the perusal of such epistles might not have been unprofitable, Molly was ungrateful enough to find them the reverse of satisfactory. As a rule, her aunt never told her anything she wanted to know; but occasionally, mixed up with the *pot-pourri* of general information at the finish, would appear the tag-end of something really interesting, and of which Mrs. Mackenzie, in some inscrutable way, appeared to think she was already informed. Thus, on perusing an unusually lengthy letter one morning, she was surprised to find the following, which was preceded as usual by a discursive survey of the political arena:—

"Mr. Burke has not yet returned from Castle O'Neill. He told me before he left that I might shortly expect to hear something which would astonish me. Perhaps your cousin is going to be married; I hear he has quite relinquished the idea of letting the Castle, but is more than ever determined on going away."

Letting the Castle! This idea at first superseded all others. How dared he think for a moment of such a thing! It was madness; it was desecration; it was enough to make Miss O'Neill rise from her grave. Molly, whose thoughts had of late been running on other things, felt all her old affection for the place renewed within her—an affection to the strength of which her indignation testified. After a time, however, she cooled down, and reperused her aunt's letter with more calmness. What astonishing event might they shortly expect to hear of? It certainly would be rather surprising if Hugh found anyone willing to marry him; but then, as she mused, "some girls were different," and if such a union did come about it would not be anything positively startling. What *could* it be, and why was Hugh "more than ever determined to go away?"

"Perhaps by next week auntie will have forgotten all about it," thought Molly, and her curiosity being too thoroughly aroused to submit to this, she wrote off then and there to impress on Mrs. Mackenzie her desire for some explanation.

Long before her aunt's expected reply could arrive—even supposing that lady were willing to go the length of another twopence-halfpenny in one week—Molly received a letter from Mr. Burke, and another from her cousin himself; both containing intelligence which was certainly sufficiently astonishing.



She opened Hugh's first :—

"My Dear Cousin,

"I write to announce to you a discovery which I have recently made, and which, I assure you, fills me with the very greatest pleasure. I find that I am an impostor—a most flagrant specimen of the species—and that I have absolutely no right to the O'Neill estates——"

The letter fluttered in Molly's hand, but she read on eagerly :—

"It seems my grandfather, previous to his union with the lady whose memory I have always revered as that of my grandmama, had contracted an alliance with a very humble person, a housemaid, or a cook, I think, it does not matter which ; ladies being at a discount in the little Western colony which he joined on first emigrating, I daresay he had not much choice. Well, my father was the offspring of this marriage, and not of that which he contracted shortly after my grandmother's death with Miss Margaret O'Neill. The latter had no children, but my father invariably passed for her son ; for my respected grandsire, having 'made his pile,' and married into a good family, was not proud of his former venture in the matrimonial line, and endeavoured to keep it quiet. Nothing concerning it would, probably, have ever transpired, had it not been for a hitherto unknown connection of mine—through the aforesaid unmentionable grandmama. (I hope you will excuse this apparent paradox—you know what I mean.) This sharp youth, one Matthew Stubbs by name, chanced to read of my unexpected inheritance, and of the strange terms of our late kinswoman's will. The New York paper in which these items were set forth was good enough to give a detailed account of my family history, and to expatiate on the fortunate circumstance of the late Mr. Hugh O'Neill's marriage with a descendant of the elder line of the family, through whom alone his heir—your humble servant—had a right to advance his claim. The name set Mr. Stubbs thinking ; in his possession were certain documents relative to the marriage of his great-aunt, Mary Stubbs, and a certain gentleman also called Hugh O'Neill, and to the birth of their son. He made enquiries, the result of which was that he discovered the said son to be my father, and my claim to be null and void. He made his way here in consequence, armed with my granny's *marriage-lines*, etc., intending to levy black-mail on me. But he mistook his man. Never was I so delighted in all my life as to learn I was not what I seemed, as Longfellow says—doesn't he ? Something like it anyhow. If you only knew how bored I am, my dear cousin, and how the people hate me, you would understand. I hailed the idea of escape with positive rapture, sent for Mr. Burke, who has, as he calls it, 'taken steps' to ascertain the truth of this story, and, I am happy to say, finds it correct in every particular. His emissaries have ferretted out witnesses to my grandfather's marriage, and seen the certificates ; he has even hunted up an octogenarian attendant of Mrs. Margaret O'Neill's, who, after much pressure, acknowledged the fact that her mistress had never had a child, and who distinctly remembers the day when my father, 'a fine, strapping boy, two years old,' was committed to the care of the new-made bride. So now nothing remains but for me to turn out, which, I assure you, I do most joyfully, and for you to take possession. Therefore, apologising for having so long kept you out of your rights, and wishing you a long life to enjoy them,

"I remain, your affectionate cousin,

"HUGH O'NEILL."

"Well!" said Molly, throwing almost as much expression into that ejaculation as her American cousin himself could have done, and turning, with her brain in a whirl, to Mr. Burke's letter. This, after recapitulating the facts already narrated by Hugh, and informing Molly that she now stood in precisely the same position as before the former had appeared, was chiefly filled with congratulations. Never had any unsatisfactory affair ended so fortunately for all parties, he said: for Hugh, whose misery in his magnificent loneliness had been such that, in spite of all Mr. Burke could say, he had been resolved on letting the Castle, and going abroad; for the tenantry, with whom he had been most unpopular; and, finally, for Molly herself, who could now resume her former position without fear of being again disturbed. "We need not dread the advent of an 'O'Neill of the elder line' now, I think," he remarked triumphantly, and he added, that he would advise her to take possession without delay.

"Your cousin wishes you to do so, and your aunt is also writing to you to that effect; in fact, we all feel we cannot too quickly extricate you from your present false position. We shall, therefore, expect to see you, at latest, in a week ——"

Here Molly, whose amazement at the turn affairs were taking had been so great as almost to take her breath away, suddenly realised a certain painful fact. Her unlooked-for good fortune meant utter separation from La Pépinière and all its occupants, and that separation must take place immediately.

She flung the letter away from her; for a moment it seemed to her to be the harbinger of none but evil tidings. Dear as Castle O'Neill was to her, great as was her love for her aunt, all seemed swallowed up in her dread of the impending parting. How they would miss her! was her prevailing thought, characteristic in its naïveté. How could she bear to leave them alone in their misery? *They and them*, she said, even to herself, yet it was Raoul's face which floated before her mind's eye, it was his loneliness that appeared to her in tangible form, while the countess's querulous despair loomed indistinctly in the background.

Picking up the letter, she read it carefully through once more, pausing with renewed dismay at the peremptory clause at the finish: "We shall expect to see you, at latest, in a week."

"That is absurd," said Molly aloud, "and quite impossible! I could not think of leaving before they had found someone to replace me. I don't know how auntie and Mr Burke can be so unreasonable. Why should I be ungrateful and inconsiderate to those who have shown me so much kindness? Is my unexpected good fortune any reason for leaving them in the lurch?"

Her heart swelled within her at the idea, and the more she thought about it the less inclined she felt to obey the summons.

A "month's notice," she considered, was due to the baron and his sister; it was the usual rule, and the fact of her altered position did not dispense her from complying with it. "And a month is short enough," said Molly, with a sigh, as, seeing Raoul in the garden beneath, she prepared to break her unwelcome news to him.

She found it easier to tell him her whole story than merely to blurt out the fact of her approaching departure, for she wished him to understand her position exactly. And so, very simply and modestly, she related her many vicissitudes—on which hitherto she had never touched—and, at last, handed him Mr Burke's letter. Raoul read, as he had listened, in absolute silence. He was not much surprised at Molly's rather romantic story; everything about the girl was so unusual, and she herself was so evidently too good for her present position, that at first he even felt in a vague way as though this was nothing but what he had expected. He folded up the letter and returned it to her, still without a word.

"So, you see, I must go, they say," faltered Molly after a pause.

"Yes, of course you must go," assented Raoul.

Molly, anxiously scanning his face, was surprised at its tranquillity; so quiet was it indeed, and, except for that far-away look in the eyes, so much as usual, that she felt slightly disappointed.

"Of course, it is ridiculous to say I must go in a week," she said, with an attempt at cheerfulness. "I will do nothing of the sort. I will stay a month, and during that time you can find someone to replace me."

Raoul smiled, but there was a spasm of pain in his smile. Someone to replace her! how strange, how absurd it was!—as if *anyone* could replace her!

"So, shall we say this day month?" continued Molly, a little huskily.

"This day month," echoed Raoul absently, then apparently waking from his dream, "but did not your friends say they expected you before that?"

"Yes, but they do not understand. There is no reason why I should hurry, and I—I do not want to inconvenience you. I will write, and tell my aunt I cannot leave for a month."

"No, child, you must not do that," said Raoul very gravely and tenderly. "You must go, as they tell you."

"In a week!" said poor little Molly, with quivering lips.

"Yes—in a week, if they wish it. Do not think of us. We shall manage, I daresay." There was a hurt, piteous look on her face that

went to his heart. He made a sudden step forward, but paused, crying in a voice which vibrated with passion :—

“ No, I will not take advantage of your sweet pity ! ”

Molly, surprised, touched, and a little afraid, gazed at him questioningly ; but Raoul would not meet her eyes. There was a moment's silence, and then he called Ourson, who was wandering amid the bushes near, and re-entered the house.

M. E. FRANCIS.

---

## TWO WINDS.

I HAVE within my soul a garden fair  
Where twin-born winds dispute the chequered skies :  
One dulls the glory on the flower, and dries  
The perfumed dew, and strips the bushes bare,  
And broods in darkling bowers, awaking there  
Wild dreams of tones long hushed and vanished eyes,  
Until from grass-grown graves old ghosts arise  
Who shriek out “ Loneliness ! ” through desert air.

The other softly comes on silver wing,  
Beneath whose touch all glamour is renewed ;  
Once more on swaying boughs and grasses spring  
Apples of gold and blossoms many-hued,  
While through the stillness angel-voices sing,  
And dreaming echoes answer, “ Solitude ! ”

E. S.

## A HOLY PILGRIMAGE.

IN earlier and simpler times pilgrimage was a form of devotion dear and satisfying to the Christian heart, and the intention, heroism and adventures of the pilgrim made striking material for poem and legend.

"It is to be understood," says Dante in the "*Vita Nuova*," "that people who go on the service of the Most High are probably named in three ways. They are named *Palmers*, inasmuch as they go beyond sea from whence they often bring back the palm. Inasmuch as they go to the house of Galicia they are called *pilgrims*; because the sepulchre of St. James was further from his country than that of any other Apostle. They are called *Romei* (for which I know of no other word we have in English—says Cary—except *Roamers*), inasmuch as they go to Rome."

Che si reca 'l bordon di palma cinto.

The staff wreathed with palm was the sign which the palmer brought back with him to show where he had been. There is a pretty legend of a poor shepherd, who had undertaken to make seven pilgrimages during his lifetime, in order that he might win the palm which his soul yearned for, to bear with him into eternity. Six pilgrimages were with difficulty and heroically performed, but as time went on impossibility seemed to take the place of difficulty, and the sad pilgrim saw, through tears, that the spiritual work must remain unfinished, and that the palm must be foregone. Lying on the hillside among his sheep one night, he fell asleep, and dreamed that, in the teeth of impossibility, he had accomplished the seventh pilgrimage, and that the palm was in his arms. Glorifying and giving thanks to God he awakened, to find the dream flown, and the reality of failure watching mournfully by his side. Rising up, he flung himself on his knees, and offered his disappointment and sorrow to God—when, lo! suddenly at his feet lay the palm, borne to him, no doubt, by the angel who had carried his prayer.

The Irish have always loved pilgrimage. Witness our still visited Lough Derg and St. Patrick's Purgatory, and our less

famous holy spots, frequented in ancient times by those who could not dream of becoming *Roamers* or *Palmers*. I once saw, on a very lonely, holy island in a lake, a bush covered with rags of every colour, tied securely to the branches and twigs, so that from a distance the tree seemed to be covered with some extraordinary and variegated blossoming. These rags had been tied so by the abjectly poor pilgrims, and left as an outward sign to the angels that *they had been there*, and bore exactly the same meaning as the palm on the staff of the returning Eastern pilgrim. The days of pilgrimage are said to be over, of life-long penitential journeys, of vows of sacrifice, and years of voluntary holy service. We do not now, we are told, meet the pilgrim of Rossetti's lovely romance of the "Staff and Scrip"—

" Can such vows be, sir—to God's ear,  
Not to God's will ? " My vow  
Remains : God heard me there as here,"  
He said, with reverent brow,  
" Both then and now."

At all events, there is less simplicity in doing and avowing our heaven-service than in the days when faith was an armed and mailed knight going forth to meet Satan in open field. We keep our vigils, our penances, our sacrifices, to ourselves, and wear our coat of mail or our pilgrim's gown invisible under our ordinary garments. If we "take neither staff nor scrip," it is because our hands are too full of our workaday occupations, and a little because our modern shyness and reticence will not endure that our purpose should be recognised by the vulgar. In spite of all this, however, there has been recently an outbreak of the old spiritually romantic enthusiasm for pilgrimage among Irish and English Catholics, and the Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes has been made choice of as a goal for the traveller towards God. For some years past, Father Ring, of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, has, from time to time, organised pilgrimages to the Grotto, and has borne with him the prayers of those who, though pilgrims in their hearts, are owners of stationary feet—bound by duty to move but a little distance north, south, east, or west, as little as a sentinel who deserts not his beat upon the battlement. A journey round the Stations of the Cross in the city church or a lonely mountain chapel includes literally all their holy travel, but their souls are on the wing, and their

messages are borne by the angels to the rendezvous at the altar of Mary-within-the-cave. From all parts of the English-speaking world Father Ring has carried messages to our Mother from her children. To some minds the idea seems childish of writing our hearts' desires, homage, aspirations, thanksgivings, in a sealed packet, and addressing it to heaven, to lie under the altar, like the bones of our martyrs, for a given time, and finally to be destroyed by fire, even as all that is material of our hearts themselves will one day be returned to the dust. If childish, it is with a beautiful childishness, and one which a mother may easily overlook. Where the petitioner desires his prayer to be offered by voice, his intention prayed for by the pilgrims, and named in the Mass, his letter is opened by the priest, and the wishes of the writer are complied with. But a secret that is between a soul and God is respected, and only the angels and the consuming fire have opportunity of unfolding the paper that has been sealed and confided to the care of the message-bearer.

Father Ring's statistics—if I may so call them—as to the results of former pilgrimages are an interesting study, and ought to encourage the most faint-hearted. I have seen a mass of letters of thanksgiving for blessings received in answer to petitions, most of these blessings being purely spiritual, though a very large share were for temporal requirements. Twenty-two thousand special intentions have been laid under the altar at Lourdes by Father Ring, and many of these come from Australia. A great number of the avowed petitions are for conversions from sin and from unbelief, and especially from intemperance. With loving care Father Ring has made beautiful lists of the spiritual requests of souls who are longing to reach a higher state of holiness or to be saved from the temptations of the world. Here are a few examples which read like a litany :—

“ That I may serve God better and love Him more and more.”

“ That the holy will of God may be accomplished in myself and in all who are dear to me.”

“ For the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost.”

“ For the virtue of patient humility.”

“ For special and abundant graces on all the priests of God's Holy Church.”

“ For sincere contrition, and the grace of preparation for a happy death.”

“ For the grace of resignation to the holy will of God.”

“ To bear the Cross with more resignation.”

“ For greater devotion to the Blessed Sacrament.”

“ For the grace to love our Lord perfectly, generously, constantly.”

Father Ring is at present\* organising a pilgrimage to Lourdes, to take place during the summer. The last pilgrimage was in May, 1886, and was performed with the blessing of a multitude of bishops and heads of religious orders, and was made in connection with the English pilgrimage of the same year. From the prospectus of that year's pilgrimage I take the following, which may be said to apply to the project of the present moment :—

“ Three years ago a pilgrimage was made to Lourdes. It accomplished much good, procured rich spiritual blessings for many, and bequeathed the sweetest memories. They who had the chief part in its direction and management have learned with much satisfaction that there exists an earnest desire for a second general pilgrimage, so organised as to include and bring together pilgrims from every country where the English tongue is spoken, irrespective of nationality or birth-place. After mature deliberation this pious desire is now to be fulfilled, and the blessing of the Sovereign Pontiff and many venerated bishops gives the augury and assurance of success. The Oblates of Mary Immaculate have received the permission of their superior-general to co-operate in the spiritual direction of the undertaking.”

The motives and objects of the pilgrimage are :—

“ To offer solemn acts of worship to God ; to make humble reparation for sin ; to honour the Immaculate Conception of the ever-blessed Virgin ; for the prosperity and exaltation of the Catholic Church and of the Holy See ; for the extirpation of heresies, and for the conversion of all who are in error ; for concord among Christian princes, and for peace and union among all the faithful ; to pray for the intentions of the archbishops and bishops who have blessed the pilgrimage ; and for the intentions of all individuals connected with it.”

R. M.

\* This was written last spring, and referred to a pilgrimage which has since taken place, and will no doubt be repeated.



## TO THE MUSE.

THINE amber tresses mask the shades of eve,  
 O Muse superb, sweet Sybil of my soul !  
 The myriad lights, that sun the poet, weave  
 Around thy brow a mystic aureole.

O Muse superb, sweet Sybil of my soul !  
 How fair thy neck ! how Paphos-white thine hands !  
 Thy face sheds lustre on the clouds that roll  
 In darkening moods o'er Fancy's shifting sands.

How fair thy neck ! how Paphos-white thine hands !  
 Not of this earth, or earthly, be it said,  
 But with the seal upon them of the lands  
 Whose breath is life, whose bosoms hold no dead.

Not of this earth, or earthly, be it said,  
 Art thou, my Muse, but spiritually blest :  
 Oh, let me dream, and, dreaming, lay my head  
 Upon the singing glories of thy breast !

EUGENE DAVIS.

## SKETCHES IN IRISH BIOGRAPHY.

[No. 18—SIR JOHN O'SHANASSY.

IT was on the 26th of July, 1839, the "William Metcalf," having on board some hundreds of British emigrants, sailed from Plymouth Sound, and, after a voyage of nearly four months, cast anchor on the 15th of November in the Bay of Port Philip. Among the first who came out of the then straggling village of Melbourne to visit the emigrants on board was a young Irish priest, who had himself arrived there only in the preceding May. As soon as it became known that a priest had come on board, the Irish emigrants pressed forward to meet him, but the first to advance from the crowd and to grasp his friendly hand was a tall, slight, but athletic young fellow, who had evidently seen but little

more than twenty summers. Immediately a pretty young girl presented herself, taking her place by the young man's side, and all three entered into conversation. The priest, who was very much struck by the manners and appearance of the two young emigrants, when he learned that they were bound for Sydney, where some of their relatives had already settled, assured them that Melbourne afforded more openings than did the older town of Sydney, and finally induced them to try their fortunes on the banks of the Yarra Yarra. The young Irishman was John O'Shanassy, afterwards thrice Premier of the Colony of Victoria; the young girl was his wife, Margaret MacDonnell, of Thurles; the young priest was Father Patrick Geoghegan, who, having lived many years in Melbourne, loved and respected, was appointed by his Holiness Pius IX. Bishop of Adelaide, in South Australia. He was the first priest that ever set foot in Melbourne, and was almost the first of a band of missionary priests planted in Australia by Dr. Ullathorne, afterwards the well-known Bishop of Birmingham.

John O'Shanassy was born in the year 1818, in Henry Street, Tipperary, in the house next to the corner of Church Street. His father, who married Miss Ellen Dwyer, the daughter of a farmer residing at Dirk, was by profession a land-surveyor. He was a man of fine presence and good address; much liked by his neighbours, and popular among his fellow-townsmen. For some years he had held the office of collector of tithes, and, in the discharge of his duties, had become obnoxious to the peasantry. On that account he resolved to resign the office as soon as the collection he had in hand was finished. One summer's morning, about the year 1830, he went out to collect the tithes, but, as soon as he had reached Dunaskeigh, he was shot dead. This terrible event affected the fortunes of John O'Shanassy profoundly. His widowed mother, left with four young children totally unprovided for, would have been quite unable to rear and educate them, had she not been assisted by her brothers.

When John O'Shanassy was born, Tipperary, now a thriving town, was a village, its market town being Cullen; much of the ground now occupied by substantial houses was waste space; much more was the site of thatched houses, in the midst of which were a few fine residences for the local gentry. In one of these houses, at the corner of Church Street and Main Street, a Mr. Downes taught school. To this school John O'Shanassy was

first sent, but was subsequently transferred to the school kept by Mr. Jeremiah Griffin, a kindly old dominie, in one of the rooms of a dilapidated house, which, as it had once been occupied by the military, was known as the "Old Barracks." In these schools most of the Catholic boys of that day received their education, which consisted of a rather imperfect knowledge of "the three Rs." The sons of Protestants, however, and of a few of the richer Catholics, received a classical education at the endowed school, which, as it stood in the midst of grounds once belonging to an Augustinian Convent, was called the "Abbey School," and which at that time attained a high degree of efficiency under the Rev. Marshall Clarke, the head-master. As was then the custom, John O'Shanassy went to school until he had just reached man's estate, and when he had ceased going to school, he found himself without a calling. In his doubts as to what path he should pursue in life, he ended by setting out on that voyage, the close of which was referred to in the opening sentences of this paper.

Though Father Geoghegan had not over-estimated its future, Melbourne was when O'Shanassy landed there in external appearances the most unpromising of all places in the world. It was only in 1835 that John Batman, accompanied by three whites and seven blacks, sailed from Hobart Town, and landing in Port Philip, purchased from the natives a district as large as Britain, in exchange for beads and other toys. They were the first settlers; but they were soon followed by other adventurers from Van Dieman's Land, under the leadership of Johnny Fawkner, who was for many years a conspicuous figure in Melbourne. In 1837, Sir Richard Bourke, a native of Limerick, one of the most popular of the Governors of New South Wales, came from Sydney, and marked out the boundaries of Melbourne, calling the embryo city after the epicurean First Minister of William the Fourth. In 1839, the houses were constructed of wattles-and-daub; there were no stone buildings, and only one or two buildings of brick. In dry weather one walking in the streets sank up to his knees in sand; in wet weather, in mud; at night, if he escaped falling over the stumps of trees, pitfalls met him at every turn. But outside Melbourne were boundless sheepwalks, and boundless runs for cattle, and the cattle and the sheep were multiplying in geometrical ratio. *Sic fortis Etruria crevit.*

In the first St. Patrick's procession held in Melbourne, in 1843,

"Big John," as O'Shanassy was familiarly called, arrayed in green scarf and rosettes, marched at its head, and in the following year, at a hurling match played at the foot of Batman's Hill, between Tipperary and Clare, he was chosen captain of the Tipperary men. But a speech he made in 1845, in proposing the Queen's health at the St. Patrick's banquet, showed that he possessed intellectual gifts which would entitle him to be also a leader of his countrymen in the political arena. The St. Patrick's banquet, at which he presided in the following year, was made memorable by the eloquent speech delivered by his friend, Father Geoghegan, in favour of religious freedom. In 1852, a service of plate, purchased by subscription, was presented to O'Shanassy as a recognition of his eminent services to his countrymen. In 1854, he presided at the banquet given to Smith O'Brien, Martin, and O'Doherty; but at the dinner given to Gavan Duffy early in 1856, he waived his almost prescriptive right to preside in favour of Mr. Edmond Finn, a native of Tipperary, one of the oldest members of the Melbourne press. In his interesting book, "*The Irish in Australia*," Mr. James Hogan briefly sums up O'Shanassy's political career: "As one of the Members for Melbourne in the first Legislative Council, he gave abundant evidence of his intellectual qualifications for popular leadership. He was one of the committee who drafted the Constitution under which the Government of Victoria has ever since been administered, and to his wise suggestions many of its most admirable features are to be attributed. As soon as it came into operation, he was elected to the popular chamber by Melbourne and Kilmore simultaneously. He chose the latter seat, to the great delight of its warm-hearted Hibernian electors, who continued for years to return him whenever he presented himself for re-election. The three governments of which he was the head, have been credited by friends and foes alike with placing on the statute-book some of the most beneficial and enduring pieces of legislation,—notably, the Local Government Act, and the Crown Lands Act of 1862. To O'Shanassy himself belongs the credit of successfully negotiating the first public loan (eight millions) that the young colony asked from the capitalists of the old world. He was mainly instrumental in securing the simplification of official oaths, and the recognition of the equal rights of all classes of colonists, irrespective of religious belief."

In 1866, when O'Shanassy was about visiting Ireland, he

was presented with an address and a magnificent testimonial by the citizens of Melbourne; and when he arrived in his native town, the younger men, to whom his name had been only a tradition, joined the older inhabitants in giving him a cordial welcome. At the banquet given him in Tipperary, Mr. John Massy, of Kingswell, presiding, he delivered a speech which rather disappointed his hearers. He was most unlike a popular Irish orator. His oratorical style, reflecting the characteristic qualities of his masculine mind, was simple, direct, and vigorous; his manner grave, earnest, and undemonstrative.

If we were asked to what quality in particular Sir John O'Shanassy owed his success in life, we should answer—his robust common sense. Melbourne only afforded him what he could not find in his own country—a field for the exercise of his abilities. Many others of the settlers, it is true, not nearly so well equipped with moral and intellectual endowments, left him far behind in the race for wealth; but his strict integrity, his statesmanlike ability, his unaffected love of his adopted country, lifted him altogether above the level of mere adventurers. In the height of the gold fever, when Melbourne was all but abandoned by its inhabitants, he stuck to his counter, waiting for better times; and better times soon came for him and Melbourne. In his love for his adopted country, however, the claims of his native land on his affection were never forgotten, and in him the Irish immigrants always found a generous friend.

Sir John O'Shanassy, like most Irishmen, was a man of deep religious feelings. He was a strict Roman Catholic, somewhat too combative perhaps when a young man, but from middle age to the close of his life no one could have been more tolerant towards those who differed from him in religion; and, while he was an ardent supporter of Catholic charities, and of Catholic education, he was also a strenuous advocate of civil and religious equality before the law. He enjoyed the singular felicity of having been honoured by his Sovereign for the services he rendered to his adopted country, and by the late Pope for the services he rendered to religion. His death, which occurred early in May, 1883, created a profound impression in Melbourne, and was the occasion of a demonstration in which men of widely divergent views joined in paying a tribute to the memory of one of Melbourne's most eminent citizens.

## IN WINTRY WEATHER.

ONCE on a day of December weather,  
 Greyest and wildest of wintry days,  
 We two who had been children together  
 Kissed and passed into separate ways :  
 I, to my wearisome worldly duty,  
 Sick with the grief that has crossed my years,  
 And you, with a smile of wondrous beauty,  
 To the sacred country that knows no tears.

Following out through untravelled distance  
 The guiding touch of God's messenger,  
 Fearless you went in His strong assistance  
 Who called you home where His angels were ;  
 And I, fearing lest your rest's completeness  
 Be vaguely troubled by noisy woe,  
 Kissing your brow of unruffled sweetness,  
 Passed out sore-hearted and left you so.

But oft when the sunset's gates at even  
 Shimmer all crimson and golden-barred,  
 I think of you in that shining Heaven  
 Whose floor is the firmament planet-starred ;  
 And out of my life's December weather  
 Pray you to guard my lonely years,  
 Till we who once were children together  
 Shall meet in the country that knows no tears.

TERESA C. BOYLAN.

## LANDSCAPE PAINTING AND AMATEURS.

## EIGHTH PAPER.\*

"IT must be a sunrise; don't you see those beams of light shooting up into the sky? In a picture those always mean that it is a sunrise picture."

"Indeed, my dear, how very interesting! Now I should have thought they would have just as good a chance of being in the sky at sunset; not indeed that I ever thought about it one way or another."

The above was spoken beside me some time since in the Turner Room of the National Gallery, London. It was a "Students' Day," and the first speaker was a student, who, with palette and brushes still in hand, was showing her friend, an elderly lady, some of the pictures. I confess I did not until then think it was possible that such an opinion as to the conventional value to be attached to visible sunbeams in the sky would be held by any art student or amateur. But, knowing how much of the conventional still enters into art teaching, it is not to be wondered at, especially as a certain value does belong to conventional symbolism in painting. For, were the subject in question the signboard of an inn meant to advertise its name to the wayfarer as "The Rising Sun," there would be a distinct value in such symbolism, totally apart from any consideration as to whether it was the truthful expression of a particular phenomenon in Nature. For instance, in Rembrandt's etching of St. Francis receiving the Stigmata, we find the symbolism of beams of light falling on the Saint's outstretched hands and feet, rendered with straight pen-strokes, lines that fully symbolise the divine energy and blessing of the gift, and which, therefore, are completely fitted for conveying the idea required, though they would be entirely wrong as a representation of sunbeams from the point of view which the Landscape Artist must necessarily adopt.

Now, though valuable in Religious, and in some forms of Historical Art, to bring such conventional symbolism into Land-

\* See page 300 of the present volume.

scape Painting is altogether wrong. We can symbolise nothing except so far as, our powers of imitation falling short through limited means, our closest imitation must be at the best but a symbol of the reality. Our whole endeavour must be to represent the truths before us with the best sincerity our means can command. There is much temptation in the way of amateurs to wander into convenient symbolism, when their want of skill and patience make it difficult to render faithfully the truth itself. It is so much easier to symbolise the rising sun by painting sunbeams radiating through a clear sky from the sun itself, than, by painting the subtle differences of atmosphere and colour that distinguish sunrise from sunset, represent the reality itself. How difficult, for instance, it must be to even hint at the gradual creeping on of darkness, that saddens the most glorious sunset, or, on the other hand, the gradual growth of light, that, as the sun rises, absorbs the night mists, and, moment by moment, touching the mountain peaks, kindles them into fire, chasing the darkness far into the hollows of the hills. Such truths are amongst the most difficult to render, since they depend largely in Nature on the onlooker's consciousness of progressive movement—of a progress of darkness on the one hand, of light upon the other. One artist, however, has rendered in a manner truly marvellous this very notion of movement, the swift upcoming of the night, through the blinding glory of scarlet and gold that lights "*The Fighting Téméraire*" on her last path.

Now, as it happens, this was the very picture the young art student assured her friend was a sunrise, because beams of sunlight were flashing through the upper sky. If she had cast out of her mind conventional symbolism, and turned her thoughts only towards the picture, she would not have failed to feel what all must who can feel such things at all—that throughout the blaze of glorious light that shines on the old war-ship, tugged to her last berth by the new power which has turned this glory of the "wooden walls of old England" into a thing of the past—a thin, cold haze is spreading, warning us of the upcoming night. Moment by moment as we look, the cold haze of darkness is gathering between us and the sun, that, sunk behind a cloud-bank, casts a flood of blinding glory into the sky, but itself shines ghostly and indistinct along the wide, illumined, placid sea. Full in the strongest gleam of this uncertain light is the busy steam-tug,



rich and full in tone of colour, its reflections cast strong and full in the unbroken water before its bows. To right and left on each side, a wide sheet of foam, the broken water of the steam-tug's paddles, whose stroke can be almost heard, wraps the old ship in a shroud. Out of the gleam of sunlight that lights the tug looming ghostly in the strengthening moonlight, her tall taper masts and spars lifted against the gray hollow of the night, comes the old *Téméraire*, the ghost of the old order that changes, yielding place to the new; as the figure of King Arthur, passing from the sight of the guilty Queen, in the mist and the moonlight, seeming

. . . "the phantom of a giant in't  
Moving ghostlike to his doom."\*

Thus it is that, without one particle of conventional symbolism, Turner has rendered the "growth of darkness over the majesty of departing form,"† through which we hear the sigh of the night wind and the dull boom of the awakened sea.

This great achievement is largely due to the basis of cool gray that pervades even the most brilliant parts of the picture—a truth belonging to sunset at all times, but especially at the close of a sultry day. For, as the end of the day is reached, the sun has by that time drawn up the moisture of the earth; and, as this sinks and becomes condensed, the sun's warmth is lessened, and a cold veil of mist spreads through the atmosphere. This vapour, though not locally visible anywhere, yet exists as a medium which absorbs the rays of light that pass through it. Now, the contrary is more frequently the case at the hour of sunrise. By that time the aqueous vapour has been deposited as dew, or has gathered as mist around the mountain tops, and the upper sky is left clear. As the sun mounts higher and higher, these lower mists are re-absorbed into a state of perfect solution in the atmosphere, and, therefore, sunrise in a clear sky is usually more brilliant, and displays *fuller light*, but *less variety of colour*, than sunset usually displays. Of course there will be contradictions to each of these instances; but I think you will find that, as regards sunset and sunrise in the open sky, the brighter light belongs to the latter, the more varied colouring to the former.

Turn once more to Mr. Long's lithograph of Turner's "*Datur*

\* Tennyson's *Idyls of the King*—"Guinevere."

† Ruskin's *Modern Painters*, Vol. I.

*Hora Quietæ*," and place beside it the sunrise picture in the same series of the lithographs, "*The Landing of Columbus*:" I think you will find this truth illustrated. Though the sun in the sunset picture is higher above the horizon than in the latter, there is much more gloom in the sky. Note especially the wonderful passage of gloom in the bank of cloud just beneath the sun, and the shadowy mystery of the hollow of darkness in the large mass of cloud to the left, faint, yet seemingly growing darker as we look into it—full of mist, through which the distant church spire and the windmill are seen, vague and ghost-like, as contrasted with the sharply defined details of the sunlit castle, which, still in the direct rays of the sun's warmth, are obscured by no mists to render them undefined. Now look at the "*Columbus*." Here the sun is risen in a sky void of any large masses of cloud; whatever haze exists has been drawn up into the sky, where it acts as a further medium of light, not as an obstruction of it. There is no mist between us and the objects of the land or sea; all things stand out sharp and clear defined, even the details of the farthest promontory. Whatever mystery there is, is the mystery of sunlight that blinds and bewilders as we approach the path of its direct rays.

Now, in this picture, we find a phenomenon illustrated, which is also frequently to be found amongst the Old Masters; especially in the landscapes of Claude and Cuyp. This is the phenomenon of "*Visible Sunbeams*;" a phenomenon that Turner has rendered in all its various phases more often than perhaps any other. And while the Older School have used this most beautiful of Nature's many beautiful works as a means of giving an added brilliancy to their works, caring nothing for the truths that govern the production of them, Turner has, on the other hand, so searched out the causes and circumstances of the phenomenon as to make this one of the most striking instances of his inherent insight into Nature's ways and works. But before we can understand the superiority of Turner in this respect above the Early School, we must first clearly understand the causes that produce this phenomenon—one that of all others, so far as I know, is a grave temptation to the amateur to use indiscriminately, owing to the ease with which its use gives brilliancy to the sky.

"*Visible Sunbeams*" in the atmosphere are spaces of aqueous vapour, made manifest from the surrounding spaces through the

passage of the rays of the sun cast laterally through them. We are all of us familiar with the phenomenon of a visible beam of light entering a hole in a window shutter; it is nothing more than the intensity of the sun's rays illuminating the motes and particles of organic matter that exist in the atmosphere of any ordinary room. I will not say but that some of my readers indignantly protest against an insinuation of this kind; I must only beg of them to consider their rooms to be the exceptions that prove the rule. Now what I want you to remember is this, that it is not the light itself that is visible, but the particles of dust which it illumines. Its *path* is rendered evident by the illumination of the dust; and secondly, that for this to take place there must be some substance that will isolate the sunshine (such as the window shutter) in order to make the beam manifest as such. Now take the case of these beams appearing in the sky. First, there must be aqueous vapour; secondly, there must be some substance to isolate and divide the rays one from the other, and it follows that this in the sky you will find to be always either cloud or mountain. Herein lies the first difference between Turner's truthful rendering of this phenomenon and that of the Old Masters. The latter painted the sunbeams without reference to anything that would account for their existence. Turner, on the other hand, painted nothing that cannot be proved as right in its relations with all parts of his picture. The Old Masters, for instance (Claude and Cuyp especially), painted beams issuing directly from the sun itself; a fact that a small amount of thought will show you to be impossible. For, as we have seen, the existence of the beams depends on the existence of an isolating substance, therefore, until there be a cloud to interrupt the sun's rays, no beam can issue direct from the orb itself. One fact may be, and I think has been, urged as an exculpation for the Old School in this matter. When we look at the sun, we see, or rather seem to see, flashes of light coming from the sun itself; "therefore," say the defenders of Claude, "if we see these, why not paint them?" This argument has been swept out of the way by Mr. Ruskin in a few words; it is one worth seeing the reply to, for it will show you how no fallacy can stand for a moment before a mind that has offered itself a daily sacrifice to truth. Mr. Ruskin says that when we have looked at the sun for any length of time, we also see red and blue spots wherever we turn our eyes. They no more exist in Nature than

do the flashes of light above referred to as coming from the sun, and it would be just as logical to paint one as the other. Of course these are only a manifestation of a sight too weak to endure the intensity of the sun's glare; and to represent them in nature is not truth. Still I have seen a picture by Copley Fielding of Solway Sands at sunset, in which this dazzle of the eye, resulting in flashing beams of light from the sun, was hinted at, but so delicately, that it appeared to me, at least, to be legitimate if so done. But Claude serenely sends long beams of light from the sun to the zenith in a clear sky. No argument can support this; it is the outcome of a mind careless and ignorant of fact; seeking only for prettiness, and never, where he does so, reaching anything else.

Clouds then we must have, if we are to have visible sunbeams in the sky. But again, I want, as a warning, to show you another danger into which we are liable to fall, one that you will frequently see exemplified in the old works. The custom of the early painters, when treating this phenomenon of sunbeams, was to paint the beams after the sky colour had been laid on first. This they did without any reference to the colour of the sky itself. They painted the sky an evenly graduated tone of colour; a tone that is unsurpassed in many of the untouched genuine Claudes. This you must observe is a fact in itself which, when left untouched by the early master, stands through all time as a model to the art student that he can never hope to achieve in its full perfection: if he in any way approaches its luminous pureness and delicate gradation of tone, he has achieved that of which he may well be proud; for, whether through defective blending of pigments or comparative want of skill and patience in laying on of colour—probably it is due to both—it may be considered as a certainty that the “technique” upon which the achievement of this quality depends is, comparatively speaking, a lost art in the modern schools of oil painting. But too often the Old Master was not content with this utterance of a perfect kind; he must needs seek to give an added and a false brilliancy to his work, and this at the expense not only of stating what is in itself untrue, but also by so stating a falsehood, he converts that which, untouched, is a truth beautifully painted into an impossibility through its been set as a background for an impossibility. This is what he has too often done. He paints issuing from the sun itself a series of beams of light ungraduated in tone, and of a colour nearly that of the sun itself.

Wherein is this wrong? It is wrong, as you already know, so far as the beams themselves are concerned. But there is also a grave error in painting them the sun colour. For they are regions of the atmosphere mist-laden, made manifest by the sunlight; therefore, on the contrary, the right rendering would have been to paint the shadows of the clouds that cast them on the sunlit sky, whose tone has been already prepared; that is, supposing the clouds had been represented here as they should have been. For if you look at the sun-beam that is thrown on the dust of the room, you will see the beam is opaque, the shadowy air of the rest of the room remaining transparent. Now in the sunlit sky it is the shadows of the clouds that define the beams; *the beams are nothing more than the sunlit sky vacant of shadows.*

Sometimes these rays of light are defined by edges as sharp as any in nature; often they are mere flushing passages of light, scarcely felt. Two circumstances exist to explain this. First (granting the clouds whose shadows define them to be dense), then, the denser the aqueous vapour the keener will be the edges of the shadows cast by the clouds, and, therefore, the keener will be the edges of the rays. Secondly (granting the aqueous vapour to be dense), the more dense the clouds which cast the shadows, and the keener defined their edges, the more sharply will their *shadows' edges* be defined, and, therefore, those of the rays of light which they define. Should either of these circumstances, or both, be modified in intensity, so likewise will be modified the intensity of the keen definition of the sunbeams. If you will now look at the Vignette, "The Landing of Columbus," you will see these principles carried out. An even blaze of light surrounds the sun, but just above it, and slightly to the right, a vague mass of golden cloud has formed, and at once from it a faint soft-edged shadow is cast into the sky; a little higher up, and exactly vertically over the sun, a more strongly marked wreath of cloud is hanging—this casts a stronger shadow than the other, and the space between is the beam of light—almost the first thing that catches the eye in the picture. Farther to the left are smaller flakes of cloud, between the shadows of which many small flashes of light are sent into the upper sky; thus the whole picture vaguely palpitates with flashing light. Note, however, that the shadows of these clouds on the atmosphere are *not sufficiently transparent to allow the blue sky to be seen* in their spaces. The mists of the

morning drawn into the upper sky are yet too dense for this, though, moment by moment, they are being absorbed or are collecting into local wreaths of vapour ; only in the extreme right-hand upper passage of sky does the shadow of the larger wreaths of cloud fall upon the less dense region of vapour, giving us a glimpse of the blue-gray heaven beyond. Lower down the mists have all been cleared away ; notice the clear brilliancy and decision of every detail. Now, just in the region of the highest mountain peak, there is still enough mist in the air to take a shadow, and this shadow is transparent, faint, and blue. What is it that casts this shadow ? There is no cloud to cause it. Its upper edge, commencing at the mountain peak, extends diagonally upwards,—and you will see, after a moment's thought, that it is *the shadow of the mountain itself* on the mist-laden air. How true this fact is to Nature's loveliest moments recorded by Turner in this little picture, those who have watched the glories of sunrise in mountainous districts, especially near sea or lake, can alone bear witness. It is the only picture of his, so far as I know, that records this fact ; but, like all great men, he felt life was too short to waste in repetition, when he had more truths demanding utterance “ than time to act them in ;” he tells one set of truths in one picture (whether it is three inches square or twenty feet square he will tell as much as he can), but he never repeats ; in his next picture he passes on to either new forms of the same truths or different ones.

Under one circumstance rays of light may appear to be cast into the sky *directly from the sun itself* : when it has retired either behind a bank of cloud or a mountain. See how Wordsworth (as Mr Ruskin points out) tells us this truth :—

. . . . . “ But rays of light  
Now suddenly diverging from the orb,  
Retired behind the mountain tops, or veiled  
By the dense air, shot upwards.”

That is, as you will at once perceive, that the irregularities of the outline of either the cloud or mountain cast shadows into the sunlit vapour, resulting in rays of light appearing between them. You must study in Nature and in Turner's works the various modifications of these phenomena, some of the most beautiful and valuable in the whole range of the phenomena of the sky ; but I

would say, in taking leave of this subject, that your own experience will teach you the close connection there exists between it, in its several modifications, and the cloud regions which we are now about to study.

There are three altitudes of the atmosphere to which belong three separately characted clouds. But, whilst we never can find the clouds of the lowest region bearing any resemblance to those of the highest region, we shall find that a distinguishing line drawn between the formation of the middle region and that which is above or below it must be imaginary. In other words, as the clouds of the upper altitude approach the region where those which are distinctive of the middle altitude are formed, they become modified, and approach in character those of the middle altitude; and so also, those of the middle region become modified in their characteristics as they approach either the upper or lower altitudes, becoming more like the clouds that belong to whatever region they are nearest. Hence you will see that here again we come upon the great principle of the Infinite typified in all Nature's works. But to understand and recognise this infinity of form, resulting from subtle gradations in two opposite directions, it is necessary that we shall strive, at least, to grasp the characteristic type of cloud that belongs distinctively to its own sphere. We shall commence at the highest region in which clouds are formed.

The Cirrus Cloud region may be limited in their lowest boundary at the distance of 15,000 feet from the sea level—seeing that they never touch the highest European mountain ranges. Whether there be any limit, on the other hand, as to how far above this they are formed, other than the limit of the last layer of atmosphere, I cannot say; nor does it matter. Now, what, briefly, are their characteristics? There is one verse by Shelley which gives them all; I think I had better, therefore, commence by setting it down. Some of the lines, which do not refer to the clouds, but to the sea, we shall find to be useful later on. So I shall quote it in full rather than mangle the verse symmetry. The italics refer to each characteristic of the cirrus:—

“ For, where the irresistible storm had cloven  
That fearful darkness, the blue sky was seen  
*Fretted with many a fair cloud interwoven*  
*Most delicately, and the ocean green*

Quivered like burning emerald ; calm was spread  
On all below ; but far on high, between  
Earth and the upper air, the vast clouds fled  
Countless and swift as leaves on autumn's tempest sped."

I. *Their altitude.*—This has been already stated ; but notice how Shelley illustrates that which makes their extreme distance most manifest in the seventh and eighth lines. When we see a drift of dark rain-cloud far above us, hurried across the quiet peace and steadfast repose of a region of cirrus cloud, their extreme remoteness from the turmoil of the air that drives the storm-wrack before it becomes at once evident.

II. *Their symmetrical arrangement.*—This is given in the first word in the third line—"Fretted." Where Shakspeare has applied this term to the clouds in *Hamlet*, he must have meant the cirrus—"this brave o'erhanging firmament fretted with golden fire ;" that exactly describes the symmetrical arrangement of these clouds. For a thing to be *fretted*, we must imagine a network or reticulation of lines to somehow exist in it, and this is the almost constant character of the arrangement of these clouds. They are always arranged in some definite order. I shall briefly enumerate the principal varieties of arrangement. (1) In long ranks, each rank consisting of an almost infinite number of transverse bars of about the same length, each bar thickest in the middle, and terminating in a traceless, vapourous point at each side. The ranks are in the direction of the wind ; the bars, therefore, at right angles to it. Furthermore, the bars are slightly bent in the middle, their concavity facing the point from which the wind blows. This arrangement of cloud often extends from the horizon to the zenith. (2) When two systems of the above kind occur, indicating two separate currents of wind in different altitudes, their lines intersect one another ; therefore, we have the sky fretted with a delicate tracery of these cloud-bars. (3) The well-known arrangement of these clouds accompanying or foretelling storm, or, at least high winds—"mares' tails"—consists of sweeping, plummy bundles of parallel bars, or rather fibres, so delicate they are in their component parts, and yet so strong, and tough in appearance taken collectively. They tend to spread outwards at the extremity furthest from the wind, and are often bent upwards : the narrow extremity being turned towards the wind, and the fibres being parallel with its direction. Such are the systems under which these clouds



arrange themselves, in some modified forms of either, in Nature. As Mr. Ruskin has shown, they altogether differ from other clouds, in that they have a plan or system; whereas other clouds have perfect freedom from anything like a relative and general system of government—though there are certain laws which they cannot break. The cirrus clouds are the symbol in Nature of the divine element of *order* which rules certain portions of all her works, but is nowhere more beautifully typified than in these clouds. They are, as compared with the other cloud systems, what soldiers on parade are to the mixed multitude. The soldiers march, rank and file, under symmetrical discipline; the multitude, each as the individual wishes, though following the one rule that all men adopt when walking, viz.—that they walk on their feet, not on their heads.

III. *Their exceeding delicacy*—given in the words “most delicately” in the fourth line. For delicate decision of the marking of their edges no lines in Nature are equal to those of the sides of the cirrus which are *turned towards* the wind. Conversely, the edges of the bar turned away from the wind are most delicate in the soft, imperceptible way in which they melt away into the blue interstices between them. Again, the softer the one edge the sharper will be the other, and sometimes the soft edge seems to slip underneath the sharp edge of the one beyond it in the wind’s direction, thus giving the appearance which we know as “mackerel sky,” from the close resemblance which such a condition as the above gives to the scales of the fish. If the sky be clear and windless, both edges will be soft, and the clouds then look solid, round, and fleecy.

IV. *Their multitude*—given in the word “many,” third line in the stanza. This characteristic might be almost said to be part of the preceding one; since, for delicacy of division, these clouds are capable of imparting an idea of number such as nothing else in nature can. One of the reasons of this is, that “number” is always most felt when symmetrical, and as symmetry is one of the first characteristics noted of these clouds, no sea-waves nor green leaves make their numbers evident as do these clouds. But, apart from this, you will find that these cloud bars, infinite as they themselves are in number, tend to undergo an infinite *sub-division* into either transverse, undulating waves across their length, or they are broken off—sub-divided at regular intervals—so that we get

the idea of the sky being covered with fields of these fleecelike clouds extending in *long ranks* of delicate curvature, perhaps from the zenith to the horizon. If these sub-divisions of the cirrus bars be round, they will look like flat discs, or "patines," as Shakspeare called them. It is under these circumstances, I think, that we usually obtain the "mackerel sky," and I doubt if such a condition belongs to the cirrus region proper. I think it is a modification of the stratified cirrus into small masses of "cumulus"—the next region which lies below. In fact, the scientist's name for the phenomenon known by the vulgar as "mackerel sky" is "Cumulo-cirro-stratus," showing that it is a modification of the true cirrus. Mr. Ruskin has seen this form of cloud arrangement cast shadows on Mont Blanc at sunset,—full proof that it was formed at an elevation below the true cirrus level. No matter where they are formed, this sky is one of the loveliest in nature.

V. *Their purity of colour.*—They are composed of the purest aqueous vapour, the air about them being less dense, they receive the light of the sun with far greater intensity than lower objects—and being farthest off, their shadowed sides are purer in their tone of gray than the shadows of any other clouds; hence their colours are more pure and vivid, their white less sullied, and their shadows more tender and opalescent than those of anything else in Nature.

VI. *Their variety.*—Variety is most felt when it is combined with symmetry, since in other clouds the *difference* between their forms is not striking, no connection between them being expected. But here we have a multitude of clouds following fixed laws, governed by one general form, yet not one of them *identical in form* with the other. This one will be more finely curved—that next will have a finer edge—this other will be modelled into more solidity, and so on—all will be *alike*, none will be exactly similar, and, therefore, their variety will be felt to be all the more striking through the contrast of their perfect symmetry.

Such are the characters of the grand region of the cirrus: a region neglected by artists nowadays, as if it scarcely existed\* It is that part of the sky which Turner has made his own: in the rendering of whose glories no artist before or since has ever

\* There is scarcely a picture to be found in any exhibition of present-day works in which this cloud region is painted with even half the care expended on the other parts.

approached his power. There is scarcely a picture painted by him in which intensity of light and serenity of sky is aimed at, that does not show these clouds painted by a master's hand, each picture telling us something fresh and new about their beauties. If you look at the three lithographs by Mr. Long, after Turner's vignettes—"His Native Village," "Landing of Columbus," and "The Tranquil Hour"—you will be able to verify the characteristics of these clouds in the skies of each. One fact, however, I cannot find in these vignettes, but which is recorded in the "Havre," from *The Rivers of France*, that these cirri are often so transparent as to be invisible until sunbeams are cast laterally through them. In this picture the paths of the sunbeams are marked by their illuminating regions of these transparent clouds, invisible except where the beams pass through them. It would be impossible to find a more beautiful truth, more fully and fearlessly stated than that of this sky. But it would be necessary for me to go through every sky of Turner's in detail to give you an idea of the infinite truth and grand nobility of conception which he infused into his work. I can only beg of you to remember that, whilst these highest flights of Nature in her upper clouds are rare in their occurrence compared with the phenomena which belong to the two remaining regions, they are all the more earnestly to be sought for in Nature by the artist, and rendered as fully as he can, in order that the minds of the public may be turned in the direction of seeking for and appreciating them, when Nature herself puts such beauties before them. A mediocre mind will paint or understand a sky with nothing but cumulus and rain-cloud, but such a sky will never expand or raise the heart as will the glories of sunset amongst the upper clouds.

MONTAGU L. GRIFFIN.

## THE WHITE CHRIST.

**W**HERE one young busy brain thinks gracious thoughts,  
 And gives them to the world with subtle pen ;  
 Where the gay sunshine of the summer day  
 Plays with unceasing gladness on the floor—  
 There hangs a picture ; and I deem it gives  
 The love and loveliness, the light and power,  
 To the young heart that lives with it alway.  
 O, the pale beauty of that pictured Face !  
 The Godhead shineth in the wondrous eyes  
 That look, and see nought but the dreadful hate  
 Of His mad people crying for His blood.  
 But is He not their King ? Doth He not wear  
 White garments for His coronation-day ?  
 Nay, He is crowned already. See, His brow  
 Is circled with a diadem of thorns  
 That gem the wide, white forehead here and there  
 With ruddy stars of His most royal blood ;  
 One slender foot poised half-way down the step,  
 As though it feared the sudden, short delay  
 That Pilate maketh when he bringeth forth  
 Barabbas, and the people have their choice.  
 O, blessed Foot that shalt so soon be pierced  
 For me, and mine, and every soul that lives ;  
 Blessed be thy weary journeyings up and down,  
 For me, and mine, and every soul that lives.

Thus where my poet sits and works all day  
 This White Christ makes pathetic, mute appeal  
 To her, that she be patient if there come  
 Hard things and bitter in her daily life :  
 For, when she lifteth up her eyes, she sees  
 Her King, who weareth always on His brow  
 The bitter crown of thorns, and in His heart  
 A sad, sweet patience with His people's sins.

MARY FURLONG.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. In one of Kathleen O'Meara's letters, which we printed last month, she requested that in introducing one of her stories to our readers we should not mention that it had already appeared as a serial in an American Magazine; for, she added, "people sometimes care less for a story when they hear it has not been written expressly for their particular entertainment." In spite of this weighty authority, we think we are doing a service to "*Olympias*," by T. Sparrow (London: Remington & Co.), when we begin our notice by recognizing it as having lately run its course through *The Month*, the Editor of which periodical has thus given it his *Imprimatur* in a very emphatic way. This circumstance will have its weight with those who have charge of the libraries of Children of Mary, and who will, on external authority alone, be justified in adding "*Olympias*" to the list of "Harmless Novels" which we once ventured to draw up in this Magazine.\* Miss Sparrow is described on the titlepage as author of "*Life as We Live It*"—a little book with which we are well acquainted, and which is excellent in spirit and style. But it is not a story, and "*Olympias*" is. Though it begins with Athens by moonlight, in the second half of the twelfth century, and though Anna Comnena figures among the personages in the drama, it can hardly be called an historical romance, and so much the better, for there are very few indeed that can make the past live again like Walter Scott. The usual element of story-telling is here in abundance, with a glamour of poetry and romance cast round it by Grecian scenery and antique customs. The style is excellent, and in literary merit "*Olympias*" rises much above the level of the ordinary one-volume novel.

2. We do not know what the three words are, the initials of which have given a name to a new series of humorous, sensational, and bizarre books, published by Simpkin, Marshall and Company, of London. The only one of "O. U. R. Books" which has come under our notice is the second—"The Veiled Picture," by Elizabeth Lysaght. Those who enjoy Shilling Shockers will probably consider this a clever addition to the genus; but the genus itself seems to be a rather aimless and, in fact, a stupid department of fiction. The present specimen is innocent at all events.

3. "The Perfection of Man by Charity, a Spiritual Treatise," by

\* IRISH MONTHLY, Vol. xiv., page 206 (April, 1886).

Father Reginald Buckler, O.P. (London: Burns and Oates), is one of the most important and original additions that have been made for many years to English ascetic literature. Two theologians of the illustrious Order to which the author belongs have approved of it after a careful examination. It is intended chiefly, but not exclusively, for Religious. It is manifestly the mature fruit of the studies and meditations of many years. Of course, St. Thomas Aquinas is necessarily the chief uninspired authority; but every page is enriched with quotations from many who went before him, and have come after him, from Cassian and St. Augustine to St. Bernard, and on to Walter Hilton, St. Jure, Rodriguez, Lewis of Grenada. The references are given with great exactness, and footnotes pretty generally furnish the quotations in the original language. The printing and proof-reading have been all they ought to be, and very seldom are, and the material "get-up" could hardly be in better taste.

4. The same publishers have produced with the same care "A History of the Seven Holy Founders of the Order of the Servants of Mary," by Father Sostene M. Ledoux, of the same Order; but the type employed throughout is of the small size that is generally confined to footnotes, and, therefore, though the printing is excellent of its kind, it does not commend itself to eyes that are used to modern typography, even though the three hundred pages are thus enabled to contain more than twice the usual amount of matter. The work is divided into three books, chronicling the events which occurred in the preparation and foundation of the Servites, and in the consolidation, extension, trials, and triumph of the Order. The period that is treated of is chiefly the thirteenth century. The work is translated from the French, and the translation is well done, though perhaps an adaptation that would have allowed the book to be printed in larger type would have secured a larger number of English-reading clients for the Seven Holy Founders of the Order of the Servants of Mary.

5. Again the same Publishers have brought out a third edition of "The Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi" in a perfect form. This is the translation of the famous *Fioretti*, which was made by Lady Georgiana Fullerton and the Marchioness di Salvo, thirty years ago. Dr. Manning introduced it in a short preface at Christmas, 1863; and now at Easter, 1889, Cardinal Manning prefixes to the new issue an exquisite<sup>1</sup> introduction of some length. Every Catholic library should possess this holy and amusing book; and it need not be confined to Catholic libraries, for it is an acknowledged classic, and belongs to literature as well as to piety.

6. The Benzigers, of New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago have published a "Calendar of the Society of Jesus, for the use of the

Faithful," drawn up by the Rev. D. A. Merrick, S.J. It furnishes short lives of all the canonized and beatified sons of St. Ignatius Loyola. Another very useful little book is "The First Communicant's Manual of Preparation for the Sacraments of Confession, Holy Communion, and Confirmation," by the Rev. D. Gallery, S.J. (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son). This tomelet of 128 pages, full of simple and solid instructions, and of pious prayers and devotions, is sure of a wide and permanent circulation. It fills a want.

---

"DECLINED WITH THANKS."\*

WITH "thanks" in neatest copperplate defined,  
 And of "regrets," and "compliments" a store,  
 And "space cannot be found"—what would I more?  
 A courteous missive, aye, and wondrous kind,  
 But hardly suited to my simple mind;  
 A curt "Accepted," roughly sprawling o'er  
 The crumpled copy, all too fair before,  
 I own I had been better pleased to find.

For though sincerity, I doubt it not,  
 Dwells ever in the editorial breast—  
 Though "Deeds, not Words" its motto is, I wot,—  
 I still would venture humbly to suggest  
 (In case the fact be for the nonce forgot)  
 That *proofs* betoken gratitude the best.

M. E. FRANCIS.

\* "Returned, with the compliments and thanks of the Editor of———, and regrets that space cannot be found for the contribution in the Magazine."

## ANONYMITIES UNVEILED.

III.—SIGNATURES IN *The Nation* AND *The Celt*.

SEVERAL correspondents have favoured us with communications which were evidently intended for the department of "Questions, Answers, and Remarks," but which, we think, will be more conveniently accessible to future explorers if grouped together under the present heading.

In Mr. Crilly's alphabetical list of the *noms de plume* of *The Nation* in its early years, which we laid before our readers at page 503 of the present volume, "Carolan" was interpreted as meaning Dr. John Thomas Campion. From Dr. Campion himself we learn the following particulars:—

"I sent 'The Death of Emmet' to the old *Nation* in the days of John Mitchel and Maurice Leyne. In Duffy's absence from Dublin Mitchel was in the editorial chair, and informed me through the Answers to Correspondents that 'Emmet' was reserved for the quarto volume of 'The Spirit of the Nation'—where the ballad appeared with a *wrong* signature attached to it. Some other poems appeared about the same time and in the days of the war between the two Americas.

"I never knew that William Kinealy\* wrote any poems for *The Nation*, or had any connection with poetry, except in being supposed to have written the introduction to a volume or two of selections made by a Mr. Hayes.

"I have just looked over *The Celt*, and the names I recognize are 'Carolan' (my own stories and poems), 'Tyroconnel' (Dr. Cane, of Kilkenny), 'J. O'R.' (O'Reilly, Kilkenny), Mr. Ryan of the Kilkenny Library, 'Ethne' (from Trinity College), and Walsh—not Edward—but a sweet national poet from the south of Ireland, of whom I could learn nothing. Charles Kickham signed himself 'Ulick Dunloe.' Kickham's Irish sketches were beyond praise, but his novels very diffuse and without much point, except their undying nationality."

I think Dr. Campion is guilty of a slight anachronism in coupling together John Mitchel and Maurice Richard Leyne, who appeared a little later on the scene. Was John Walsh the sweet national poet of whom he could learn no particulars? We have copies of some of his contributions to *The Irish People*, for which we shall on the first opportunity claim a place in future Irish anthologies.

In the interesting series of articles on the early *Nation* writers which Mr. Daniel Crilly, M.P., contributed to the columns of *Young Ireland* in the beginning of the present year, and which

\* Hayes' *Ballads of Ireland* contain two by Mr. Kinealy.



has given rise to our present discussion, he claimed a high place amongst national poets for William Pembroke Mulchinock, of Tralee, the writer of the song "Fill High To-night," which appears in the "Spirit of the Nation," and for Bartholomew Dowling, of Limerick, who wrote the dashing ballad, "The Brigade at Fontenoy," which is to be found in the "Ballad Poetry of Ireland." These two gifted national minstrels emigrated to America, as Mr. Crilly tells us, in the stormy period of '48, but what became of them there, where they settled, when and where they died, the Member for North Mayo finds himself unable to say. Can any of our readers on our own side or on the other side of the Atlantic enlighten us on these points? If the graves of these two Irish poets could be found in America, it would probably be found also that they have long been overlooked and neglected. In that case, we are sure that the sense of patriotism in Irish hearts across the ocean would speedily remedy such a state of things. Could Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly or Mr. Daniel Connolly effect anything in this connection?

*Apropos* of the list of the various *noms de plume* of the old *Nation*, with which Mr. Crilly concluded the series of articles referred to in the foregoing paragraph, Mr. Crilly writes to us as follows:—

"In your friendly comments on my list of the old *Nation* writers, you are perfectly correct, I find, in doubting my accuracy when I attributed the early *Nation* signature of "Eironnach" to Dr. Sigerson. That signature was, I believe, used by Dr. Sigerson at a later period in national journals and periodicals; but in 1842 and 1843 it belonged, I think I have discovered, to Michael Doheny, afterwards the author of 'The Felon's Track.' When weaving my gossip about the old *Nation*, I had not the advantage of having before me the original edition of the 'Spirit of the Nation,' issued in two parts in 1843. This is a volume vastly different from the current edition of 'The Spirit of the Nation' as we know it now. In the original work none of the real names of the writers are given; only *noms de plume* are employed. At page 49, Part II., I find the well-known song of 'The Shan Van Vocht, beginning:—

' The sainted isle of old,  
Says the Shan Van Vocht :  
The sainted isle of old,  
Says the Shan Van Vocht,—

The parent and the mould  
Of the beautiful and bold,—  
Has her blithesome heart waxed cold?  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.'

In the early 'Spirit of the Nation' this version of the 'Shan Van Vocht' is set down to 'Eiranach.' In the more modern edition of the 'Spirit of the Nation' the same song is reproduced at page 95, with Michael Doheny's name given as the writer. Another poem by 'Eiranach,' entitled 'O'Nial's Vow,' is the very last poem in the second part of the old 'Spirit.' In the large quarto edition, which contains the songs and music of the 'Spirit of the Nation,' 'O'Neill's Vow' is given at page 50—again with Michael Doheny's name attached to it. I think this fixes the identity of 'Eiranach.' It will be seen that this signature differs slightly in the spelling from 'Eironnach.' Would you kindly let me refer to another point? In the body of my articles in *Young Ireland*, I showed that 'Terræ Filius' was a signature frequently used by James Clarence Mangan. In preparing the list with which I concluded the series I inadvertently omitted 'Terræ Filius.'"

"Carroll Malone" and "Pontiac" are signatures frequently met with in all collections of popular Irish poetry. Both signatures, we understand, belonged to a Mr. J. M'Burney, who is generally put down as having hailed from Belfast or its neighbourhood. He ultimately emigrated to America. In the newspaper reports, in 1848, of the meetings of the Belfast branch of the Irish Confederation, the name of a Dr. M'Burney occasionally occurs in the list of those present. Can any of our readers say if this was the poet?

Mr. R. M. Sillard had already called our attention to the omission, now supplied by Mr. Crilly, as to Clarence Mangan's signature, "Terræ Filius." He adds also "Theta" as the signature of Terence M. Hughes (who, by the way, did enough of clever literary work to deserve a memorial sketch); "M.P.," a signature used by John O'Connell, and, "O'K.," by Maurice O'Connell. Mr. Sillard remarks upon the absence of Mr. W. M. Downes, the author of a beautiful Ode to Father Mathew; but probably our correspondent has not had the advantage of reading the whole series of Mr. Crilly's papers on this subject, which he must not judge of by our summary of a few of their concluding pages. He seems also to introduce signatures from "The Voice

of *The Nation*;" but that was prose, and the present discussion has regarded the poets of *The Nation*.

Mr. Crilly has just corrected the mistake committed in attributing to Dr. Sigerson what belonged to Michael Doheny. A still better authority on that point has kindly furnished us with the same correction, along with so many interesting particulars that we may assign them to a new section.

#### IV.—SIGNATURES IN *The Irishman*, *The Shamrock*, etc.

It is a mistake to suppose that any verses signed "Erionnach," in or about 1848, were by George Sigerson. At that period he wrote nothing but prose, generally in the form of pithy philosophical plagiarisms, expressed in that style of writing which may be termed "early uncial"—familiar to small schoolboys.

The pseudonym, "Erionnach" (*i. e.*, an "Irishman," not Celt, Gael, Firbolg, Saxon, or Norman), was appended to some poems contributed whilst he was still a medical student, to *The Nation*, and *The Harp*, in 1859. During this time also there was published by O'Daly, Anglesea Street, Dublin, the Second Series of "Munster Poets and Poetry," with metrical translations. This appeared under the pseudonym of "Erionnach."

To some casual literary contributions to *The Shamrock*, in its earlier days, "Saeirse" (Gaelic for Liberty), "Liagh" (a physician), "Gan Go" (*i. e.*, without deceit), and "Snorro" (from the Norse writer Snorro Sturleson), were appended as aliases for the more usual signature "Erionnach."

To *The Nation* Dr. Sigerson contributed anonymously a literary article showing parallel passages between Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," and the Mabinogion, which demonstrated that, in many places, Tennyson had simply remoulded the story from prose into verse.

*The Irishman*, which grew out of the Belfast tri-weekly *Ulsterman*, was owned and edited by Denis Holland, a Cork man. It was removed to Dublin in 1858, chiefly at the instance of John Edward Pigot, son of Chief Baron Pigot, and a few of his friends, who were, like him, a remnant of the Young Ireland Party. *The Irishman* adopted and carried on for some years the system of signed articles, but pseudonyms, not real names, were used. Denis Holland usually appended to his political articles the words "Allua," and "Lamhdearg," to his stories "Abhonmor,"

and occasionally to his verses "Otho," "Le Rêveur," "H." His fondness for versification (in which he never excelled) was indicated by the first name mentioned—readers of Callanan's "Gougane Barra" will recollect his reference to "Allua of Songs."

John Edward Pigot devoted much of his time and attention to this journal, in which he desired to revive the traditions, teaching, and repute of the Young Ireland Party. He, himself was a non-reconcilable of the Mitchel section. Most of his political articles were signed with three stars or asterisks (\* \* \*), rarely with one. Sometimes he used the term "Gall"—that being Gaelic for a foreigner, indicating thereby his Norman extraction. He contributed many literary papers, generally reviews of historical works (such as the Wellesley Correspondence, &c.), to which he appended the signature "Firinne" (*i. e.*, Truth). This, likewise, was his signature for his art criticisms, which were many, and which, like all his articles, were elaborated with great care and inflexible conviction. They were sometimes signed Laighean (*i. e.*, Leinster). For several years he supplied the critical account of the Royal Hibernian Academy's Exhibitions. Some letters on "Art and Artists," were signed "A. B. (D.)" He also gave a complete and minute review of the art-treasures of the National Gallery when it was opened to the public—this, which might be called a critical catalogue, was much appreciated by Dublin visitors, and enabled them to distinguish the characteristics of the different schools, as well as the special merits of the various art-objects. Untiring and enthusiastic, he drew up the first (and only?) index to one of the first volumes of *The Irishman*.

He used one other signature. Under that of "A Silent Politician," he gave to the public a most complete and elaborate new Constitution for Ireland, going into all departments, and minute details. This was published by Harding, of Werburgh Street, and subsequently reprinted in *The Irishman*: to which, for a long time, John Edward Pigot was the most voluminous contributor.

P. J. Smyth, though of Gaelic origin (for the name was originally M'Gowan), did not adopt any Gaelic name. The bent of his mind was more exclusively classical, hence he appended such names as "Cato," or "Fabricius," to his contributions.

Contributions signed "J. M.," on "Country Life in France," and Paris Correspondence, were from John Mitchel; but these could scarcely be considered anonymous.

The initial "W" marked the contributions of John Charles Waters; they were of much merit, and somewhat in the picturesque style of Davis.

"Celt" (formerly used by Davis in *The Nation*), was the pseudonym assumed by Thomas Neilson Underwood, a barrister, residing in Strabane, Co. Tyrone. He was a Presbyterian, who claimed relationship with Samuel Neilson, of 'Ninety-eight, and had occupied a prominent position in the agitation for Tenant-right.

Under the appellation of "The Irish Bohemian," Mr. John Augustus O'Shea contributed many vivacious sketches to *The Shamrock*, and some to *The Irishman*.

"Feardana" (i. e., man of Song—or poet), was the usual pseudonym of Dr. Robert Dwyer Joyce in *The Nation* and *The Irishman*.

"Caviare," the signature of J. F. O'Donnell in *The Nation* and *Irishman*—but "Monkton West" in *The Irish People*, and occasionally in *The Nation*.

#### V.—MISCELLANEOUS IRISH LITERARY SIGNATURES.

"Finola," is not to be confounded with "Fionnuala" of the old *Nation*, which was an *alias* for "Eva," Mrs. Kevin Izod O'Doherty. The former was Miss Elizabeth Willoughby Treacy, who became Mrs. Ralph Varian. "Duncathail" (suggested by Dunkettle), was the *nom de plume* of Ralph Varian, of Cork, author of some good poems, and of a *Life of John and Henry Sheares*, and editor of "The Harp of Erin," and "Popular Poetry of Ireland."

In *The Irishman*, "The Irishman in New York" was Mr. Heffernan; and Mr. John Augustus O'Shea was "The Irish Bohemian" in *The Shamrock*.

Under the name of "Tiria," Mr. J. Burke contributed many poems and tales to *The Irishman* and *The Shamrock*; and Mr. Charles P. O'Connor signed his verses "Cairn Tierna."

Miss Ellen O'Leary\* signed some of her poems, "Lenel," a transposition of her Christian name. "Slievenamon," the name of

\* With deep regret we announce the death of this warm-hearted and gifted Irishwoman, which has just occurred on the 16th October. It will be the duty of this Periodical, to which she contributed occasionally, to do something for her memory.

his beloved mountain, was attached by Charles Kickham to a "Shamrock Wreath," which appeared in *The Irishman* on St. Patrick's Eve, 1861, and which included "Rory of the Hill," "The Irish Peasant's Song of the Time to Come," and "A Famine Sketch, inscribed to a Tipperary Priest."

"The Struggles of Dick Massey," by Reginald Tierney (Duffy, 1860). The author's real name was T. O'Neill Russell. He contributed occasionally to *The Irishman*. He is now in the United States, but still cultivates Irish [Gaelic] literature.

Miss Rose Kavanagh's first literary work appeared in *The Shamrock*, under the name of "Ruby," and by its freshness of style attracted the editor's special attention.

## SONNETS ON THE SONNET.

### BATCH THE FIFTH.\*

THE Philistine, whose wish was father to the thought, and who thought that this subject was exhausted in our last contribution to the series, was never (even he) more mistaken in his life. As we are now going back to the earliest sonnet on the Sonnet, we may, by way of contrast, give the latest, which probably is the following, by Eugene Lee Hamilton, half-brother to the accomplished lady who writes under the name of "Vernon Lee," but whose real name is Miss Violet Paget. "What the Sonnet is" is the title given in the newspaper from which this is clipped, but the poet may have named it otherwise:—

" Fourteen small, baleful berries on the hem  
Of Circe's mantle, all of greenest gold;  
Fourteen of lone Calypso's tears that roll'd  
Into the sea, for pearls to come of them.

\* The fourth batch, at page 380 of this volume (July, 1889), begins by specifying the dates and contents of the previous papers.

“ Fourteen small signs of omen in the gem  
 With which Medea human fate foretold :  
 Fourteen small drops, which Faustus, growing old,  
 Craved of the Fiend to water life's dry stem.

“ It is the pure white diamond Dante brought  
 To Beatrice ; the sapphire Laura wore  
 When Petrarch cut it sparkling out of thought ;  
 The ruby Shakespeare hewed from his heart's core ;  
 The dark, deep emerald that Rossetti wrought  
 For his own soul, to wear for evermore.”

Chronological order has by no means been followed in this series of papers, which began with the latest and not the earliest *soneto del soneto*. Which one was the earliest of all ? Any reader who feels an interest in that question is likely to possess Mr. Samuel Waddington's "Sonnets of Europe" in Mr. Walter Scott's shilling series *Canterbury Poets*, which we have frequently commended as marvellously cheap and neat. In a note at page 268, Mr. Waddington puts together a good many references which even the wonderful Reading Room of the British Museum in London did not enable me to follow up satisfactorily in a delightful week devoted almost exclusively to this purpose last November—just a year ago. I am not sure that even the resources of that institution supply all the means and appliances necessary for the investigation of this small question. Can any one supply me with the companion Italian sonnet by Marino that Mr. Waddington refers to ?

Mr. Waddington says that the credit of the idea of the *soneto del soneto* belongs to Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, who flourished some fifty years before Lope de Vega. But may not he, too, have been forestalled by some sonneteer using the language of Guittone and Petrarch ? The earliest Spanish sonnet on the Sonnet is thus given in the fourth volume of the *Parnaso Espanol*, which arranges the lines in the following manner, and confines the capital letters to the beginning of each quatrain and tercet :—

“ Pedís, Reyna, un Soneto, y ya le hago ;  
 ya el primer verso y el segundo es hecho ;  
 si el tercero me sale de provecho,  
 con otro verso el un quarteto os pago.

“ Ya llego al quinto : España, Santiago !  
 fuera, que entro en el sexto : sus, buen pecho :  
 si del setimo salgo, gran derecho  
 tengo á salir con vida de este trago.

“ Ya tenemos á un cabo los quartetos :  
¿ que me decís, Señora ? ¿ no ando bravo ?  
mas sabe Dios si temo los tercetos.

“ Y si con bien este Soneto acabo,  
nunca en toda mi vida mas Sonetos,  
que de este, gloria á Dios, ya he visto el cabo.”\*

As Spaniards are the best judges of their own poetry, we may quote some of the remarks of Don John Joseph Lopez de Sedana, who edited the *Parnaso Espanol* at Madrid in the year 1782. He claims that this sonnet alone would prove the genius of “our Mendoza ;” the idea is so original, so supremely ingenious and delicate, and worked out so skilfully. He adds, that on purpose he sets beside it Lope de Vega’s more famous sonnet “al mismo proposito,” which he considers superior to its predecessor, especially in grace of expression and beauty of style :—

“ Un soneto me manda hacer Violante :  
Y en mi vida me he visto en tal aprieto,  
Catorce versos dicen que es soneto,  
Burla burlando van los tres delante.

“ Yo pensé que no hallara consonante,  
Y estoy á la mitad de otro cuarteto,  
Mas si me veo en el primer terceto  
No hay cosa en los cuartetos que me espante.

“ Por el primer terceto voi entrando  
Y aun parece que entré con pié derecho,  
Pues fin con este verso le voy dando.

“ Ya estoy en el segundo, y aun sospecho,  
Que estoy los trece versos acabando :  
Contad si son catorce, y está hecho.”

We have already given in the first of these papers Mr. James Y. Gibson’s translation of this sonnet, in which he changes Violante into Juana. We may here add a second translation by Mr. J. P. Collier :—

“ My haughty Fair a sonnet bids me make,  
I never was in such a fright before !  
Why, fourteen lines, they say, those sonnets take :  
However, one by one, I have ek’d out four.  
These rhymes, said I, I never shall complete,  
And found the second quatrain half way done !  
If now the triplets had but all their feet,  
These two first quatrains pretty well might run.

\* As this sonnet has never been translated, perhaps some ingenious reader may supply us with a version.



On the first triplet thus I enter bold :  
 And, as it seems, my speed I still may hold :  
 Since the foundation is so fairly laid.  
 Now for the second. And so well dispos'd  
 My muse appears, that thirteen lines are clos'd.  
 Now count the whole fourteen ! The sonnet's made."

The French version of this sonnet, which we also gave in a previous paper (October, 1887), we have since discovered to be the work of Abbe Régnier Desmarais, of the French Academy, who, strange to say, translated also Rodriguez ; and our English translator translated *him*, and pretends very stupidly in his preface that this was far better than to translate straight from the original Spanish.

Mr. Waddington, in the note on this sonnet in his "Sonnets of Europe," mentions Voiture among its imitators. Voiture applied the same idea to the making of a rondeau. We have quoted his rondeau on the Rondeau in our paper "On Villanelles and other Metrical Villainies" (June, 1889). If we had seen it, we should then have quoted Charles Henry Luders' rondelet on the Rondelet. But it only appeared in *The Literary World* on April 27, 1889, and reached us much later :—

" A Rondelet  
 Is just seven verses rhymed on two.  
 A rondelet  
 Is an old jewel quaintly set  
 In poesy—a drop of dew  
 Caught in a roseleaf. Lo ! for you  
 A rondelet, "

DECEMBER, 1889.



MOLLY'S FORTUNES.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A BETRAYAL.

TWO days before the date fixed for Molly's departure, Gaston suddenly appeared. She was equally surprised and annoyed. They had not met since his muse had beguiled him into the indiscretion which she had so much resented, and she felt the awkwardness of being again thrown into his society; then that this element of discord should come to disturb the last hours at La Pépinière—hours which were passing so quickly—it was too provoking! True, she did not see much of Raoul; indeed she felt a little aggrieved at his apparent avoidance of her, which, under the circumstances, she thought unkind. He was very busy, he told her, and the out-door concerns of the property required his most particular attention; yet when she came across him now and then, he seemed to be roaming about aimlessly enough, and to take no heed of his surroundings.

His sister, on the contrary, displayed such anxiety to lose no moment of her society, and showed at first such real grief and dismay at the prospect of parting from her, that Molly was surprised and touched, and, as the moment of separation drew near, felt an odd sort of affection and regret even for her. Madame de Treilles was now apparently more reconciled to the idea of losing her, and during the last day or two had not bemoaned herself so much, but she was so gentle, considerate, almost tender in her manner, that the girl hardly recognised her.

When Raoul came in at dinner-time, and found Gaston standing by the window, talking to his mother and Molly, he made no effort to conceal his indignant astonishment.

"When did you arrive?" he asked, as the count smilingly waved his hand towards him in token of greeting. "Why did you not write to let me know you were coming?"

"It was a little surprise I prepared for you," returned Gaston composedly. "Unexpected pleasures are always the sweetest, *hein*, Mademoiselle? You must allow me to felicitate you on your extraordinary good fortune," he added in a lower tone, as Molly passed him. "My mother tells me it was quite unlooked-for. You will probably enjoy it all the more."

Raoul glanced quickly at his sister, and thought he detected a faint blush on her sallow cheeks; his own flamed with a sudden, angry shame, and he followed the others to table without a word.

In the evening, when, according to his recently established custom, Raoul was wandering about out of doors, he was surprised to hear quick, light steps following him, and, turning, saw Gaston's figure dimly defined in the dusk.

"Are you not afraid of catching cold?" asked Sauvigny sardonically.

"No," said Gaston, a little doubtfully.

He turned up his collar, and buttoned his coat, but, on second thoughts, took his uncle's arm persuasively.

"It is certainly rather chilly," he observed, shivering. "Besides we should be more at ease indoors. I wish to discuss an important matter with you, uncle, and do not wish to be interrupted."

Raoul led the way to the house, and, at Gaston's request, to his own room. Groping about amid the heterogeneous collection on the table, he found the matches, and silently trimmed and lighted the rickety old lamp. His nephew was startled by his face as the flame suddenly fell on it. That it was lined and worn was nothing—he had often noticed that before—but it had the look of one who had gone through immense physical agony; it was pallid, wasted, exhausted. Raoul might have just risen from an illness of a month's duration. There was an unnatural brilliancy in his eyes, his lips were white and parched, as though an inward fire were consuming him, and when Gaston impulsively stretching forward touched his hand, he found it burning.

"*Vous avez la fièvre, mon oncle*," he cried.

"What is that to you?" returned Raoul, hastily withdrawing his hand, and turning towards him fiercely. "*Du reste*, I am perfectly well. Kindly tell me at once what you wish to say."

He sat down, and leaning his head on his hand gazed enquiringly at his nephew. The young man was conscious of a certain remorse. "He thinks I am going to make a confession to him," he said to

himself, wondering dreamily if Raoul always took his peccadilloes—the knowledge of which usually came to him through a third person—so much to heart.

"Uncle, be at ease," he said quickly. "I am not going to tell you anything that will distress you, or to ask for money ——"

"It is as well," interrupted the other grimly, "for I have none to give."

"*Tiens*, how marvellously things arrange themselves! Well, my dear uncle, your anxieties will henceforth be at an end. I have made up my mind to settle down and lead a new life."

"I am glad to hear it," commented Raoul, dryly.

"Yes, by a merciful interposition of Providence, it is now possible for me to do so. I have decided to marry the little Irish girl!"

His uncle sat silent and motionless, except that the fingers of the hand on which his chin was resting crept forward so as to hide the lower part of his face; but the strange, glowing eyes gazed unwaveringly at Gaston.

"As I remarked once before," pursued the latter, "she is an adorable little person—with this pretty fortune she becomes incomparable. My dear mother, who wrote to acquaint me with the particulars, and to advise me to secure this prize, tells me she believes Miss Mackenzie's family to be an ancient one. So you see nothing is wanting. I presume," he added, with an engaging smile, "that I have your approval?"

"My approval is, of course, a thing you value highly," growled his uncle from behind his mask.

"Can you doubt it? In the past, perhaps;—however, I know we cannot fail to agree on this point, so now, my dear uncle, I may count on your assistance? I believe Miss Mackenzie leaves in two days. To-morrow, therefore, it will be well for you to demand her hand for me."

"*Id?*" cried Raoul, suddenly dropping the protecting fingers, and revealing a face that worked with fury.

"But certainly," responded Gaston, in genuine amazement. "Are you not the head of the family? On whom but you could such a duty properly—possibly devolve?"

"How dare you insult me by supposing that I will mix myself up in such an affair?" thundered Raoul. "If you are so far lost to all sense of honour and decency as to propose to this girl a week after she comes into a fortune ——"

"*Sapristi!* one must beat the iron while it is hot," interpolated the unabashed Gaston. "In such a case as this one cannot afford to waste time—someone else might carry her off."

marriage"—here a hot blush overspread his face—"it is ten times more impossible now."

"Then, if you will not help me in my courtship, at least you will do nothing to hinder it," said Gaston, rising.

"I will have nothing whatever to do with it in one way or the other," returned Sauvigny coldly. And the count, but half satisfied, was forced to withdraw. He privately thought his uncle a great fool; but, little as he really feared his rivalry, was nevertheless glad of the latter's quixotic resolution to refrain from urging his suit: it prevented additional complications. He, Gaston, must make his proposal himself, however—a very strange and unusual proceeding in his French eyes, but not without a certain piquancy, and, as Molly was Irish, she would not be so shocked and startled as one of his compatriots.

On the next morning, to the girl's great surprise, the countess, instead of putting her through her usual course of duties in her bedroom, announced her intention of going downstairs at once, and desired Molly to wait in the little *salon* while she completed her toilet.

Molly betook herself to the above-named room, and threw herself into a chair. She felt very sad and sore at heart. This was her last day at La Pépinière—positively the last, and somehow it promised to be unsatisfactory. Madame de Treilles, though unusually affectionate, was fussy, tiresome, incomprehensible. Gaston's airy gallantry irritated her unspeakably, and she had not yet seen Raoul. Oh, why was he so unkind—why did he seem to care so little for her company, now that she was going away and might never see him again? What *could* be the reason, she wondered? Was it that he feared she might again offend him by offering him pecuniary help?

"I know better than to do that *now*," she sighed. "And yet, what is the good of being rich if one cannot help one's best friends? Oh, I wish I were not rich now. I was quite happy here, and they were all so fond of me."

"Ah, Mademoiselle, I am fortunate in finding you alone," said Gaston, suddenly appearing and putting on a charming air of delighted surprise. He had just come down from his mother's room, whither he had been summoned in hot haste to hear how satisfactorily she had arranged a meeting for him, so his little piece of acting was the more creditable.

Molly turned round sharply, with a distinct frown. Gaston closed the door carefully, and approached her, leaning against the old-fashioned bureau, near which she sat, and smiled tenderly down at her.

"I hope I do not take you by surprise," he began.

"You took everyone by surprise, I think—appearing so suddenly yesterday," returned the girl, pulling her work-basket towards her, and beginning hastily to turn over its contents.

"Ah, do you know why I came in such haste?" pursued Gaston, no whit taken aback by her ungraciousness. "It was because I wanted to see you. Is it true that you leave us so soon?"

"To-morrow," answered Molly, laconically.

"To-morrow," he echoed despairingly. "Then I must, I will speak now. No matter what you may think of me, no matter how my motives may be misinterpreted," said Gaston, who had inwardly taken notes of the most telling phrases employed by his uncle on the previous night—resolving to use them on his own account, "I cannot let you go without confessing my sentiments. Dear Mademoiselle, I love you with all my heart!"

Molly flung him one contemptuous glance, and then her eyes fell. Loathsome heiress-ship! was this the sort of thing it subjected her to?

"Ah, do not despise me!" pleaded the young man. "Do not be led away by appearances. Mademoiselle, I fear you think I only seek your hand because of your money——"

"Yes, that is exactly what I do think."

"Then you are misled," cried Gaston, valiantly. "It is true—I own it frankly—that had it not been for this unexpected inheritance I could not have ventured to address you; my poverty forbade it. But, I swear to you, I only value your fortune on that account—I loved you long before."

"Oh-h-h!" said Molly.

"It is perfectly true, mademoiselle—ask your own memory; ask your own heart. Did I not show it plainly, so plainly, alas! that even my uncle saw and resented it? When he told me that you were offended at my irrepressible admiration, did I not, though it cost me—ah! what it cost me!"—he dashed away a real tear or two at the recollection—"did I not tear myself away, banish myself voluntarily from your presence? But now—now that a union between us is possible, shall I be so base, so cowardly, as to withhold my honest devotion lest perchance you may misconstrue my motives? I know that you are rich, and I am poor;" he threw back his head with a certain nobleness of gesture which was impressive; "but a true man's heart is worth all the money in the world. Love equalizes all things, and I love you,—I love you!"

Molly gazed at him with frank amusement, mingled with no little admiration. What an actor he was, to be sure; so perfect, that, like many another votary of the stage, he had almost persuaded

himself of the reality of his part, and his emotion was for the moment unfeigned.

"Do you know all that is very pretty?" she said smiling. "But, unfortunately, I have been too much behind the scenes to believe it. I know you too well to be taken in."

"Ah!" cried Gaston suddenly, changing his tone and springing into an upright position. "So my uncle has betrayed me. I may thank him for this, I suppose."

"If you mean that you think Monsieur de Sauvigny has been traducing you to me, you are mistaken," returned Molly, with spirit. "He has not said one word about you."

"I suppose he was too much occupied in speaking for himself" sneered the count. "The traitor! I might have known his sentiments were too fine to be real. He has been beforehand with me after all, though he solemnly declared he did not mean to press his suit."

"What on earth do you mean?" asked the girl, hardly believing her ears at this innuendo.

"I tell you, mademoiselle," cried Gaston, with an angry laugh, though his passionate disappointment a moment before had brought him nearly to tears; "he vowed to me last night that he loved you to desperation—my uncle, the Diogenes, the woman-hater! Ah, you are surprised? He has not told you after all? We can laugh together, then—ha, ha, ha! is it not *d se pâmer*? My uncle in love! Well, if you will not have me, you will not have him, I suppose, so we may at least laugh together. What would life be without a joke! Why do you not laugh, mademoiselle? I think the mere notion is delicious."

But Molly did not laugh: for a moment her heart seemed to stop beating, so amazing, so extraordinary, so utterly unlooked for was Gaston's piece of intelligence. She was distinctly conscious of two things, however: a conviction that the young man beside her was utterly detestable, and a longing to put an end to this interview.

"I do not in the least understand you," she said coldly, "but I have no wish to hear anything your uncle may have told you. Please let me pass—I have nothing more to say."

Gaston, who had been laughing with his usual frank enjoyment of the moment, suddenly checked himself, made way for her somewhat sulkily, but followed her into the passage, bent on a final effort. The pair came face to face with Madame de Treilles, who, having allowed a sufficient time to elapse for them to come to an understanding, had now come down to offer her congratulations. She was in the highest good humour with herself and the world at large. Had she not by her own tact and cleverness secured a charming wife, and, what was better, a charming fortune for her son? One who, moreover, would in

all probability frequently bear her, the countess, company at La Pépinière, whenever Gaston indulged in the little "voyages d'agrément" to which he was addicted, and which Molly's money would render more feasible than formerly. Madame la comtesse could hardly contain herself with delight.

She advanced, wreathed in smiles, too much preoccupied to notice the expression of their faces.

"*Eh bien, nos petits jeunes gens !*" she cried, "are you coming to look for my felicitations ?" Gaston maintained a gloomy silence ; but Molly, hastily brushing by her, returned : "No, madame, I am going to pack."

---

## CHAPTER XXV.

"GOOD-BYE."

Raoul spent the whole of that day out of doors, without even returning to the house at meal times. He walked incessantly, through the woods, over the ploughed fields, even for miles along the stony road. In the afternoon a heavy, continuous rain fell, but he did not seek shelter ; he almost welcomed the sense of physical discomfort and fatigue, hoping it might deaden his inward torture. That Gaston should have discovered his secret—his sacred, jealously guarded secret—filled up the measure of his already scarcely tolerable misery. His nephew had gibed at his love, mocked his pain, despised him for his folly. How dared he ? how *dared* he ? cried Raoul's heart in its wrath and shame. Was not he, Raoul, a man with a man's right to live and suffer as he chose ? At thirty-eight, why should it be considered ridiculous ? His whole man's nature, in the zenith of its powers, resented the injustice, even while he despised himself for feeling it so acutely. Gaston's determination to propose to Molly was also a source of great pain and annoyance to him. He had, it is true, no fears that she would accept him, but it hurt him that she should be subjected to what he could not but term an indignity in his house, and by one of his blood. As the day wore on, however, the supreme grief rose clearly and fully before him, absorbing all the others : Molly was going away—after the morrow he would see her no more ! The hours that remained, the few precious hours which he might yet pass in her company, were flying rapidly, and yet he dared not face her. He felt that he could not sufficiently control himself to appear before her ; that he would betray himself, that all his resolutions, all his struggles would be in vain. Every fibre of his being was in revolt ;



at first sight of her he knew the avowal of his passion must escape him; and then what shame, what dishonour! He could picture her look of disappointment and dismay. "You, too!" she would perhaps say. Even if she did not reproach him, he felt that he could never again lift up his head. No, come what might, he must hold fast by his honour—it was all he had, God help him! and he could not, he would not, even in the teeth of this fierce temptation—he *would* not lose or sully it.

And then there would come the longing for Molly's presence, for one look in her sweet eyes, one word from her dear lips. To-morrow she would be gone; all his life he might yearn in vain for the chance he now threw away.

Almost unconsciously his feet would turn in the direction of the château, he would make a few hurried steps forward, and then pause, his form swaying, his hands clenched, as though struggling against an almost overpowering force; at last, conquering, he would drag himself round again, and rush blindly in the opposite direction, dashing through dense underwood that tore limb and garment, and under low-growing branches, whose wet leaves flapped in his face.

It was night when he at length returned. He dragged his feet along with difficulty, but, exhausted as he was, made his way to the garden side of the house, that he might look up at the window of Molly's little turret-room. A light was twinkling there, and Raoul paused, gazing up at it steadily: blessed light that would never, never twinkle there again!

Isidore started as his master stumbled into the house, his clothes dripping, his face haggard, his whole appearance denoting the extremity of fatigue.

"What, then, has happened, M'sieu le baron?"

"Nothing," answered Raoul, pushing past him into the dining-room, and throwing himself on a chair.

Isidore brought him a basin of soup, which had been kept for him before the fire, and which Raoul mechanically swallowed.

"Everyone has retired, I suppose?" he asked, looking up suddenly.

"Everyone, M'sieu le baron. Mademoiselle was here a little time ago. She was surprised to hear M'sieu le baron had not yet come in, I think."

"Ah."

"Yes, she asked several times. Just now she came to the door. 'I hope, Isidore,' she said, 'that I shall see M'sieu de Sauvigny before I leave in the morning. I go early, I believe.' 'But certainly,' I answered, 'M'sieu le baron is politeness itself. Mademoiselle may

rest assured that he will come to make his adieux.' Will M'sieu now have a outlet?"

"No," said Sauvigny, pouring himself out some claret, and drinking it lustily. "I want nothing more. You can go to bed."

"At least, M'sieu le baron will change his clothes at once. Those wet things are enough to kill him."

"Don't be afraid," returned Raoul, with his odd smile; "I am not so easily killed."

No, he was not easily killed: if mental pain could kill a man, he had died that night.

Isidore withdrew, much puzzled, and after listening till the sound of his lagging steps no longer echoed in the passage, and the house was silent as the grave, Raoul rose, and, lamp in hand, made his way to the sitting-room.

A smothered cry broke from him as he looked round: all Molly's little possessions were gone. Her work-basket, her books, her writing-case: few and simple enough were her treasures, but each was stamped, as it had ever seemed to him, with something of her daintiness, and in an indefinable way characteristic of her. Now that the poor trifles had disappeared, he seemed to realise even more thoroughly than he had hitherto done what her absence would be; nay, for the moment he almost felt as if she were already gone.

He put down the light, and made a step or two forward, staggering a little, and then heaved a sudden great sigh of relief. "Not yet, thank God! not yet."

Had he not seen her light in the window but a few moments before? the precious light set like a star in the night, and assuring him of her presence. He rushed to the window which opened directly on the garden; he would at least comfort himself with this token that she was still near him. The crazy woodwork, swelled with the recent rain, stuck fast; but Raoul, in a sort of frenzied impatience, burst it open, the sound of falling glass betokening a shattered pane. Now, out again in the cold, raw night; the smell of damp earth, of rotting leaves heavy in the air, the wet grass and branches of the shrubs soaking his clothes afresh. Eagerly, he raised his eyes; alas! the little light was gone.

He gazed upwards for a moment blankly, and then fell heavily forward. The darkness seemed to gather round him, to close upon him, to roll onward in great black billows over his whole future life—his long life, as he groaned within himself, for, though in his despair he had thus thrown himself upon the ground, he did not feel weak—on the contrary, every pulse was throbbing with strange

energy; his blood was coursing swiftly through his veins; he had never felt the life within him so strong. It seemed to him as though he were doomed to live for ever—without her! Without her! No light figure flitting about the house, no cheery voice waking the echoes of the long-deserted garden, no bright, loveable influence permeating the whole place. So much for generalities; what about himself personally? Why *everything* would go with her. He could not fathom the intensity of his pain; he could not measure his loss. The dreariness of his former life, the fact of his having for so long relinquished all personal hopes and aims, rendered his present suffering more bitter. He knew now, alas! of what he was capable; he had tasted a hitherto undreamt-of sweetness; a fierce longing had been aroused within him—and he was losing her!

Our hearts are so fashioned that the pain of loss is the keenest of which they are capable, as the happiness of possession is the most exquisite that they know. A rapture or a pain so subtle, so far-reaching—I had almost said infinite—that our poor human nature well-nigh fails to comprehend it; and yet every throb and throe is sent to us, it may be, as a foretaste or as a warning; for the happiness of possession constitutes Paradise, and the pain of loss is the very anguish of Hell.

So Raoul lay there wrestling with his suffering, his brow resting on the cold earth, and his hands twined in the long, rank grass. Bye-and-bye the rain began to fall again, and a fierce wind to blow in gusts, but he felt as if he could not re-enter the house. A dog will crawl out of doors to die, and we, too, with a somewhat kindred instinct, will carry our sorrows out into the free air of Heaven, deeming we can bear them better when alone with nature. Nature is sympathetic, we say; nature is our best comforter; her influence is soothing and sanctifying—all this is true enough; and yet in moments of supreme sorrow we want something more. When hearts are ready to break with anguish, we are not content to lean against the serene but unresponsive bosom of the earth; we want a human heart to throb with ours. The voices of nature, gentle, musical, soothing though they be, jar upon our souls' silences. The simple "God help you" of a kindly peasant, the sympathetic wail of a wondering child, is more to us at such moments than the whole gamut of sweetest forest sounds. Our first impulse is to fly from our fellows, to seek sympathy, or, at least, relief from inanimate nature, and yet, poor, inconsequent, uncomprehending creatures that we are, it is in reality human nature which we want. Even the Man-God who, following of old the instincts of His humanity carried His divine agony to the solitude and stillness of a garden, and suffered His Sacred Heart to throb against the cold

heart of the earth, even He yearned for the sweetness of man's sympathy, and though invisible legions of angels looked on with reverent compassion, would still desire His human followers to "watch with Him."

It was not Raoul's nature to confide in people, and even had he been so minded there was no one in whom it would have been possible for him to confide. He could not weep, as some strong men have been known to weep in the extremity of anguish, but he could pray. And pray he did, with lips close-set, and hands unclasped, but with all his heart and all his strength. His prayer was not an appeal, not even a complaint; it was the instinctive uplifting of a great soul to the Infinite, who alone could comprehend its sorrow, or avert its despair.

Meanwhile Molly, who had withdrawn her beacon-light, unconscious of the storm which was raging without, lay tossing in her four-post bed, a prey to very different emotions. Tears frequently stole from under her closed lids, and fell with a thud on the pillow, but they were tears of deepest joy, and most tender compassion. He loved her,—he loved her,—he loved her! He, the noblest, truest, bravest man she had ever known. What had she done to deserve such honour, such happiness? How could she ever be grateful enough to God for giving it? By what extraordinary mercy had she become possessed of his secret just in time? For, had it been kept but a few hours longer, it would have been too late; she would have gone away in ignorance of it; she might never have seen him again. He did not mean to tell her of his love—so Gaston had said—and she, knowing him so well, could understand his motives for concealment; but *now* she knew; she knew, and she could act accordingly. A great wave of pity would sweep over her heart now and then. How he must have suffered all these months when (as Gaston had hinted) he loved her so, and still how well he had managed to hide it! How honourable, how chivalrous he had been, and yet if she had not been so blind she could have seen—as she now did, looking back with her sharpened eyes—that his coldness was assumed, that his frequent avoidance of her was because he dared not trust himself in her company. Yes, he would even have let her go without speaking; but this should not be. She would tell him his secret was discovered, and that she—loved him too! Oh, she loved him, she *did* love him! It seemed to her that she must have loved him always without knowing it; but now—she was sure. Oh, if morning would only come that she might see him and tell him! Then a sudden fear would seize her: surely she *would* see him in the morning? Would it be possible that, in his dread of betraying himself, he would

let her go without saying good-bye? No, no! he could not, would not be so cruel. "Even Isidore said he would come to say good-bye," thought Molly, in her childish way.

How long the day had been, spent in feverish watching and longing, and now how interminable the night seemed! When would it be morning, that she might see him and speak to him? What should she say? "Raoul, I know all!" Could she add: "I love you, too?" Molly, with burning cheeks, decided she couldn't *quite* go so far as that; but surely he would guess, he would see for himself. It was possible he might demur even then, fearing to take advantage of her position, or shrinking from appearing a fortune-hunter in the eyes of the world. But she would combat his objections, she would tell him that, as Gaston had said, "Love equalizes all things," and that "a true man's heart is worth all the money in the world." At last she fell into a feverish sleep, broken by uneasy dreams, and awoke after a few hours unrefreshed, and suddenly apprehensive. All her joyous hopes appeared to fade in the cold light of the November dawn, and her plans appeared less feasible than when formed under cover of the darkness.

She rose, and slowly dressed, mechanically wrapping up and putting away such of her possessions as were not already packed. At eight o'clock Justine brought her her coffee, informing her, in melancholy tones, that the carriage which was to take her away would arrive in half an hour. Molly hastily swallowed the beverage, put on her hat and jacket, and descended the stairs with limbs which trembled under her. Gaston, shaking the La Pépinière dust from his feet, had departed on the preceding day; and the countess had bidden her farewell, in injured and dolorous tones, before retiring for the night. Of Raoul alone she had not taken leave; but he was not waiting on the stairs; she did not see him in the hall. Was it possible that he would not come after all? Isidore was wandering about the passages opening shutters, and shaking mats; the front door was ajar, allowing the bitterly cold morning air to circulate freely through the house. Molly turned into the little salon and closed the door—at least there should be no witnesses to this last meeting. She sat down and waited, her heart beating violently, her hands trembling, all her courage oozing rapidly away; and yet she kept rehearsing her little speech to herself: "Raoul, I know all"—"I *will* say it," she repeated; "I will,—I will."

At last she heard steps in the passage without, the handle of the door turned, and Raoul entered. Raoul, with his face pale, almost gray, set in stern, fixed lines, but with a certain peace stamped upon it. No trace of his vigil was apparent; no sign of his mighty struggle

—of what had almost been his despair ; but to Molly there was something awful in this rigid serenity, this uncompromising strength.

"The carriage is here," he said ; "and I fear you have not much time."

Molly rose and made a step or two forward, swaying a little. Now was the time to speak. They stood facing each other, these two who loved each other with so immense a love ; each to each was all in all ; to part was almost unendurable misery. Nothing divided them but the thing they both called honour ; Raoul would not speak, and Molly could not. In all her feverish dreams and plans she had left her maidenly delicacy out of the count ; but now it suddenly asserted itself. She *could* not say the few simple words which would have made all so clear ; it was impossible to her even to hint at the love that was to equalize everything.

She gazed at him dumbly, save for a little strangled sob ; and Raoul's face relaxed for a moment : "God bless her ! God bless her for her pity !" he thought in his heart. Then he stretched out his hand and said : "Good-bye !"

He would not kiss the little fingers that trembled in his ; he would not even hold them for a moment longer than was necessary in the most ordinary politeness.

"Good-bye," he said ; and Molly passed out almost blindly, and got into the carriage, Isidore helping her, for Raoul did not follow her to the door. His courage had suddenly failed him, and he could not watch her drive away.

M. E. FRANCIS.

## THE BOY AND THE WORLD.

ON boyhood's summit radiant he stands,  
 With heart on fire, and oh! the world he sees :  
 Queen-cities throned upon vast, pleasant leas,  
 The charm of quiet hamlets, and the sands  
 Of golden rivers, while far-off expands  
 The sea—its silences and mysteries ;  
 And love's light roseate falling soft on these,  
 And irised hope arched high o'er all the lands.

O visions beauteous ! O hopes sublime !  
 Well, well for us, that journey wearily  
 Through torrid wastes, towards you to turn sometime—  
 As toward some fairy isle in memory's sea—  
 Forgetting these in dreams of that bright clime  
 Where once we roved, heart high and fancy free.

I. D.

## A REAL CHILD'S THOUGHT.

A LITTLE girl in her far northern home  
 Had ceased her merry play,  
 And mused with thoughtful brow and dreamy eyes  
 Of regions far away.

Her wistful gaze had sought the evening sky,  
 Where day's bright hues were dead,  
 And gathering stars their golden lamps had hung  
 To light the world to bed.

"My child," her mother asked, "what makes you thus  
 So very quiet and still ?  
 What thoughts are these that, spite of toys and play,  
 Your little spirit fill ?"

"I thought," she said, with look of wondering awe,  
 In childish accents free,  
 "If Heaven's *wrong* side so fair and lovely is,  
 What must the *right* side be !"

G. B.

## GREENGAGES.

WHEN a man has attained celebrity or notoriety, we say that his name is in everyone's mouth. But celebrity is a fleeting attribute ; and the best chance for its lasting acquirement is to have one's name associated with something which will endure when he whose title it bears shall have been long forgotten. We are likely to eat sandwiches to the end of time, but who knows much of the noble earl who lent them his name ? Captain Boycott's brief notoriety soon subsided, but he has contributed a useful word to the language. We all know something about Dahlias and Fuchsias, and have so far popularised each name as to mispronounce it ; but who has heard of the Swedish botanist Dahl, or the German, Leonard Fuchs, in honour of whom the plants were named ? Who thinks of Father Kamel, the Moravian Jesuit traveller of the seventeenth century, when he pins a Camellia into his buttonhole ? No one, surely, or we shouldn't almost always call it a Camee'lia.

Similarly, who associates the Greengage—a fruit which is certainly in everyone's mouth who is fortunate enough to get hold of it—with an old Suffolk Catholic family ? Who knows anything about the Gages of Hengrave ? The possessors of Mr. Gillow's *Biographical Dictionary of English Catholics* can tell us something of them ; but they will find nothing in that useful work to connect the family with the fruit. Even the writer of *We Catholics* overlooked this claim of ours upon a grateful posterity. Does anyone know why the Greengage was so called ? Did anybody ever hear of a Purple Gage, or a Violet Gage, or an Imperial Gage ? If not, let him read on and be enlightened.

The origin of the name is thus recorded by Sir Joseph Banks, in the *Transactions of the Horticultural Society* (appendix to vol. i., p. 8) : “ The Gage family, in the last century, procured from the monks of the Chartreuse, at Paris, a collection of fruit-trees : these arrived in England with the tickets safely affixed to them, except only the Reine Claude, the ticket of which had been rubbed off in the passage. The gardener being, from this circumstance,



ignorant of the name, called it, when it bore fruit, the Green Gage."

This might be considered a guess, prompted by that desire to explain unfamiliar words which once prompted one of my club boys to say that "they was called acolytes" ('acolytes' was what he said), "'cause they carried the candles;" but a little bit of contemporary record curiously confirms the derivation. One Peter Collinson, a celebrated horticulturist of his day (he died in 1760), kept a register of the plants he cultivated, with such notes as appeared to him interesting. The list was privately printed (by Mr. Dillwyn of Swansea) in 1843; and at the end are a few "memoranda," one of which runs as follows:—"I was on a visit to Sir William Gage at Hengrave, near Bury; he was then near 70; he told me that he first brought over, from France, the *Grosse einc Claude*, and introduced it into England, and in compliment him the plum was called the Green Gage; this was about the year 1725."

The exact date of this introduction of the Greengage has not been ascertained; but it was probably some thirty or forty years before this. The fruit was really not new to our gardens, although its popularity, as is shown by the name by which it is now generally known, is due to its introduction to Hengrave. The earliest reference to it in literature dates apparently from 1732, when Miller, in his *Gardeners' Dictionary*, speaks of "the Greengage Plum" as "one of the best plums in England." It is also named in Justice's *Scots Gardeners' Director* (1754); and is corrupted in "Green-gedge" in the *Monthly Magazine* for 1813 (xxxv. 32). The name "gage" became general for various allied forms; the *Pomological Magazine* for 1830, speaks of a Purple Gage and a Blue Gage. A large number of kinds were cultivated in America, in 1820, when Prince (*Short Treatise on Horticulture*) mentions Prince's Gage, German Gage, Imperial Gage, White Gage, and others. One kind, the Superior Gage, had, he says, "been cultivated at the nurseries at Flushing during a long course of years, of which trees, of the thickness of a man's thigh, were to be seen throughout the country." But, in England at any rate, all these forms have died out, or their names are not remembered by the people; and the shortened form "gage"

in popular use for Greengage alone, a form which was used by Leigh Hunt in 1814:—

. . . . You might garden for ages,  
Before you could raise me such apples and gages:

although Ingoldsby, writing later—

. . . . Don't be so absurd  
As to blow yourselves out with greengages—

uses the longer name, which is still employed by the educated and in books. In 1826 certain varieties of gooseberry were called Greengage.

The following sketch of the history of the Greengage is from Dr. Hogg's exhaustive *Fruit Manual* (1884), in which several other gages are enumerated. It is prefaced by a statement that Sir Thomas Gage introduced the plum, having procured it from his brother, "Rev. John Gage, a Roman Catholic priest, then resident in Paris." Father Gage is also, by other authors, credited with this; but Collinson's definite statement that Sir William was the introducer may be accepted as settling the point:—

"The Green Gage is supposed to be a native of Greece, and to have been introduced at an early period into Italy, where it is called *Verdochia*. From Italy it passed into France, during the reign of Francis I., and was named in honour of his consort Queen Claude; but it does not appear to have been much known or extensively cultivated for a considerable period subsequent to this, for neither Champier, Olivier des Serres, Vautier, nor any of the early French writers on husbandry and gardening, seem to have been acquainted with it. Probably, about the same time that it was introduced into France, or shortly afterwards, it found its way into England, where it became more rapidly known, and the name under which it was received was not the new appellation which it obtained in France, but its original Italian name of *Verdochia*, from which we may infer that it was brought direct from Italy. It is mentioned by Parkinson in 1629, under the name of *Verdoch*, and, from the way in which he speaks of it, seems to have been not at all rare, nor even new. It is also enumerated by Leonard Meager in the 'list of fruit which I had of my very loving friend, Captain Gurle, dwelling at the Great Nursery between Spitalfields and Whitechapel,' and is there called *Verdocha*. Even so late as the middle of the last century, after it had been reintroduced and extensively grown under the name of Green Gage, it continued to bear its original title, and to be regarded as a distinct

sort from the Green Gage. Hitt tries to describe the distinction ; but as he tries also to show that the Reine Claude is distinct from the Green Gage, his authority cannot be taken for more than it is worth ; a remark which may safely be applied to all the pomologists of the last century. Miller laboured under the same hallucination as Hitt, for in his *Dictionary* he says, speaking of the Grosse Reine Claude, 'this plum is confounded by most people in England by the name of Green Gage.' "

A plum called "Coe's Drop" is also known as "Golden Gage;" this was raised about the end of the last century by a gardener of Bury St. Edmunds, whose name it bears. He supposed it to be a cross between the Greengage and the white Magnum Bonum, which grew side by side in his garden.

Sir William Gage appears to have no other claim to fame than that which rests upon the slight foundation of the introduction of the fruit ; he died in 1727. His second son, John, who succeeded to the estate, married Elizabeth Rookwood, a descendant of the Rookwood who entertained the lady whom the Book of Common Prayer styles "that bright occidental star" in her progress in 1587. With the playful graciousness which so endeared "good Queen Bess" to those who came in contact with her, she insulted him in his own house in the grossest manner because he was a "Papist," harried him off to Norwich jail, and afterwards fined him a large sum for presuming to "attempt her presence."

The second son of John Gage and Elizabeth Rookwood was the Rev. John Gage, S.J., who founded the Catholic chapel at Bury St. Edmunds, and died there in 1790. His nephew, Sir Thomas Gage, will be always associated by botanists with a little greenish-yellow flowered Star of Bethlehem, rare in England, but generally distributed throughout Europe, which was named *Gagea* in his honour by Salisbury. This author describes him as "a botanist who is indefatigable in collecting rare European plants, and whose liberality in distributing them places his name very high among his contemporaries."

Sir. Thomas Gage seems to have been a very beautiful character. Mr. Gillow cites Dawson Turner's account of him, which is too long for reproduction here. He omits, however, one sentence, which perhaps gives a better idea of the man than those which precede it. " 'He appears to me,' said one who knew him, 'to be one of the men whom the Redeemer intended expressly to designate

when He pronounced His blessing upon the meek who should inherit the earth.' ”

Sir Thomas did not publish, but he was always ready to help those who did. He procured rare plants for illustration in the *Botanical Magazine* during his visits to Portugal, which seem to have been numerous and lengthy ; and sent a large number to Torner, a protégé of Banks, which are now in the British Museum. Dawson Turner speaks highly of “the value of his notes and sketches,” adding that “no man was ever more liberal in his communications.” He was a correspondent of Sir James Edward Smith—to whom he sent, from the south of Ireland and from Suffolk, many lichens, some of which were figured and described in *English Botany* ; and a Fellow of the Linnean Society. His health was always delicate, and much of his time was spent out of England. He died in Rome, December 27, 1820, in his fortieth year, and is buried in the Gesù, the inscription over his tomb being by the Rev. C. Plowden, of Stonyhurst.

Among the foreign botanists whose acquaintance Sir Thomas enjoyed was an Italian named Raddi, who, in recognition of his botanical knowledge, especially of lichens, named in his honour a genus of mosses, of which subsequent investigation has not established the distinctness. He, however, calls him an Irishman (“cl. Thomas Gage *Hibernus*”), which seems somewhat strange, until we learn that he married an Irish lady, a daughter of the Earl of Kenmare. Almost the only incident recorded of his quiet, uneventful life is mentioned casually by Salisbury. Speaking of the beautiful alpine plant (*Lloydia*), which in these kingdoms is confined to the precipices of Twll Ddu in Carnarvonshire, he says that one “Dr. William Alexander, of Halifax, like Sir Thomas Gage, was near losing his life in climbing to the dangerous summits where it grows wild.” May we conclude that Sir Thomas was on his way to or from Ireland, and that his botanical enthusiasm led him to delay on his journey so as to collect this rare and beautiful plant ?

The *Gagea* is not likely to become a frequent inhabitant of our gardens, but the Greengage will long preserve the memory of its introducer ; and it is possible that its Catholic associations may invest it with additional interest to some of our readers when it is next placed upon their tables.

JAMES BRITTEN, F.L.S.

## SONNETS.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

## I.—MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.\*

STRONG Land, by Wallace trod and Bruce : brave Land  
 That broke great Edward's ranks at Bannockburn :  
 Fair Land whose breast, upheaved in Faith's bright morn  
 Breathed forth, like sighs of joy, these fanes that stand  
 Even now on Stirling's rock, Iona's strand ;  
 How long shall Justice point with sorrowing scorn  
 At that sole act which on thy brow time-worn,  
 So long unblemished, stamped so dark a brand ?  
 A Queen there was, struck down in beauty's prime,  
 Captive till death, religious, fearless, true :  
 The calumny that dogged her was a crime  
 Of edge more trenchant than the axe that slew.  
 False nobles wrecked her, and a Rival's hate—  
 Repent that wrong *thy* tears alone can expiate !

## II.—THE PRINCE OF WALES' TRIBUTE TO FATHER DAMIEN.

JUNE, 1889.

'T WAS just ! Fanatic strifes expire, self-slain :  
 Nature lives on, and Faith. In years gone by  
 "The Mass," men clamoured, "is Idolatry ;  
 The Priest"—true hearts this hour such cries disdain :  
 Men differ still, but kindly differ, fain  
 Like England's Prince to crown with eulogy  
 All those who live for God and man, who die  
 As Damien died, no barren death or vain.  
 Son of old Scottish kings in tartan clad  
 That chased the stag through woods of Calydon,  
 Were crowned at Scone, in Holyrood held sway,  
 Those kings, that leper-priest in Faith were one !  
 They heard thy words ; they smiled ! She most was glad,  
 Thine ancestress who bled at Fotheringay.

\* See Mr. Hosack's exhaustive and irrefutable vindication of Mary.

## A CORNER OF SUSSEX.

LEANING against the mossy wall, by the ancient church of Meeching this sunny autumn day, and gazing over the lovely valley stretching away below, I find it difficult to throw my fancies back to the time when the old Norman builders embodied here in lasting stone their memories of the apse and tower at Yainville-sur-Seine, or to the more distant days of the Roman occupation, when, at the estuary of the Ouse yonder, the great road makers cut the first sod of their Ermin Street, and began to band the Castle hill with massive earthworks. The golden harvest fields, gleaming in the sunlight, the red tiled roofs of the cottages in the hamlets nestled along the banks of the river, winding its sinuous course through lush meadows, where drowsy cattle are browsing, the ivy covered feudal castle of Lewes standing sentinel-like over the peaceful town, and, far away, a speck of brilliant colour, the Union Jack floating over Firlé Place. All these things are so essentially English, it is not at all easy to picture the land in the possession of invaders, Roman or Norman.

English too is the graveyard, with its inscriptions concerning master mariners, of Scarborough and other places, who have found anchorage where the Sou'wester blows off the restless sea, and whistles round the weather-beaten old building; and evidently it was not of this peaceful enclosure the poet of "Love in Idleness" was dreaming, when he sang so weirdly :—

"I shall change; but what of that?  
The grass will grow more green,  
The parson's sheep more fat;"

for the graveyard is unmown and the long unnibbled grass overtops the mounds beneath which the dead are sleeping. Here and there upon a grave there is a wreath of fresh flowers, but most of them have no other memorial than nature's gift of weeds, save perhaps, in weary hearts.

A few steps down the road from St. Michael's, bring me to some cottages, upon which vines in fruit are sunning themselves, and the picturesque main street of Meeching, modernised into

Newhaven when the fickle Ouse was forced back from Seaford to its old estuary, opens out before me; a street over which Ruskin may have rejoiced, so irregular are the houses, and gables, and quaint chimney stacks. Some of the cottages have a draw-well in the tiny front garden, others are prim in the deformity of their nineteenth century utility, and here and there are suggestions of the French side of the channel, in the "Chambres garnies," painted in bright colours over jasmine covered windows full of geraniums. It is no gendarme, however, who stands at the junction of the cross roads, but a ruddy Sussex constable with a keen scent for vagrants, yet seemingly unaware that quite a nest of them, "accord-to law," have put up yon placards as to performances at the "Victoria Theatre," from one of which I learn, that for a few pence the Newhaven lovers of the stage may for some nights revel in the startling dramas of "Sweeny Todd, the Demon Barber, of Fleet Street," "The Village Outcast," "The Life of an Actress," and "The Two Fishermen of Lynn." He watches me carefully, however, as I turn away to the winding river which creeps along lazily at the end of each of the diverging streets, and leaves its burden of ships high and dry in builders' yards in all sorts of impossible positions beyond the low wooden bridges, the tapering masts standing proudly against the lovely background of the distant Downs. Probably he suspects me of begging—"soliciting alms," I have heard him term the offence—for I am deep in the comfort of old clothes, and old walking shoes, and possibly the manner in which I have peered at the windows, and doorways, in his interesting old-world town, has not been reassuring, for he follows me slowly, until, descending a footway in part of a terrace perched on a hill side, apparently I step out of his jurisdiction, and he turns away with a sigh of relief.

It is well he has come no further, for no sooner am I really on the road, than an unmistakable tramp accosts me, a limping woman clad in a tatterdemalion ulster, and with a fiction of an old flower-laden bonnet, from which days of scorching sun and nights of drifting rain have washed and burned out all the colour, perched jauntily upon her frowzy hair. A pleasant smile ripples over a face that once must have been fair to look upon, and which even yet is comely, as she calls me "mate," asks if I am bound for Lewes, and suggests companionship, so we hobble on together, for it seems altogether out of the question to explain to her that I am simply an

archæologist in search of the three Round-towered Churches of which Sussex can boast ; a botanist seeking rare plants ; and a lover of beautiful scenery, revelling in the loveliness of one of the fairest counties in England. To her I am only a fellow tramp, perhaps not quite so down on my luck, so we step out together, and when I ask if she knows Lewes intimately, she answers without any affectation of maidenly reserve, that she ought to know it as she has put up some time in the jail. After this confidence, she treats me, for a mile or two, to a bit of her somewhat *rillotièrre* autobiography, and I learn that she was quite innocent, but appearances were so much against her that she got six months, and that ever since, when she did get a place, the police hunted her out of it, and forced her on the tramp from poorhouse to poorhouse. So she chants on dramatically enough, as we trudge along the chalky road, between hedgerows gay with Traveller's Joy and deep-hued blackberries, the noonday sun blazing down upon us and giving my companion an infinite thirst, expressed in eloquent longings for a pint of ale. The picturesque road is nothing more to her than the wearisome Queen's highway from one night refuge to another, and she cannot see the lovely purple of the Loosestrife waving above the water weeds in the brook, or hear the larks carolling overhead in the exuberance of their little lives.

Naturally enough the coveted drink is of vital moment to her, and when I make an excuse for turning down to the tiny village we are approaching, and give her an unsolicited coin, she puts on a shuffling spurt towards Lewes and its jail, and I am not sorry to see the last of her, for after all a man, archæologist or otherwise, is known by the company he keeps, and it has suddenly struck me that I should hardly like *Madame ma femme* to meet me tramping with such a companion.

A bend of the road brings me into Pidinghoe, a nest of russet houses, gabled and contorted, one openly boasting of its age by means of a carven date, 1720 ; and others in their dignified reserve suggesting much longer existence. The church, with its tiled roof and flint Round-tower\* casts upon the hamlet the shadow of its

\* The theories, as to the use of the round towers, are almost as numerous as the towers themselves, and have afforded an ample battle-ground to the antiquaries. A visit to these round-towered churches, has increased my appreciation of the view so ably advocated by the Rev Richard Smiddy, of Aghada, in his interesting volume, under the title of "The Druids, Ancient Churches, and Round Towers of Ireland," a book which I heartily commend to the reader.



picturesque antiquity, and of the great fish weather-cock that floats over the octagonal shingled spire. The tower is indeed worth a pilgrimage to see, and the churchyard gate being unfastened, I have an opportunity of inspecting it, and the piece of old carpet with which a broken pane in one of its openings is unartistically stopped. The door of the church, however, is locked, and I am, therefore, unable to revel in the early English and Norman details, which I have been given to understand are to be found in the interior of the ancient building; a painful fact for the consideration of the learned antiquary whose name appears on a parochial notice affixed to the door.

The mound upon which the church stands, certainly closely resembles a *crannogue*, and justifies the idea that the village occupies the site of the lake dwellings of some centuries ago, from which time perhaps the practice of shoeing magpies, with which, in Sussex lore, the natives of "Pid-n-hoo" are credited, has come down.

In the wood adjoining the chalk bluff at the end of the hamlet the *Orchis Maculata* lifts high its tempting spike of scarlet poison, and the roadside beyond glows with Scabious and Knapweed, and quite a host of other flowers, while here and there in the corn-fields where the golden sheaves are piled, blinding sheets of poppies spread their royal scarlet in the sunlight. At each turn of the ascending way the view becomes finer, the woods of Glynde and West Firle, the winding river, the dreamy looking Downs, with their shadowed combes and white bostalls, and, far away, many a windmill with flickering white sails, making a fair landscape. Looking backward too the view is but little less lovely, for there is another charming expanse with Pidinghoe church and round tower on the escarpment in the middle distance, and, further away, Newhaven, with its shipping, dominated by the lofty fort; the gleaming chalk cliffs beyond Seaford and Cuckmere making a noble background.

It is not every day I am privileged to do such a bit of road, and I idle over it, making an excuse to sit upon a gate and chat with the labourers, who, in a rich looking farmyard, are stack building, the long horned oxen yoked to the cart of sheaves looking dreamily on, and perhaps wondering why they are so carefully muzzled with net bags. By and by, however, I reach Southease, aglow with ruddy cheeked apples and purple plums, ripening

around each tiny cottage, and I turn down the lane, for Southease too, has its round tower, and, what seems to me equally remarkable, a weathercock fixed into and above the cross upon its shingled spire. I have been advised to go into ecstasies over an ancient font in the church, but the door is fastened, so wondering why it is left open at Firle, where there are priceless marble monumental figures in the chancel, I am obliged to content myself with the churchyard, in which a number of sheep are audibly feeding upon the rank grass. Most of the graves are on the village side of the burial place, a fact that points either to the existence of an idea that companionship may be pleasant even *outré tombe*, or to a reason similar to that given to Edwin Waugh, by a Lancashire sexton, who explained the comparative dearness of the graves at one side of a cemetery, as being due to the better view.

By the wall of the rectory garden a finger-post catches me, and I cannot resist the temptation of the ascending road, to which it persistently points, a gleaming white track over the Downs, flecked with fleeting cloud shadows, so leaving the third Sussex round tower, at St. Michael's in Lewes yonder, for a future day, I turn from the highway along the Ouse valley and make seaward. The noble view expands every few yards of the mile or two uphill, here and there reapers are at work, and women and children are gleaning in the corn-fields, the sound of laughter comes from the valley below, and lumbering carts are being slowly driven to the comfortable looking farmhouses which dot the sloping sides of the Downs. This is the paradise of the water-colour painter, everything is rich and deep in colour and fulness of life, and my heart, that of an exile, goes out to it in its loveliness. What a sky there is above me as I ascend the rough, open road, a sky with transparent white clouds floating across the pure ultramarine, and, gazing at it, I almost literally drop down into Telscombe, in the depths of a sharp hollow, a somewhat dusky and damp looking hamlet, round about a tiny church. A county historian tells me that the place is "seldom visited, except by huntsmen and lovers of racehorses," and I find no reason to doubt him, though I see no signs of either kennels or racing stables, for the place evidently is sound asleep in the strong shade, a key being left outside the door of almost every one of the cottages, just as it is in some of the North Wales villages, when the people are away at work in the fields. The neighbourhood of the church, and a dark looking house close by, seem

suitable spots for a good, respectable ghost to walk in ; but no sooner am I uphill again than the gloomy idea leaves me, for the sunlight brightens everything, and a sweet breeze with a dash of salt in it to counteract the somewhat enervating essence of wild thyme, sweeps from the sea over a stretching expanse of pasture land, with clumps of yellow-blossomed furze decking its dull green, and yonder is the distant English Channel, sea and sky mingled in one sheet of pale gray, a large three-master, seemingly motionless, looking like a painted ship upon a painted ocean.

Then an invigorating mile or two of rough and devious cart tracts along the crest of the Downs brings me to a deep cutting in the chalk, ablaze with the yellow flowers of the beautiful *Chelidonium Glaucium*, and the Toad Flax ; and after a bit of high road, not entirely free from 'Arry and 'Arriet, Rottingdean, sleepest of all, drowsy South Coast villages, offers me the hospitable drink and the Abernethy I am by no means disposed to despise, at the end of a walk such as is thoroughly enjoyed only by nascent poets or the dreamy bearer of the mystic white umbrella.

JAMES BOWKER.

## THE HOSTAGE.\*

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

SEE Damon to Dionysius glide,  
 With dagger in mantle concealed.  
 They seize him ; the knife is revealed ;  
 With fetters his hands are tied.  
 "What was thy murd'rous purpose ? Speak !"  
 "The tyrant's yoke from our necks to break."  
 "Away ! Let the traitor be crucified !"

\* This poem has been finely rendered by Clarence Mangan, whose version the reader may with profit compare with this new translation, which is much more literal, and preserves the metre of the original.—*Ed. I. M.*

"My life is forfeit, it shall be paid ;  
Yet I crave you grant me a grace ;  
Let me hence but for three days' space,  
Till my sister a bride be made.  
Then shall I in my place be found ;  
My friend as surety will be bound ;  
If I come not back, he dies in my stead."

The King laughed wickedly and low,  
Held his peace for a while, then spake :  
"We grant it ; three days thou shalt take ;  
Yet this we would have thee know ;  
Art thou not here, thy respite o'er,  
Thy friend shall surely die that hour,  
He dies in thy place ; thou shalt scatheless go."

He seeks his friend ; "'Tis the King's decree  
I die on the cross, having sought  
To bring the proud tyrant to nought.  
Yet a boon he hath granted me ;  
That I for three days hence away  
To see my sister's bridal day ;  
Say if thou, till I come, wilt my hostage be ?"

His friend with tears doth him embrace,  
And hies to the tyrant away.  
Thence Damon. And ere the third day  
He straight from the bridal doth trace  
The homeward path right anxiously,  
To greet his friend, to set him free,  
Not failing of time, not failing of place.

Down pours the rain, an endless rain ;  
The streamlets like waterspouts gush,  
Like rivers the rivulets rush ;  
While, carried along in their train,  
Behold the bridge in ruin sink ;  
The wanderer stands, staff-in-hand, by the brink,  
While he wailleth and crieth for help in vain.

He strains his eyes on every side,  
He raiseth the shout loud and clear ;  
No voice save his own can he hear ;

Not a craft, not a boat is descried.  
No living thing, no human hand  
To help him to the wished-for land ;  
And the flood rolls on, as ocean wide.

He falleth down with a bitter cry ;  
" O hear me ye heavenly powers !  
Stay the flood, stay the fast-flying hours !  
'Tis noon by yon sun in the sky ;  
Shall evening see that sun go down  
Or ever I have reached the town,  
My friend, my belov'd in my place must die ! "

On rolleth the flood, the hours roll on ;  
The traveller scanneth the stream ;  
To swim it ? O desperate dream !  
He plunges ; the deed is done.  
O say shall he find a watery grave ?  
No ; he strives as only strive the brave,  
And praise be to heaven, the shore is won.

One grateful moment on his knees,  
And his journey he straight will renew.  
Fresh danger, alas, meets his view ;  
What grim band of robbers be these ?  
From out the neighbouring darksome wood  
Across his path they threatening stood  
With sinking heart his peril he sees.

" Have pity, pity on my plight,  
Not even my life is my own ;  
'Tis the King's and my friend's alone ; "  
Then he nerved his arm for the fight.  
Snatching the club from his nearest foe,  
He laid three coward ruffians low ;  
The rest they fled to the forest's night.

The sun sends forth a slanting ray :  
The traveller weary and worn,  
By labors and toils overborne ;  
" So far hast Thou guided my way,

And must I even die at length  
Here on the waste for lack of strength,  
And my loved one shall die at close of day!"

He hears a silver-rippling sound;  
A life-giving streamlet is near;  
He listens, its music to hear,  
Then joyfully stoops to the ground.  
He drinks, he laves each weary limb;  
The fountain so refresheth him,  
With courage anew his heart doth bound.

The crimson sun declineth fast;  
He levels his fiery spear,  
And shadows as giants appear  
'Mid the trees of the forest vast.  
Lo, travellers twain come by this way;  
Ere Damon can pass, he hears them say,  
"On the cross he now is breathing his last."

His feet take wings. In wild despair  
As driven by serpents he flies;  
Against the red glow of the skies  
Syracuse her proud turrets doth rear.  
Toward Damon who doth hither wend?  
His faithful servitor and friend  
Philostratus meets him, blanched with fear;

"Back, back! Thou comest all too late;  
He dies even now, it is done.  
Save *thyself*, that two die not for one.  
From hour to hour did he wait,  
Secure that thou, his faithful friend  
Would'st keep thy promise ere the end,  
Nor the tyrant's scoff could his trust abate."

"Too late, too late! And it is so?  
To succour thee am I denied?  
Then no longer on earth will I bide;  
The tyrant shall not scoff at faith  
And love of friends as empty breath,  
In place of one sacrifice there shall be two."

And now he nears the city gate ;  
He seeth the cross raised on high,  
The gaping crowd standing thereby.  
And the victim led forth to his fate.  
He crieth, " Hold ! oh hold your hand ! "  
He breaketh through the priestly band :  
" My pledge, God be thanked, I redeem not too late ! "

The gaping crowd look wondering on.  
Each friend with emotion opprest  
Finds relief on the loving one's breast.  
The tears from all eyes run down.  
The tyrant soon doth hear the news,  
And pity soft his heart subdues ;  
Lo, he steppeth down from his golden throne.

Amazed and silent long looked he,  
Then said : " Ye have vanquished my heart ;  
Hand-in-hand with thy friend depart ;  
Thy crime is forgiven thee ;  
Since love of friend and plighted faith  
Are very truth, not empty breath,  
O grant me the third in your bond to be."

ANNA BATESON.

## SONNETS ON THE SONNET.

## BATCH THE SIXTH.

LAST month we gave the earliest known sonnet coming under the above often repeated title. We now quote the very latest of the species, Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's "metrical description of his idea of a perfect English sonnet," with which he concludes the interesting preface to his recent volume, "*A New Pilgrimage, and Other Poems*"—interesting, but revolutionary and heterodox, propounding, for instance, the shocking doctrine that "the couplet is, in English, the strongest and most effective form of ending." If you object that this makes it epigrammatic, Mr. Blunt's reply will evidently be: "So much the better."

"Oh, for a perfect Sonnet of all time!  
 Wild music, heralding immortal hopes,  
 Strikes the bold prelude. To it from each clime,  
 Like tropic birds on some green island slopes,  
 Thoughts answering come, high metaphors, brave tropes,  
 In ordered measure, and majestic rhyme;  
 And presently all hearts, of kings and popes  
 And peoples, throb to this new theme sublime.

Anon 'tis reason speaks. A note of death  
 Strengthens the symphony yet fraught with pain,  
 And men seek meanings with abated breath,  
 Vexing their souls,—till lo, once more the strain  
 Breaks through triumphant, and Love's master voice  
 Thrills the last phrase and bids all joy rejoice."

Let us wander for a moment from our subject to mention that a writer of knowledge and authority, reviewing Mr. Sharpe's "*Sonnets of this Century*," in *The Athenæum*, April 3, 1886, classes together, as "triumphs of thought and expression," the "Shakespeare" of Matthew Arnold, the "Hope and Fear" of Mr. Swinburne, the "Foreshadowings" of Mr. Theodore Watts, and—"despite its technical failings"—the "Sublime" of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt. The same writer says: "The two divisions of the sonnet are as mutually helpful, as independent, as the hexameter and pentameter of elegiac verse. Indeed, Coleridge's skilful lines



to exemplify the latter are a fairly adequate presentation of what the octave and the sestet should be to each other." Coleridge's lines may not be familiar to all our readers; and still more probably they have never seen Mr. Arthur Perceval Graves' not quite happy translation, which we found hidden away in *Kottabos* of Trinity Term, 1874.\*

"Lo, the Hexameter riseth aloft like a silvery fountain,  
Whilst the Pentameter aye falleth in melody back."

Nobile surgit Epos, niveum velut agmen aquarum :  
Labitur occiduo carmine vox Elegi.

One of the answers sent to our original query on this subject in *Notes and Queries*, in the second volume of 1887, page 429, came from the son of Mr. John Adamson, who, it seems, once published a *Life of Camoens*, and addressed the following to Archdeacon Coxe:—

"You said last night that you had tried a sonnet  
Which 'cross the street you'd send to let me see.  
Quite lost to guess what subject it may be,  
I'm all anxiety that I should con it.  
I hope no flea has got within your bonnet  
To make you think that you can rival me.  
You'll rouse my ire, you may depend upon it,  
The very thought calls up my chivalry.  
Don't mind, however, what above I've wrote ;  
Its beauties all my wrath may soon assuage,  
And, if 'tis good, adieu to all my rage !  
And I'll transfer to you the fame I've got.  
Of strictest rule I hope it bears the sign—  
Right measured verse, and only fourteen lines."

Two requests were addressed to the readers of the preceding paper of this series: one was for Marino's Italian counterpart of Lope de Vega's famous sonnet on the Sonnet, and the other was for an English version of its predecessor by Mendoza given in that paper. "W. L." has complied with the second of these requests by furnishing the following translation:—

"You ask a sonnet, lady, and behold !  
The first line and the second are complete.  
If equal luck I in the third should meet,  
With one verse more the first quatrain is told.

\* Can any reader furnish me with the context of Alfred de Musset's "éterniser peut-être un rêve d'un instant?" Did he use the phrase before Rossetti called the sonnet "a moment's monument?"

St. James for Spain ! the fifth verse is outrolled—  
Now for the sixth. 'Twill be a gallant feat  
If after all I manage to retreat  
Safe with my life from this encounter bold.

Already, rounded well, each quatrain stands.  
What say you, lady ? Do I bravely speed ?  
Yet ah ! heaven knows the tercets me affright ;  
And, if this sonnet were but off my hands,  
Another I should ne'er attempt indeed.  
But now, thank God, my sonnet's finished quite.

No one has as yet responded to the other appeal. In the absence, therefore, of the earliest Italian sonnet on the Sonnet, let us come to the latest of the species in that congenial and congenital language. Joshua Carducci is a distinguished Italian poet of our day, not quite as Christian, I fear, as Dante, or Manzoni, or Pellico. The following sonnets are numbered xiii. and xiv. in the fourth book of that division of Carducci's poems entitled *Levia Gravia*. In the first, addressed to the sonnet itself, *Al Sonetto*, he enumerates the great Italian names (and three others) connected with it, all except the first, Guittone d'Arezzo—who, by the way, begins the very earliest extant sonnet by calling the Blessed Virgin "Donna del cielo, gloriosa Madre del buon Gesù."

" Breve e amplissimo carne, o lievemente  
Co'l pensier volto a mondi altri migliori  
L'Alighier ti profili, o te co' fiori  
Colga il Petrarca lungo un rio corrente :  
Te pur vestia degli epici splendori  
Prigion Torquato, e in aspre note e lente  
Ti scolpia quella man che sì potente  
Pugnò co' marmi a trarne vita fuori :  
A l'Eschil poi, che su l'Avon rinacque,  
Tu, peregrin con l'arte a strana arena,  
Fosti d'arcan dolori arcan richiamo :  
L'anglo e 'l lusiade Omero in te si piacque :  
Ma Bivio, che i gran versi urlando sfrena,  
Bivio t' odia, o sonetto : ond' io più t' amo.

Even those who know Italian, may thank us, like M. Jourdain, for translating it "comme si je n'en savais rien ;" but we must modestly restrict ourselves to prose :—

" Brief yet most spacious poem ! whether, with thoughts turned to other better worlds, Dante draws thee lightly in outline, or Petrarch gathers thee with the flowers along a running stream. Thee, also, Tasso in prison clothed with epic

splendours ; and that hand, which so potently fought with the marble blocks to draw forth life therefrom, chiselled thee out with notes harsh and glow. Then for the Æschylus, who was born anew beside the Avon, thou, a pilgrim along with Art to a foreign strand, wast the mysterious utterance of mysterious sorrows. The English and the Portuguese Homer delighted in thee ; but Bavius, who lets loose his unwieldy verses with a howl—Bavius hates thee, O Sonnet, and, therefore, I love thee the more."

Carducci mentions, in a note to the foregoing, that, when he wrote it, he was not acquainted with Wordsworth's sonnet, "so elegantly imitated by Sainte-Beuve," but that he did remember one by an old friend of his, Enrico Nencioni,\* who possibly had also imitated the English poet.

In this sonnet of Carducci, seven poets are named or ingeniously indicated : Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, Michael Angelo, Shakespeare, Milton, and Camoens. Wordsworth had named only six : Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, Shakespeare, Spenser, and Milton. To these six Sainte-Beuve patriotically added two Frenchmen, Du Bellay and Ronsard.

In his second sonnet, Carducci does not speak to the Sonnet, but of it—*Il Sonetto* :—

" Dante il mover gli diè del cherubino  
E d' aere azzurro e d' or lo circonfuse :  
Petrarca il pianto del suo cor, divino  
Rio che pe' versi mormora, gl' infuse.

La mantuana ambrosia e 'l venosino  
Miel gl' impetrò da le tiburti muse  
Torquato ; e come strale adamantino  
Contro i servi e tiranni Alfier lo schiuse.

La nota U'go gli diè de' rusignoli  
Sotto i ionii cipressi e de l'acanto  
Cinsel fiorito a' suoi materni soli.

Sesto io no, ma postremo, estasi e pianto  
E profumo, ira ed arte, a' miei di soli  
Memore innovo ed a i sepolcri canto."

Again let the pedestrian muse come to our aid with a literal

\* Professor Owen O'Ryan, of Queen's College, Cork, to whom we owe these details about Carducci, has sought in vain for Nencioni's sonnet. Perhaps it was never published, but only shown to friends.

translation in prose, which some of our readers may transmute into a sonorous sonnet :—

“ Dante gave it a cherub’s movement, and surrounded it with azure air and with gold. Petrarch poured into it the plaint of his heart, stream divine that murmurs through his verses. Tasso obtained for it, from the muses of Tivoli, the Mantuan [Virgilian] ambrosia and the Venusian [Horatian] honey ; and like an arrow of adamant Alfieri launched it against slaves and tyrants. Ugo Foscolo gave it the note of the nightingale under the Ionian cypresses, and girded it with the scanthus that blooms where his mother was born. I, not the sixth but the last, mindful of all these, renew ecstasy and complaint and perfume, anger and art, for my own days alone, and I sing to sepulchres.”

In this second sonnet Carducci confines his survey to his own country, and refers to Dante, Petrarch, Torquato Tasso, Alfieri, and Ugo Foscolo, summing up his descriptions of the character of their sonnets in his last tercet by these five words taken in the same order : ecstasy, complaint, perfume, anger, and art. The lines describing Foscolo allude to the island of Zante, his mother’s birthplace and his own. Carducci says in a note that this sonnet was not an imitation of, but was in a certain sense inspired by, Count Augustus von Platen’s second sonnet, for which, therefore, the plan of these papers requires us to find room :—

“ Sonette dichtete mit edlem Feuer  
Ein mann, der willig trug der Liebe Kette.  
Er sang sie der vergötterten Laurette,  
Im Leben ihm und nach dem Leben theuer.  
Und also sang auch manches Abenteuer  
In schmelzend musikalischem Sonette  
Ein Held, der einst durch wildes Wogenbette  
Mit seinem Liede schwamm, als seinem Steuer.  
Der Deutsche hat sich beigesellt, ein Dritter,  
Dem Florentiner und dem Portugiesen,  
Und sang geharnischte für kühne Ritter.  
Auf diese folg’ ich, die sich gross erwiesen,  
Nur wie ein Aehrenleser folgt dem Schnitter,  
Denn nicht als Vierter wag’ ich mich zu diesen.”

The same skilful linguist who has helped us before furnishes us with a literal version of the foregoing :—

“ A man who willingly bore the chain of love composed sonnets with noble fire ; he sang them to his idolized Laura, dear to him in life and after life. And so, too, a hero, who once through a wild bed of waves swam with his poem as his helm, sang many an adventure in melting musical sonnets. The German, as a third, has joined the Florentine and the Portuguese, and sung for bold knights sonnets in armour. These, who have proved themselves great, I follow, only as a gleaner follows the reapers : for I do not dare to approach them as fourth.”

In this sonnet Platen, more abstemious than Wordsworth or any of his imitators, limits himself to three sonneteers, Petrarch, Camoens, and Rückert. Of the second of these it is told that, being once shipwrecked in the Gulf of Siam, he swam to the shore, saving nothing but his poem, *The Lusiad*. Frederick Rückert, at the time of the German uprising against Napoleon in 1813, published a series of patriotic poems under the title of "*Sonnets in Armour*."

One of the instalments of this series—which the prosaic reader no doubt compares to Pope's wounded snake and Alexandrine—gave the imaginary sonnet-preface of an imaginary book containing nothing but sonnets on the Sonnet. The sonnet-dedication of such a book might be the following, which ends by asserting, with perfect truth, that the sonnets of the author of "*Preludes*" are worthy to be paired even with those of Robert Browning's wife, and of Dante Rossetti's sister.

"Within this booklet nought shall have a place  
 Save sonnets with the Sonnet for their theme;  
 'Tis fitting, therefore, that its front should gleam  
 With some bright name of subtlest power and grace  
 In sonnet-craft—not chosen from the race  
 Of bygone poets, for 'tis wrong, I deem,  
 Back o'er past ages wistfully to dream,  
 As if the Present were too dull and base.

All ages have their poets, and our day  
 Can bravely hold its own 'gainst any other  
 In this poetic form that poets cherish.  
 The poet's poet-wife has passed away;  
 Christina lives, great almost as her brother,  
 And Alice Meynell's sonnets shall not perish."

M. R.

## THE FIRST CHRISTMAS EVE.

## I.

THERE was no room within the inn for them.  
The woman who beneath her girdle bare  
Sweet comfort for the world, a stranger there  
Lay all that solemn night in Bethlehem  
Within a manger : Jesse's Root and Stem  
Should spring the very morrow strong and fair,  
And all the slumbering world was unaware.  
We who still slumber, how shall we condemn ?

She lies, alone with God, this holy eve ;  
She, whose glad eyes will look to-morrow morn  
With rapture on the blessed Man-child born ;  
She, who in three-and-thirty years will grieve,  
Pierced to the heart ; she, who will yet receive  
The garland of the Rose without a thorn.

## II.

Oh, was there never a woman there to say,  
" Behold, this woman is nigh her travailing,"  
And take her by the hand, and gently bring  
Into a room, and softly speak, and lay  
The woman down, and watch by her till day ?  
Until the shadows fled, and light should spring,  
And with the springing light the Holy Thing ?  
We, blind and cold, nor dare to blame, nor may.

Oh, but if men had felt the throbbing breast  
Of night alive with wonder and the fair  
Great Dawn, they had left their beds all empty there,  
Nor cared a whit for any sleep or rest.  
We, have not we rejected any guest ?  
Dismissed the more than angel unaware ?

EMILY H. HICKEY.

## ITEMS ABOUT IRISH PERSONS.

1. More even than it has been in the past, it will be in the future the duty and the pleasure of this Magazine to make itself a storehouse of facts about Irish men and Irish women, that may in various ways and degrees seem noteworthy. Besides the separate biographical papers devoted chiefly to our poets and men of letters, we have in our Nutshell Biograms condensed into as many paragraphs the chief particulars about nearly a hundred persons connected with Ireland. But even such salient points as dates of birth and death can often not be fixed, and without these not even the shortest "nutshell biogram" can be constructed. We open, therefore, a new department of "Items about Irish Persons," which will enable us to put on record personal facts, without requiring a beginning or an end, or any other of the usual formalities.

2. John Boyle O'Reilly's paper, the *Boston Pilot*, says, writing of an heroic deed recently performed by an Irish Catholic workman:—"He was a railroad switchman, such as receive the most meagre pay for the most tiresome work. He worked hard to support a wife and seven children. His post of duty was the depôt of the Pennsylvania Railroad, in Jersey City. On Wednesday of last week, while Patrick M'Tammany was attending to his unromantic, common duties, he suddenly discovered a ten-year old child on the track in front of a rapidly-moving train. Without thinking—or was it, perhaps, because he did think?—of his own seven little ones, he sprang on the track and lifted the strange child out of the way of the rushing death. In the next moment the wheels of the engine passed over his body and left it mangled and headless on the rails. The units of the army of unskilled labour was reduced by one. The glorious army of martyrs was increased by the same number. Patrick M'Tammany was a hero. His name may be wrongly spelled in the papers, but be sure it is written correctly in the Book of Life. God rest his heroic soul!"

3. At a recent meeting of the Royal Flemish Academy, M. Van Even, Archivist of Louvain, read a biographical sketch of an Irishman, Dr. O'Hearn, professor at the Louvain University towards the end of the last century—in a few years that phrase will not stand any longer for the eighteenth century. This re-

markable man taught rhetoric with great success in the Irish College of Louvain, and in 1790 was appointed to the chair of Sacred Eloquence at the University. The most curious thing about O'Hearn (not so curious in a Celt) was his ardent love of the Flemish language. Not only did he speak and write it correctly, but he was a distinguished Flemish poet. Some of the efforts of his muse have survived, and bear witness to his extraordinary facility in manipulating the language of the Netherlands. The study of the national language had been greatly neglected in the eighteenth century. The mere elements of the grammar were taught; of Flemish literature there was no question in the schools, where Latin and French were alone deemed worthy of mention. O'Hearn advocated the cause of the Flemish so successfully that a chair of Flemish Literature was established in the University: "for," said this Irish exile, more Flemish than his Flemish colleagues, "the language of the Netherlands ought to be cultivated, not only because it is a strong and robust tongue, but, above all, because it is the language of the people." In the Revolution of Brabant of 1789, a national struggle for the liberty and religion of the country, O'Hearn was the ambassador of the States to the Court of the Stadtholder, the Prince of Orange. In the second French invasion of 1794, O'Hearn had to fly, and took refuge in his native country, where he died in 1801.

4. The Marquis of Dufferin, in a recent speech at Belfast, named many Irishmen distinguished in the history of the Indian Empire which he, an Irishman, has just governed with conspicuous success. "To do credit to Ireland, and to Ulster, and to prove myself not unworthy of the native strain from which I am descended, has been the constant object of my ambition. But, in undertaking the government of India, a more special anxiety forced itself upon my attention—the desire that, if I could not emulate the merit, I might at all events follow in the footsteps of those illustrious Ulstermen to whom India owes so much, and to whom England is chiefly indebted, during the most terrible season of trial that has ever overtaken her, for the preservation of her Eastern Empire. Though my labours and difficulties can in no sense be compared with theirs, yet to be allowed, through the indulgence of my fellow-countrymen, to occupy an humble niche in the temple of honour which enshrines the memory of the Laurences, the Montgomerys, the Nicholsons, the Gillespies, and



many another North of Ireland hero, would indeed be an ample reward. Nor, were this favour to be conceded to me, need those that I am addressing fear that the cycle of distinguished Indo-Irishmen would be closed. Without disparagement to either of the sister kingdoms, I can say with perfect truth that both Ireland as a whole, and Ulster as a province, have imported a vast amount of ability, industry, and valour into the Indian civil and military services. Why, gentlemen, to whom at this very moment has been entrusted, as viceroy, the supreme control of Indian affairs? Is it not to a great Kerry nobleman—a Fitzmaurice—the Marquis of Lansdowne? Who is governing thirty millions of Indian subjects in Madras with exceptional success and ability? Why, a Bourke of Mayo, Lord Connemara. Who is it that now commands the armies of the Queen in India with the universal acceptance both of the public and of the Government? Is it not a Waterford hero—the victor of Candahar—Sir Frederick Roberts? Who, again, has succeeded in what, considering the difficulties of the task, was a marvellously short period, in reducing Burmah to submission, or what was even more troublesome, the hill tribes surrounding Burmah? Has it not been Sir George White, a most distinguished soldier, of whom his native Antrim may well be proud? And not to multiply further instances, who was the able financier that has contrived, in spite of the treacherous, debilitated, and ever depreciating rupee, to evolve a surplus out of an impending deficit? Has it not been Sir David Barbour, whom we are entitled to claim as a Belfast man?"

5. On St. Patrick's Eve, 1889, Captain Henry Kane, born in 1845, in Dublin, son of Sir Robert Kane, made H.M.S. *Calliope* force her way out of the Bay of Apia in the Samoan Islands, in the teeth of a hurricane which destroyed three German and three United States ships of war. One of the American ships escaped with comparative safety, by being skilfully run on soft sand; and its captain also was an Irishman—Denis Mullan. Here is what Mr. Goschen called "a graphic and simple passage" from the unpublished report of the captain on the escape of the *Calliope*:—

"I called on the staff engineer for every pound of speed he could give us, and slipped the one remaining cable. The engines worked admirably, and little by little we gathered way and went out, flooding the upper deck with green seas which came in over the bows, and which would have sunk many a ship. My fear was

that she would not steer and would go on the reef in the passage out, especially as the *Trenton*, the American ship, was right in the fairway, but we went under her stern and came up head to wind most beautifully. Once outside her, it was nothing but hard steaming. If the engines held out, we were safe. If anything went wrong with them we were done for; but, thanks to the admirable order in which the engines and the boilers had been kept, we steamed out in safety into the Pacific."

The detailed accounts (adds an English newspaper) fully confirm the cabled narrative of Captain Kane's marvellous extrication of her Majesty's ship *Calliope* from the jaws of destruction; but, as *Mr. Punch* very properly pointed out in his commemorative poem, the engine-room is as much entitled to the credit as the quarter-deck. All honour to Captain Kane; but don't let us forget chief-engineer Bourke. Irishmen both, and at a time when it is sought to degrade representative Irishmen in the eyes of the world, it is not amiss to emphasize the fact that her Majesty's war fleet would be one short to-day but for the lion-hearted courage of a couple of Irishmen.

---

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. In order to give it due prominence, our first remark on "A Chaplet of Verse, by Californian Catholic Writers," (San Francisco: Diepenbrock and Co.), will be that a very serious mistake has occurred in the case of one of the contributors to the volume, Lyttleton Sayage. Is this a real name or a *nom-de-plume*? Two very pretty pieces are placed to his credit, "Mary" and "Enchantment." The latter is a very graceful expansion of Campbell's "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view;" and the former is a musical and devout tribute to the name of the Blessed Virgin. But "Mary" has been in print for a great many years as the work of the late Dr. Ticknor of Georgia. What explanation will be forthcoming for its appearance in the present context? The only other objection that we have to make is to the title, which has been forestalled by Adelaide Procter's last book, and what emphasises the more than similarity of name is, that Miss Procter's volume also was published for the benefit of a charitable

institution. And now, having ungraciously begun with fault-finding, we have warm praise to bestow on this sample of Catholic talent at the Golden Gate. As regards type and paper, the book can compete with the best. At home here they are beginning to cry out against London's monopoly of the publishing trade. In the United States, New York enjoys no such monopoly. Not only Boston, which claims to be the literary metropolis, but many other towns bring out many works of considerable pretention from a technical point of view. The present volume shows that San Francisco can produce a book as elegantly as any of the eastern towns. But we think that the next time "Frisco" will not divide a four-line stanza (for instance), as at page 99, and page 142—one line at the end of a page and three beginning the next page. Such awkwardnesses are too frequent in these dainty leaves. But at last we come to the poetry itself. It is really a very promising sample of what we may expect from Californian literary culture. Some of the writers are already known outside their own circle; but the majority of these eleven ladies and seven gentlemen "swim into our ken" for the first time. Even Sister Anna Raphael, who seems to be a prophetess in her own country, is a discovery. One of her beautiful poems we shall soon quote for a special purpose. In these book-notices we are obliged to abstain from quotations, or we should give the "Monterey" of a poet who bears the too illustrious name of Daniel O'Connell. Like his, most of the names mark these poets as exiles of Erin; and some with names not distinctly Irish, may be Irish notwithstanding—like our own contributor, Mr. Richard E. White, who enriches this volume with some of its most exquisite pages. The first American Governor of California, Mr. Peter H. Burnett, contributes a brief but useful introduction; and he is further represented by three thoughtful and graceful poems by his grand-daughter, Miss Sarah Burnett. Is not this the Judge Burnett who published several years ago "A Lawyer's Reasons for Joining the Catholic Church"? We end by expressing again our admiration for the type and paper, but not for the proof-reading.

2. The first book which we have noticed to be dated by anticipation "1890" is "Legend Laymone, a Poem," by M. B. M. Toland, author of "Iris," "Sir Rae," "Onti Ora," "The Inca Princess," "Eudora," "Aegle and the Elf," etc., etc. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott). It is one of the most elegantly produced volumes that 1890 will receive from any press in the world. The photogravures, from drawings by eminent artists, are executed with exquisite taste and care. All the mechanical details are in keeping. But we must candidly confess that the jewel does not seem worthy of the casket. The theme and the treatment of it show poetic feeling; but the metre

is an utterly impossible one to manage beyond a few stanzas of an airy song. In the present application of it the effect is too often grotesque. For the sake of the fine feeling displayed in it, and for the sake of its winsome garb, we should wish that the poem were as beautiful as "Evangeline."

3. "Before Our Lord Came" (London: Burns and Oates), is a tasteful quarto of 190 pages of small words and large type, in which Lady Amabel Kerr tells very skilfully and effectively all the chief incidents recorded in the Old Testament. Indeed, we perceive that it is called on the title-page "An Old Testament History for Young Children." This carefully executed work will be found useful in households and schools.

4. A second edition has been issued of "Apostolic Succession, a Handbook," by the Rev. P. Gallwey (London: Kegan, Paul, Trench and Co.). It takes as its motto the statement: "Apostolic Succession is the one thing necessary; other questions, such as the Bishop of Lincoln's, are secondary." Father Gallwey begins his preface to the second edition by saying that he has written in the hope of helping both Roman Catholics and Anglicans to understand a question which in importance stands first, and yet is often less understood than other secondary matters. He discusses the entire question with great clearness and earnestness, which cannot fail to convince many sincere enquirers. To each chapter there is appended a series of questions, to test the reader's grasp of the principles laid down. For Father Gallwey means business; his treatise is no mere literary exercitation, but its literary worth is all the higher for this unconsciousness of self. The style is clear, strong, and original. But the most original point about the book is its price. A well bound octavo, published in the usual style of Kegan Paul and Trench, costs only one shilling. A very wide sale must be reckoned on to pay its expenses at so low a price. Even Irish priests, who are not often called upon to deal with such controversies, will find this hand-book a useful and pleasant addition to their libraries.

5. Messrs. M. H. Gill and Son have added two to the store of harmless tales upon which our young people can draw—"As Good as Gold," and "Idols, or the Secret of the Rue Chaussée d'Antin." The former is translated by Mrs. Black (*née* Josephine Macaulay), from the German of Wilhelm Herchenbach, and the latter by Miss Anna Sadlier, from the French of the lady who wrote (for she is dead these two years) under the name of Raoul de Navery. The stories are full of incident, and read very naturally in their new language. They are printed in the clear, large type which all like, and bound in the ornate style which some like.

6. As far as our knowledge goes, the chief Catholic publishers at present are Benziger Brothers, of New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago. Burns and Oates produce with great taste many valuable books; but their press is hardly as active of late as this German-American firm. Amongst the latest publications of Messrs. Benziger are two very large volumes of Hunolt's Sermons, the fifth and sixth of the entire work, but themselves forming a complete work called "The Penitent Christian." The present work cannot be better described than by transcribing its second title: "Sermons on the Virtue and Sacrament of Penance, and on everything required for Christian repentance and amendment of life, and also on doing Penance during the time of a Jubilee, and during public calamities, in seventy-six sermons, adapted for all the Sundays and most of the holy days of the year; with a full index of all the sermons, an alphabetical index of the principal subjects treated, and copious marginal notes." Father Francis Hunolt was a famous German Jesuit preacher of the early part of the eighteenth century. His sermons were first published at Cologne in 1740; and it is from this original edition the Rev. Dr. Allen has made his translation. Dr. Allen is an Irish priest, working under an Irish bishop, Dr. Rickards, in South Africa, in the Cape Colony. Ardent zeal, and great energy and skill, could alone induce him and enable him to perform such a work as the publication of these very large volumes, which will form an extremely valuable addition to a priest's library, and which the faithful also may study with edification and profit.

7. The same publishers have just published another new and complete course of sermons for all the Sundays of the year, in two excellently printed volumes, each containing some five hundred pages. In this case also the original sermons are German, by a German Jesuit of our own day, Father Julius Pottgeisser. His translator is the Rev. James Conway, S.J. In fulness and solidity these sermons are far beyond the common. The net price is two dollars and a half.

8. We are not surprised to see "tenth thousand" on the title-page of "In the Morning of Life," by Mrs. Henry King Parks, (Eason and Son: Dublin and Belfast). That title-page truly describes it as a practical guide for the management of children, and also as a book for mothers, showing them how to diet, clothe, and educate their children. One hundred and eighty pages, crammed with facts, suggestions, and counsels, which to an intelligent outsider seem to be trustworthy, wise, moderate, and high-principled, and which are certainly conveyed in a very clear and agreeable style—all this, in a well printed and well bound book with a good index, is undoubtedly capital value for one shilling and sixpence.

9. A dozen little books on spiritual subjects may be grouped together. Benziger Brothers are the publishers of the most important of these:—"The Art of Profiting by our Faults, according to St. Francis de Sales," translated by Miss Ella M'Mahon from the French of Father Joseph Tissot, missionary of St. Francis de Sales. Many French bishops give it a very emphatic approval in letters that are prefixed to this translation. Miss M'Mahon has earned a good name as a careful and skilful translator. As for the book itself, everyone knows the charm that the amiable Saint of Geneva lends to piety. Many of the things that Father Tissot has added of his own are worthy of their company. Another little book bears on the outside no title except "A Rule of Christian Life," (London: Washbourne), but in reality it is a sketch of a young Italian lady, Maria Franchi de'Cavalieri, who died in 1888 in her 25th year, together with many devotions and regulations that she drew up for the sanctification of her short life. The little memorial was written in Italian by Father Rondina, S.J., whom the English translator, Mr. Richard Webb, has, we think, followed quite too faithfully. Many things ought to have been judiciously modified according to our tastes, beginning with the cumbrous title-page. But we must be grateful to him for making us acquainted with this singularly holy maiden, whose cry was: "I must be a saint, a great saint, and a saint soon." *Consummata in brevi!* We can only name two little books which Diepenbroek and Doeing have sent us from San Francisco, both by Father Deyman, O.S.F.—"A Novena in honour of St. Antony of Padua," and "The Portiuncula Indulgence."

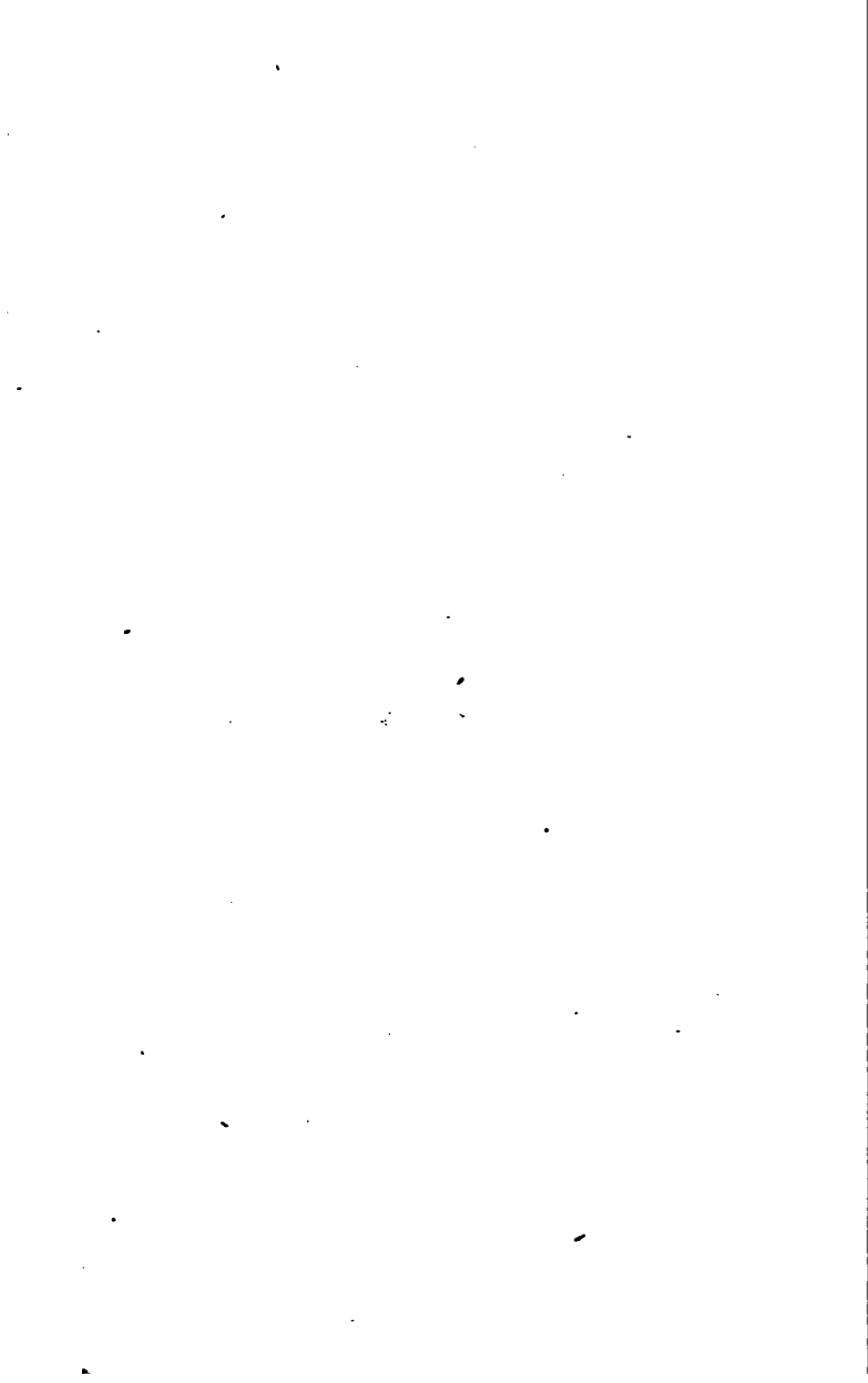
10. Mr. Joseph Gillow is doing excellent work for the history of English Catholics during the times of persecution. His latest contribution is "The Church during the Suppression of the Hierarchy in Newcastle and Gateshead," published at Preston by the Catholic Printing and Publishing Company. I wish his example were imitated in Ireland. It would be a step in the right direction if the local records and reminiscences could be gathered together and put into print, perhaps at first in some local newspaper. What if each diocese had an historian and archivist, more or less formally appointed, or self-appointed?

11. Smaller in reality than any of the little books named in a preceding, and to be named in a succeeding, paragraph is "Something about the Letterkins," (Dublin: James Duffy and Co.) It is "dedicated to the little children of Ireland by their friend, Esmeralda Boyle." It is an ingenious allegory about the letters of the alphabet and all the works they compose; but how some of the parts fit together, even allegorically, has puzzled one Irish "child of a larger growth."

12. Our concluding paragraph, which completes the dozen, must be devoted to the inexhaustible Catholic Truth Society. Its newest batch of publications contains the three first penny numbers of "Science and Scientists: some papers on Natural History," by the Rev. John Gerard, S.J. No. 1 is "Mr. Grant Allen's Botanical Fables;" No. 2 - "Who painted the Flowers?" and No. 3 "Some Wayside Problems." They are admirable in every respect. Father Gerard knows his subject thoroughly, and his style is delightful for its clearness and vivacity. These three essays are to be followed by others, and the series will, we trust, turn into a book as pleasantly picturesque as Mr. Grant Allen's best, with the further advantage of being true. Other recent publications of the Catholic Truth Society are sketches of St. Francis Xavier, of the Venerable Julia Billiard, Foundress of the Congregation of the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur, and of Father Olivaint, S.J., one of the Martyrs of the Commune in 1871. No. 12 of "The Penny Library of Catholic Tales" contains five pious and pretty stories by Lady Herbert of Lea and her daughter, the Baroness Pauline von Hügel. In the same department Miss Louisa Emily Dobree has completed her "Stories of the Seven Sacraments," which will now be issued together in a shilling volume. But the Catholic Truth Society has published nothing more useful than the series of short meditations by Father Richard Clarke, S.J., for the different months and seasons of the year. The three last are: "The Holy Angels" (for October), "Requiescant in Pace" (for November), and "The Great Truths" (for December). Each meditation is condensed into a single page, which, however, contains plenty of food for thought. These brief meditations are thoroughly good and solid. The whole circle of the year is already nearly completed, and the remaining penny numbers are announced. The extra twopence that limp covers demand is a good investment. *Experto crede.* The next issue of this little series will be "The Holy Infancy," ready on December 1st, in full time for Christmas. And that we too may be fully in time, we now end our seventeenth yearly volume by wishing our kind readers a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.







This book should be returned to  
the Library on or before the last date  
stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred  
by retaining it beyond the specified  
time.

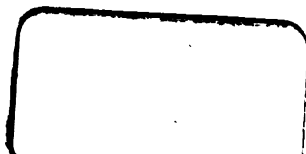
Please return promptly.

~~OCT 27 1938~~

MAY 27 '59 H

DUE OCT '64 H

1-E 154



3 2044 092 647 189